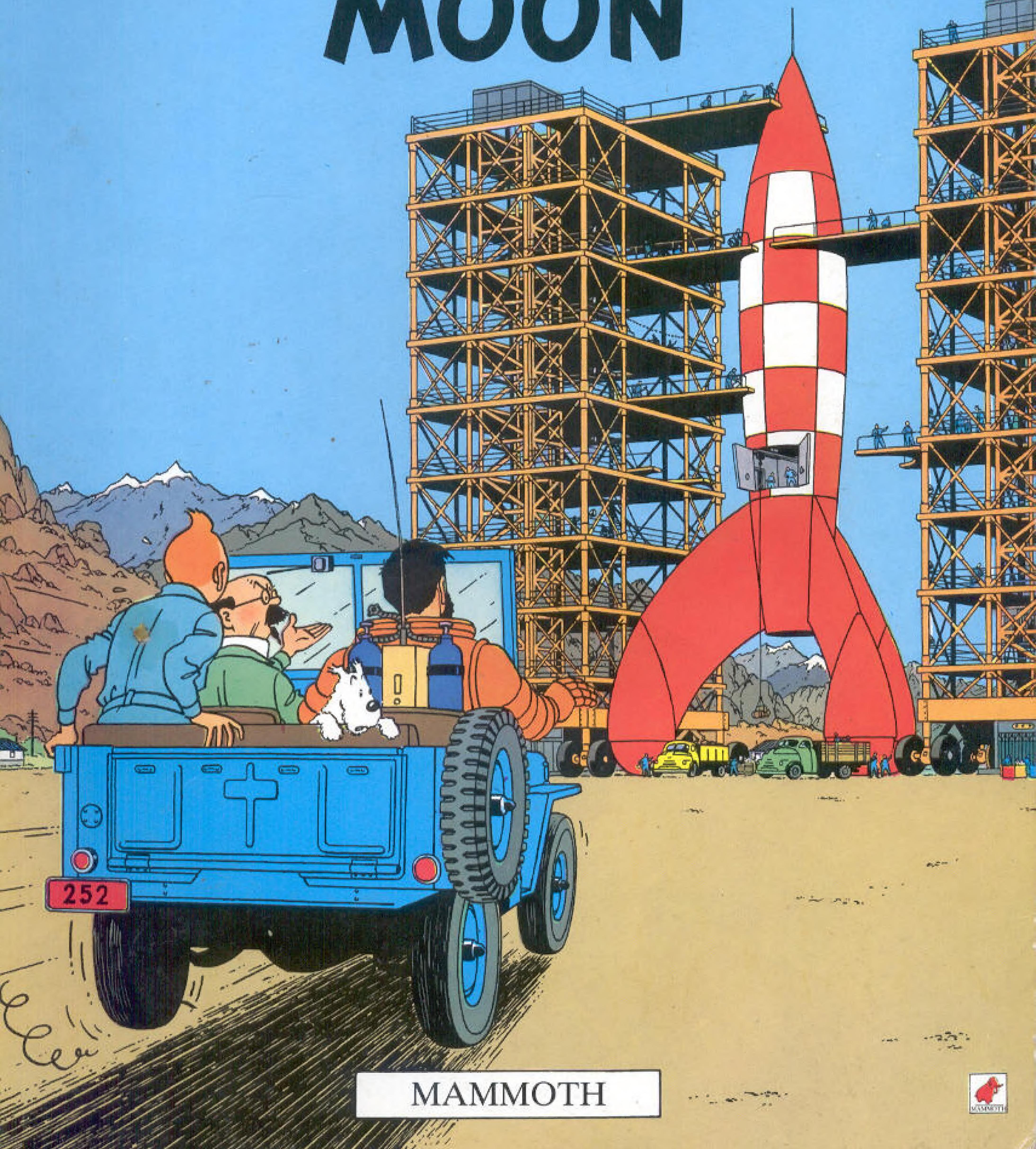


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

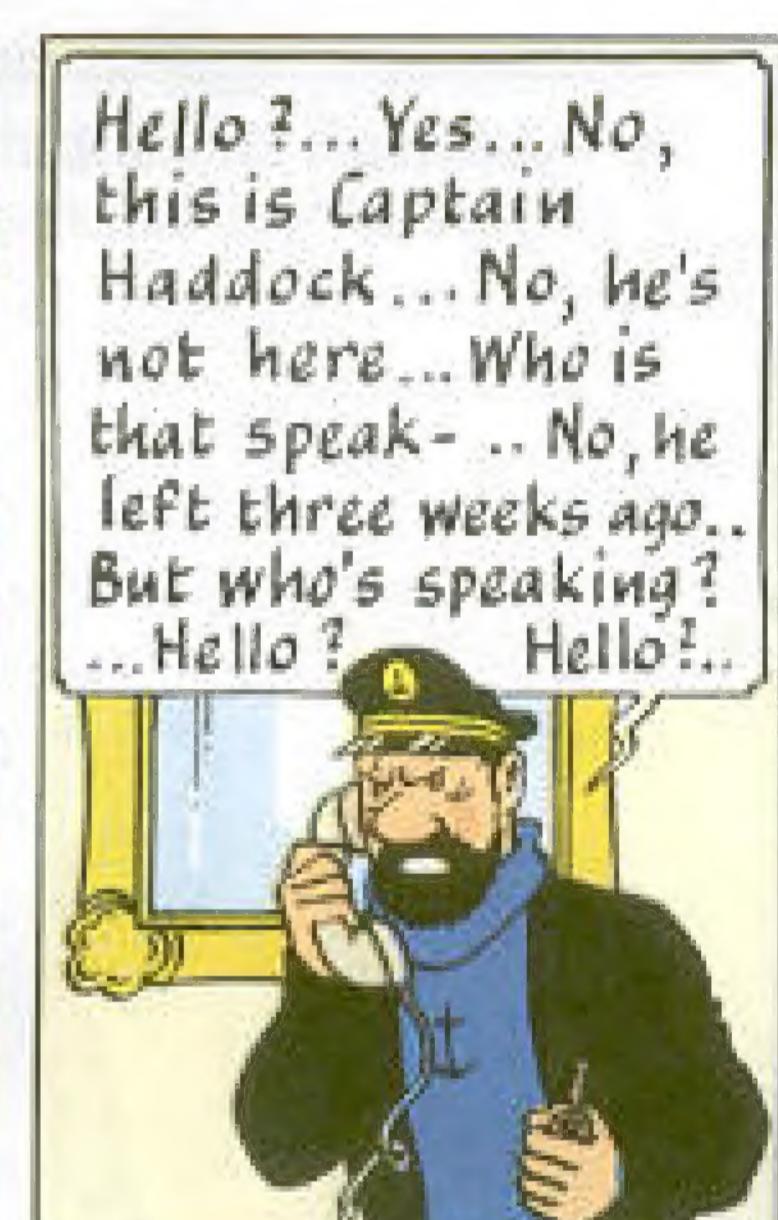
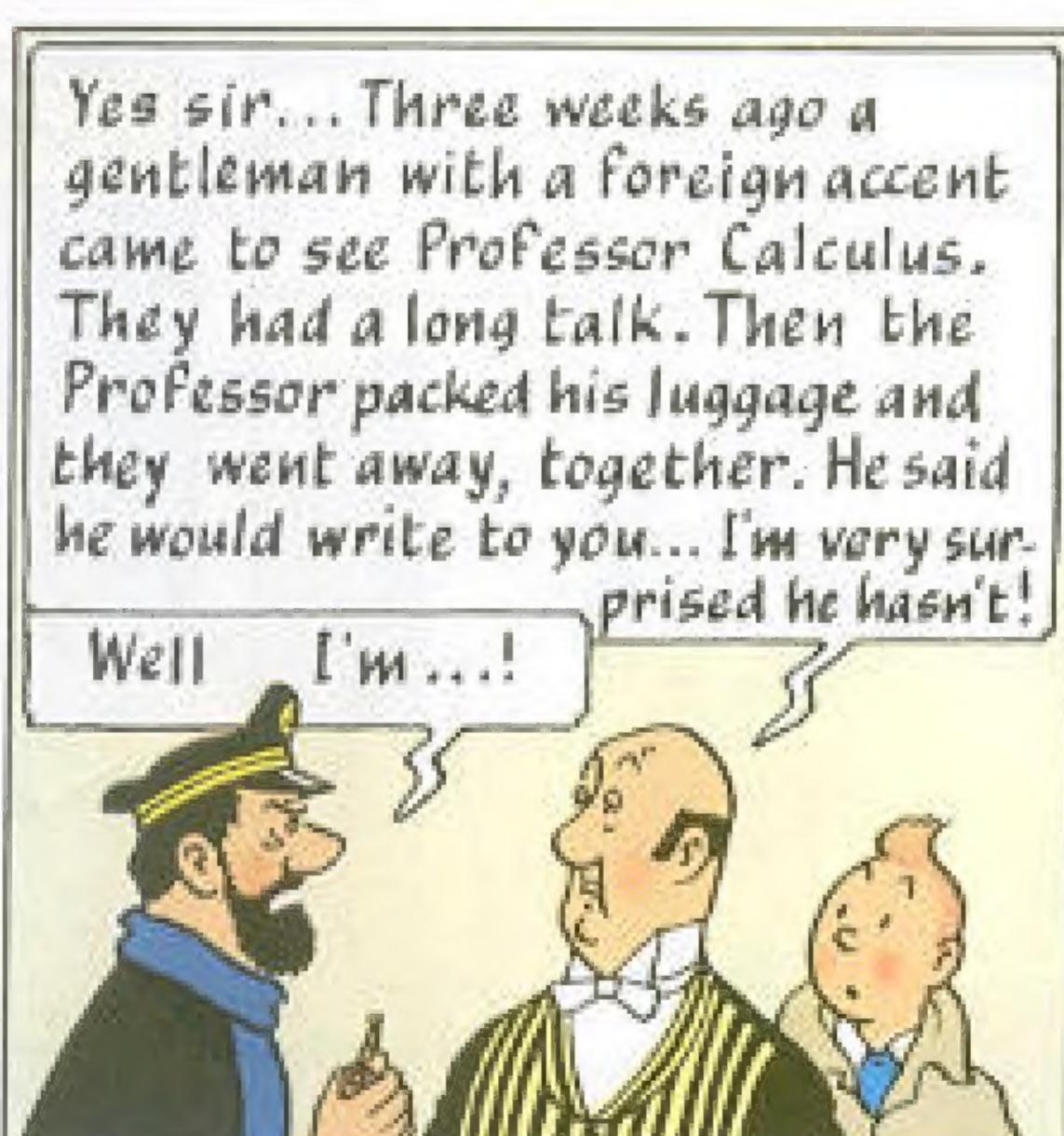
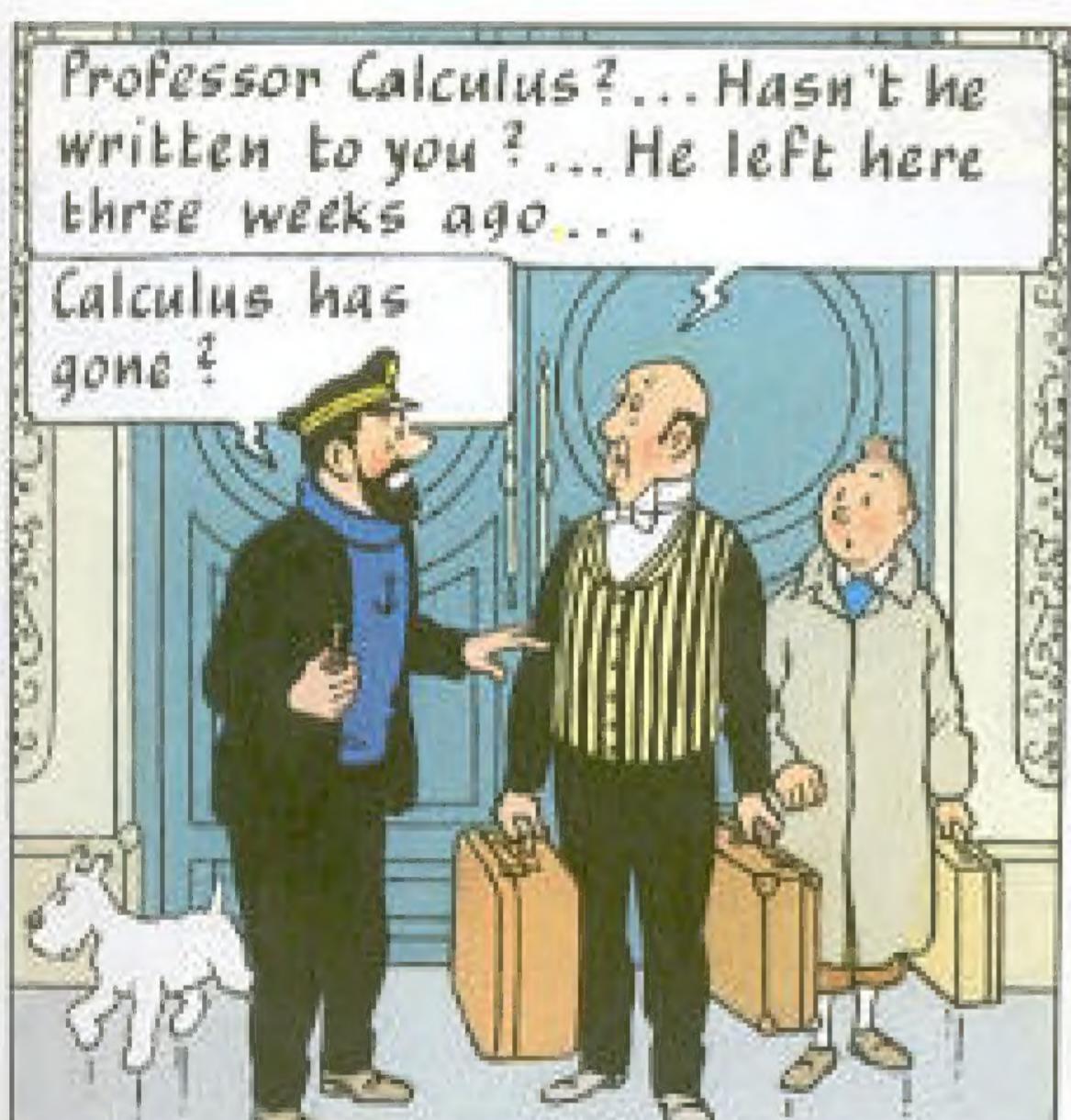
DESTINATION MOON

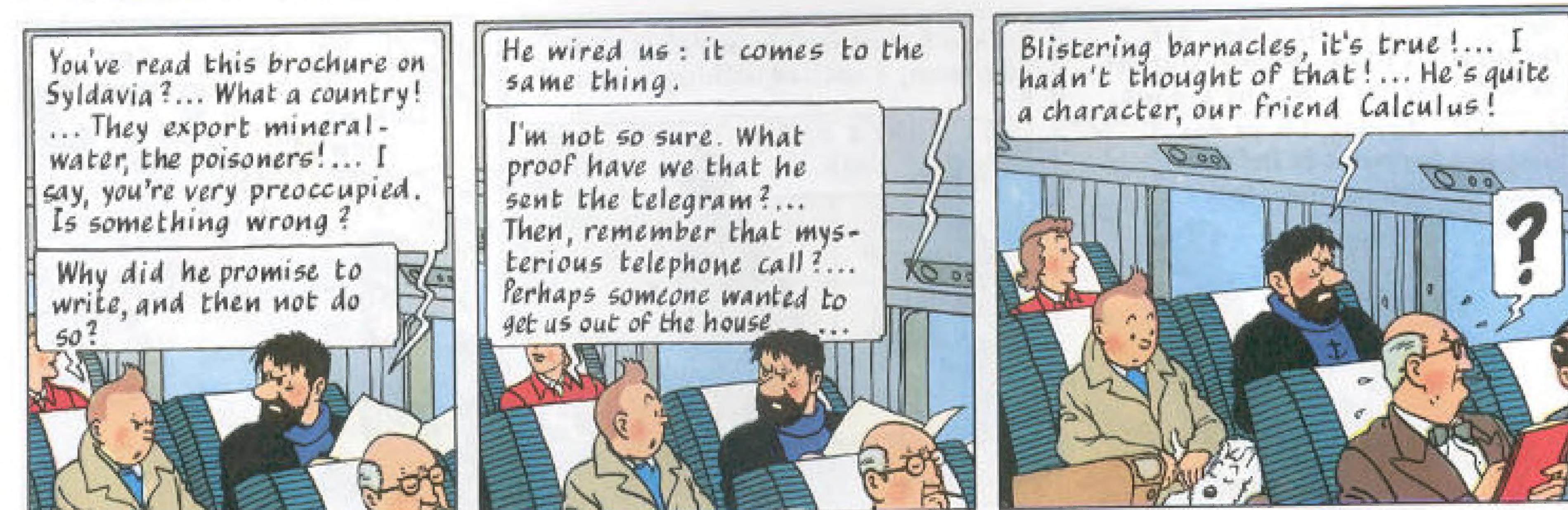


MAMMOTH



DESTINATION MOON



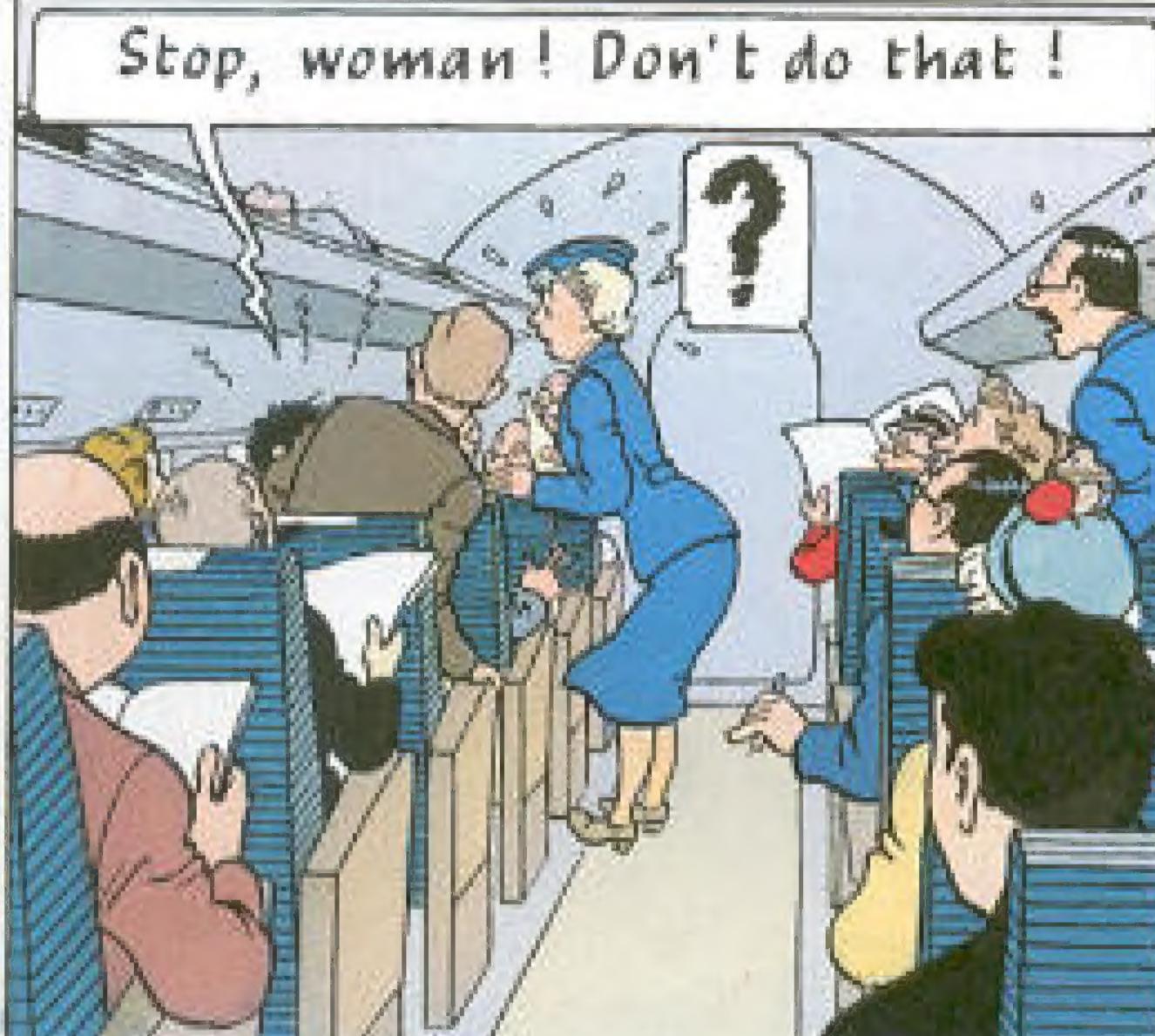


Your whisky, sir...

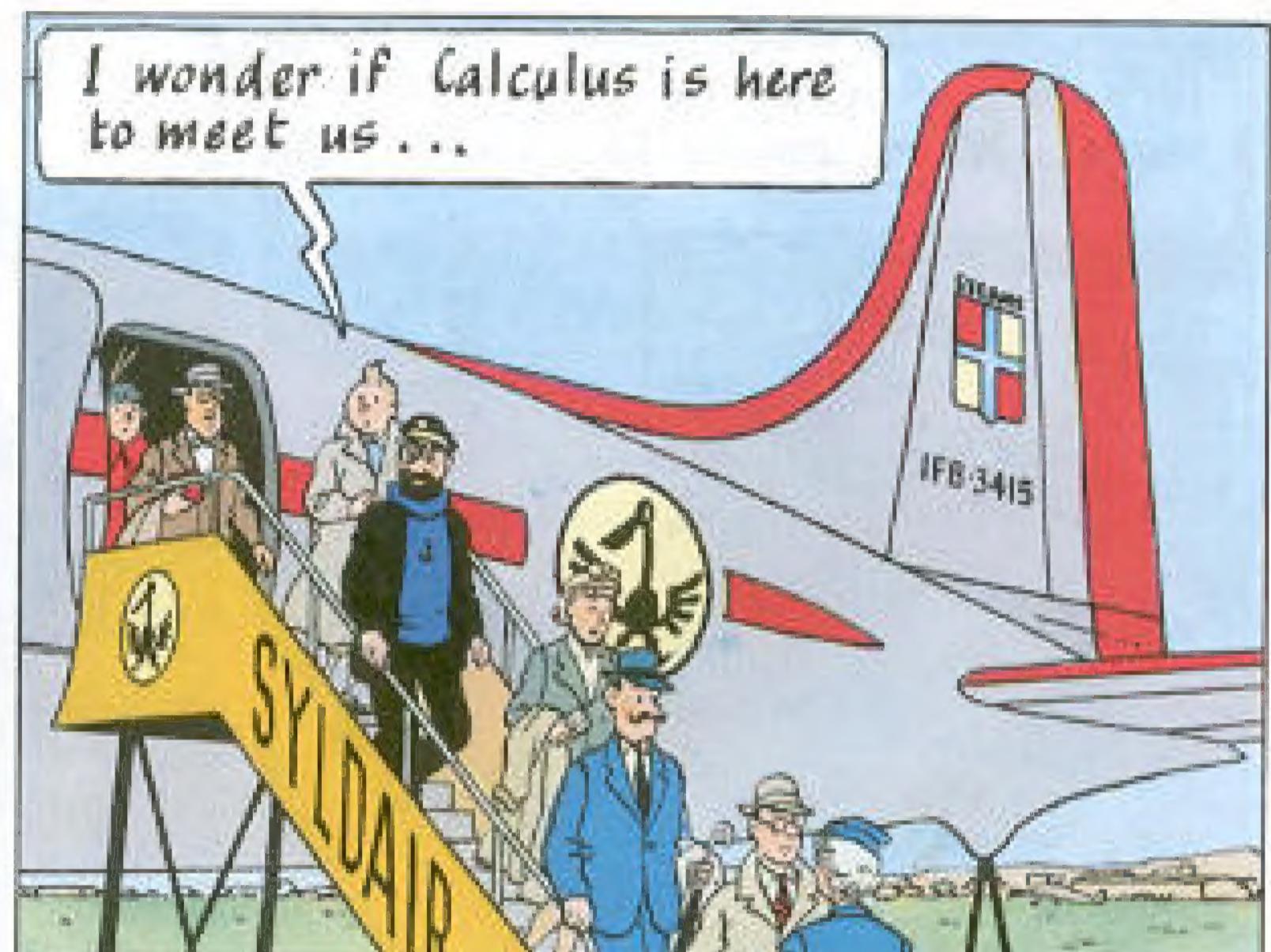
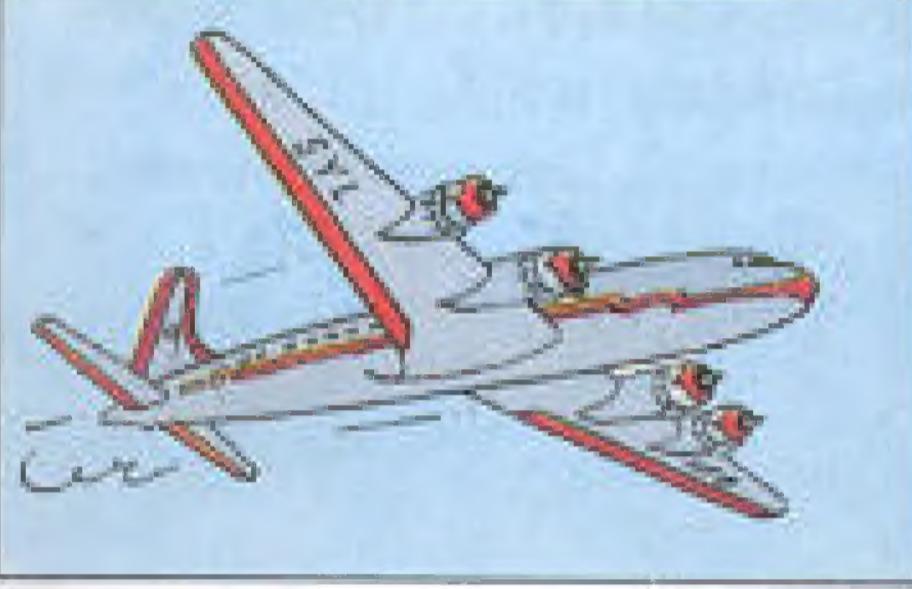
Ah, that's very kind.

Stop, woman! Don't do that!

What are you doing?... Not one drop of that disgusting mineral-water in my whisky!



Two hours later...



No, I don't see him anywhere... He must have received our telegram by now. Well, we shall see. Here we are at the Customs. Anything to declare, Captain?

Me?... Nothing at all!

And this?... Spirits!... There's a heavy import duty, zir. Only mineral-water here in Syldavia...

875 Khors import duty! Bunch of pirates! In our money that'd be...

Strange... I don't see Calculus...



Your friend...er...not able to come...he send car... You please come with me...

Wait... What about our luggage?

Already in the car, zir.

Take a good look at those two...They're joining the Mammoth. You see, Zepo have picked them up already...



Oh, Calculus has sent a car for us. That's kind of him... Good: we'll follow you.

Wait... What about our luggage?

Already in the car, zir.



Calculus is doing things in style,
eh?... With a chauffeur and a
plunkey, by thunder!

Maybe...

What lovely country... It's a
pity they only drink mineral-
water. Eugh! and they like it.
Why do you keep turning round?
...

I'm watching that car... It's
been following us from the airport
...

I expect it's going to
Klow, like us.

Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be
there... We're coming to a town.

Hi! What's happening? We're not on
the Klow road!

Hey, driver what's the mean-
ing of this?... Where are
you taking us?

Sprodj!

Sprodj yourself, you
Bashi-bazouk! You
were asked where we're
going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your
friend there...

JOEPXBEN
BEPT3PAT3
SLOW
ROAD WORKS



Billions of blistering
barnacles! Why didn't
you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir?
... I not see...
we go...

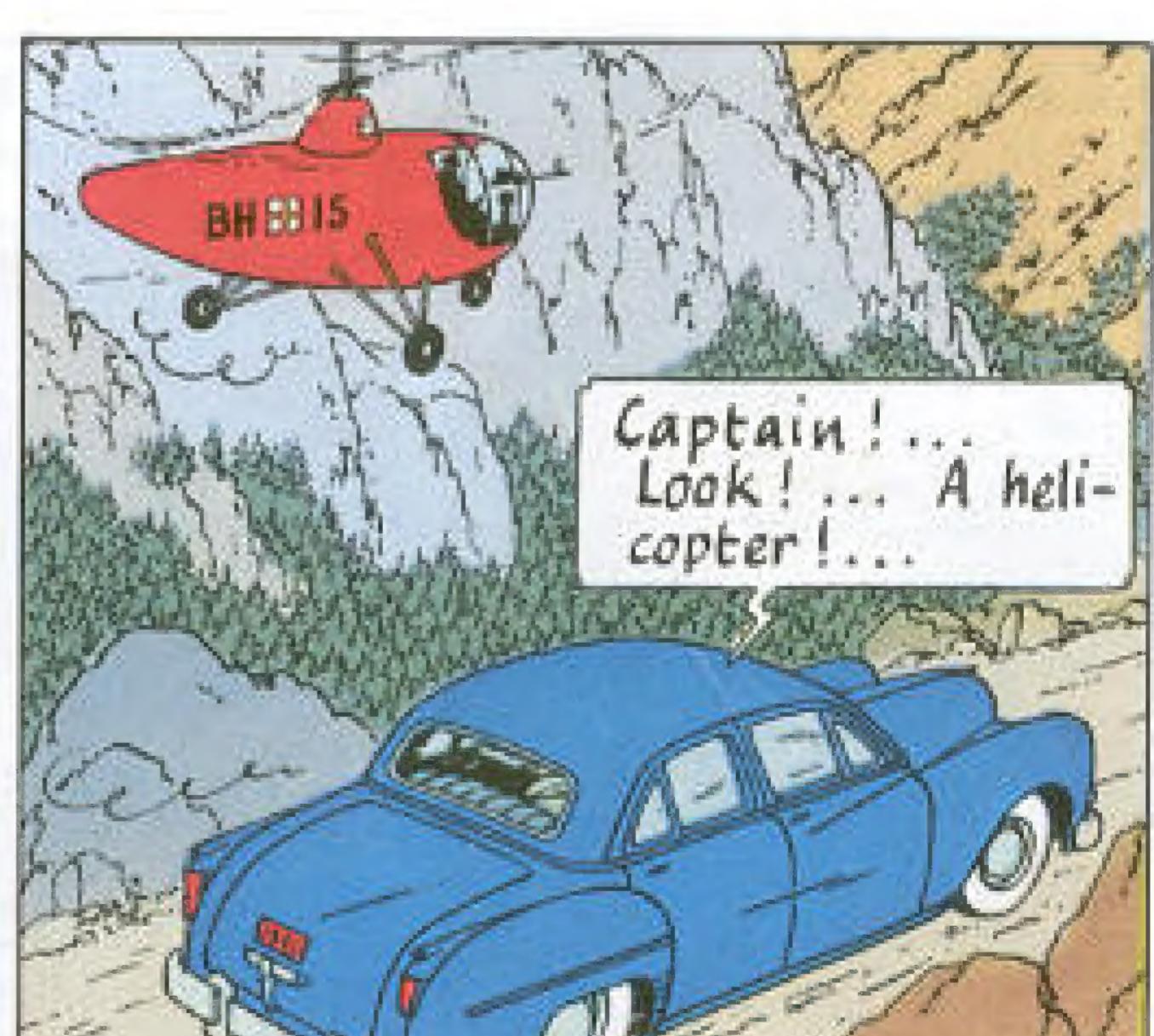
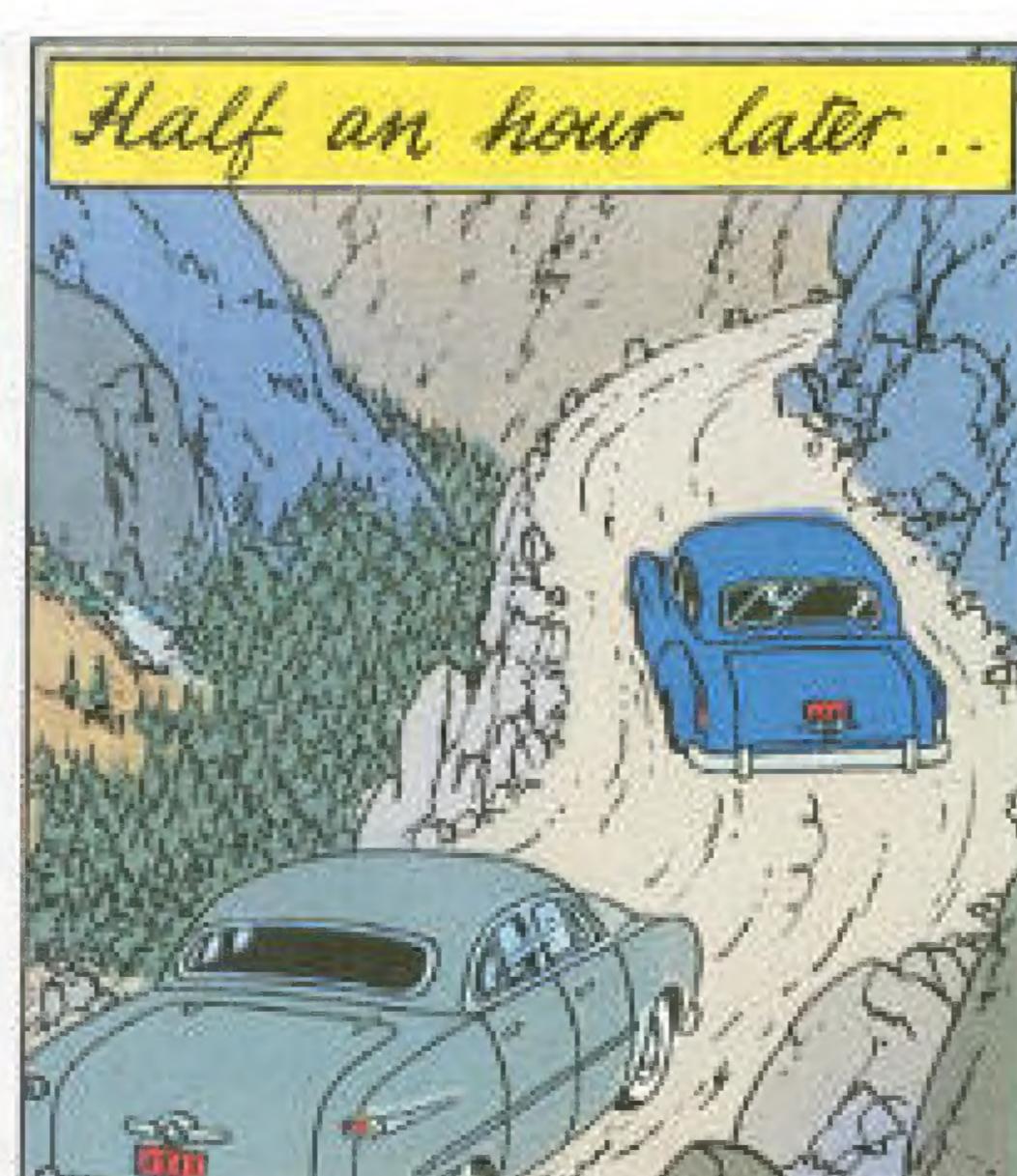
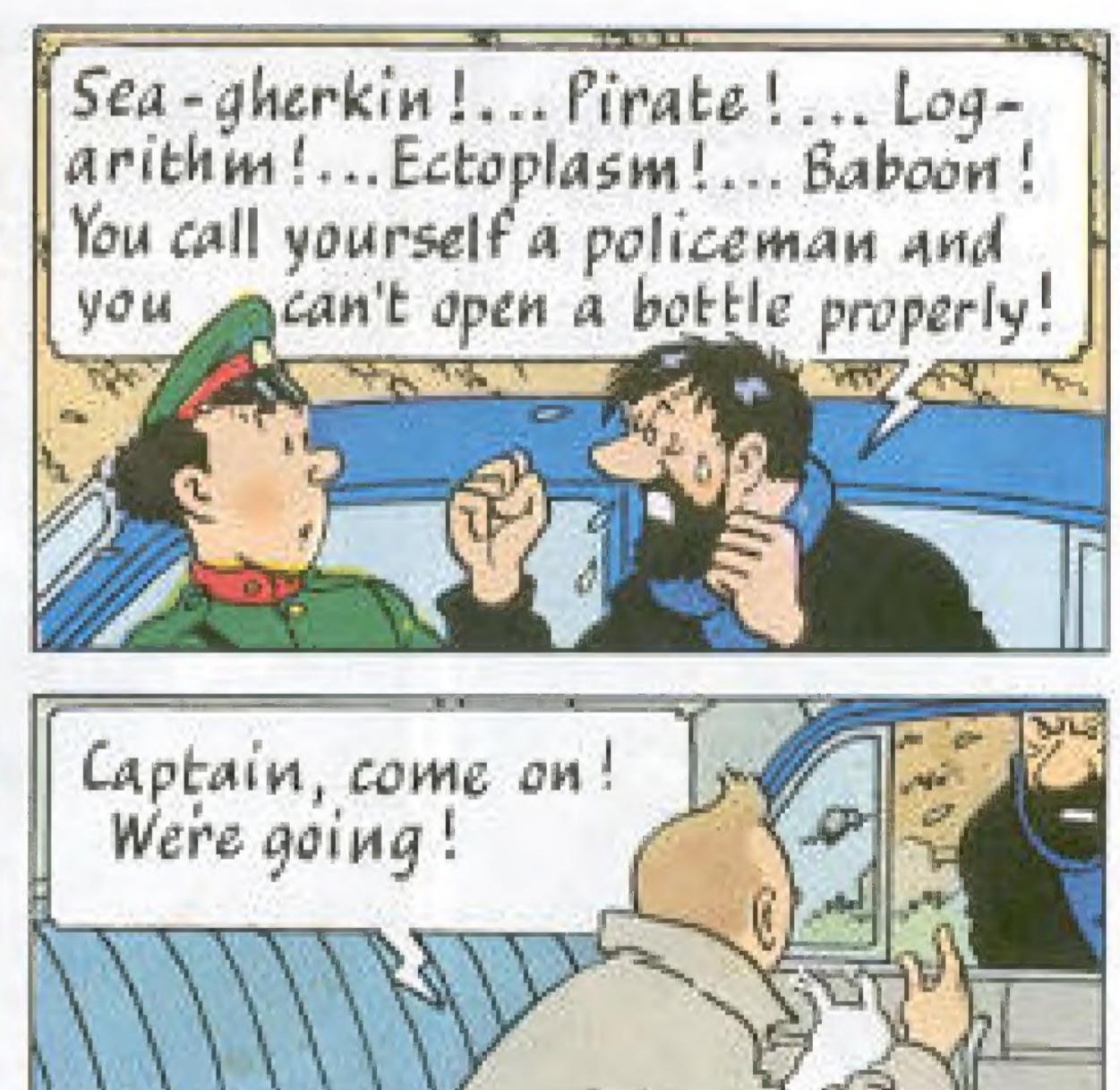
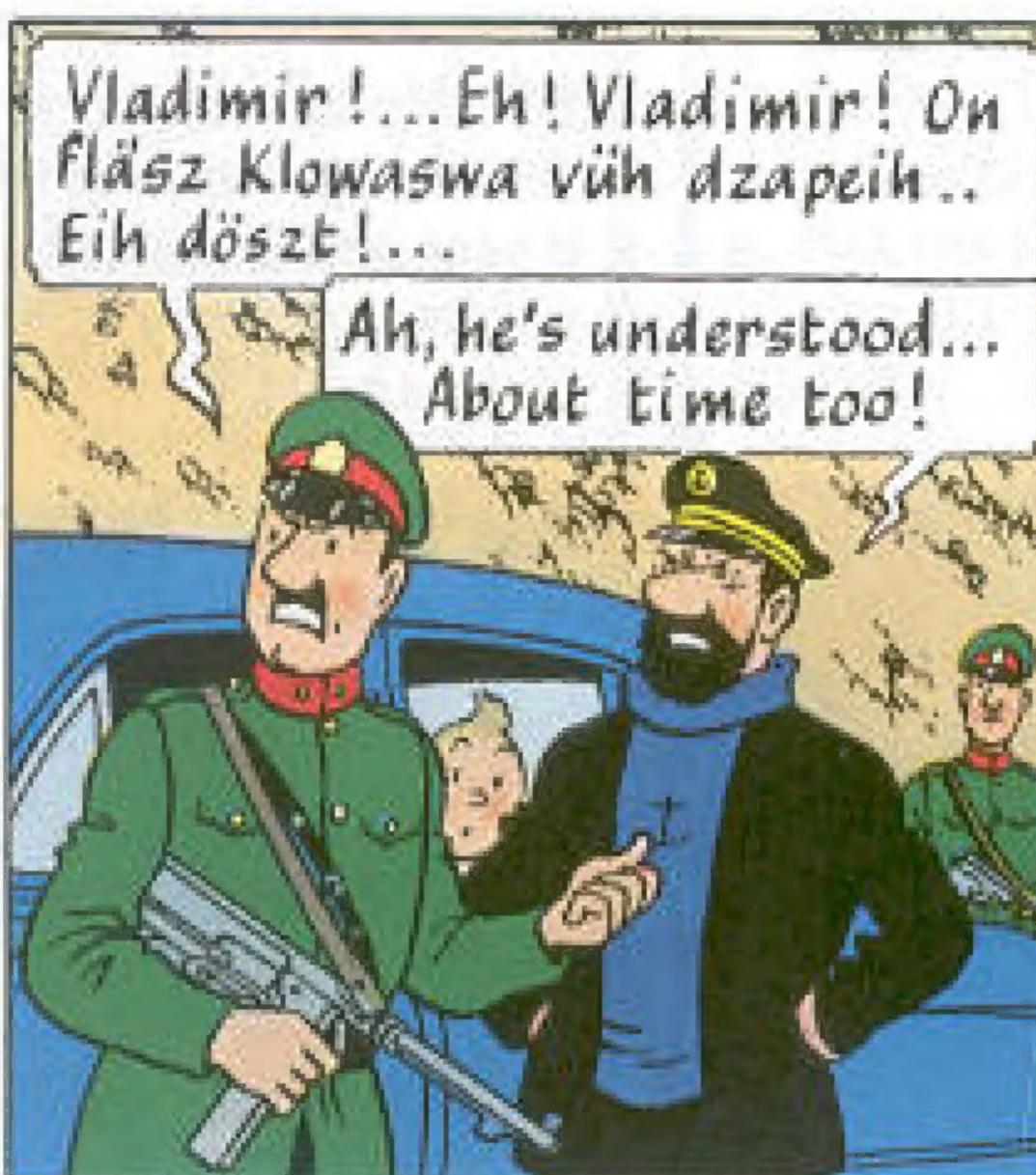
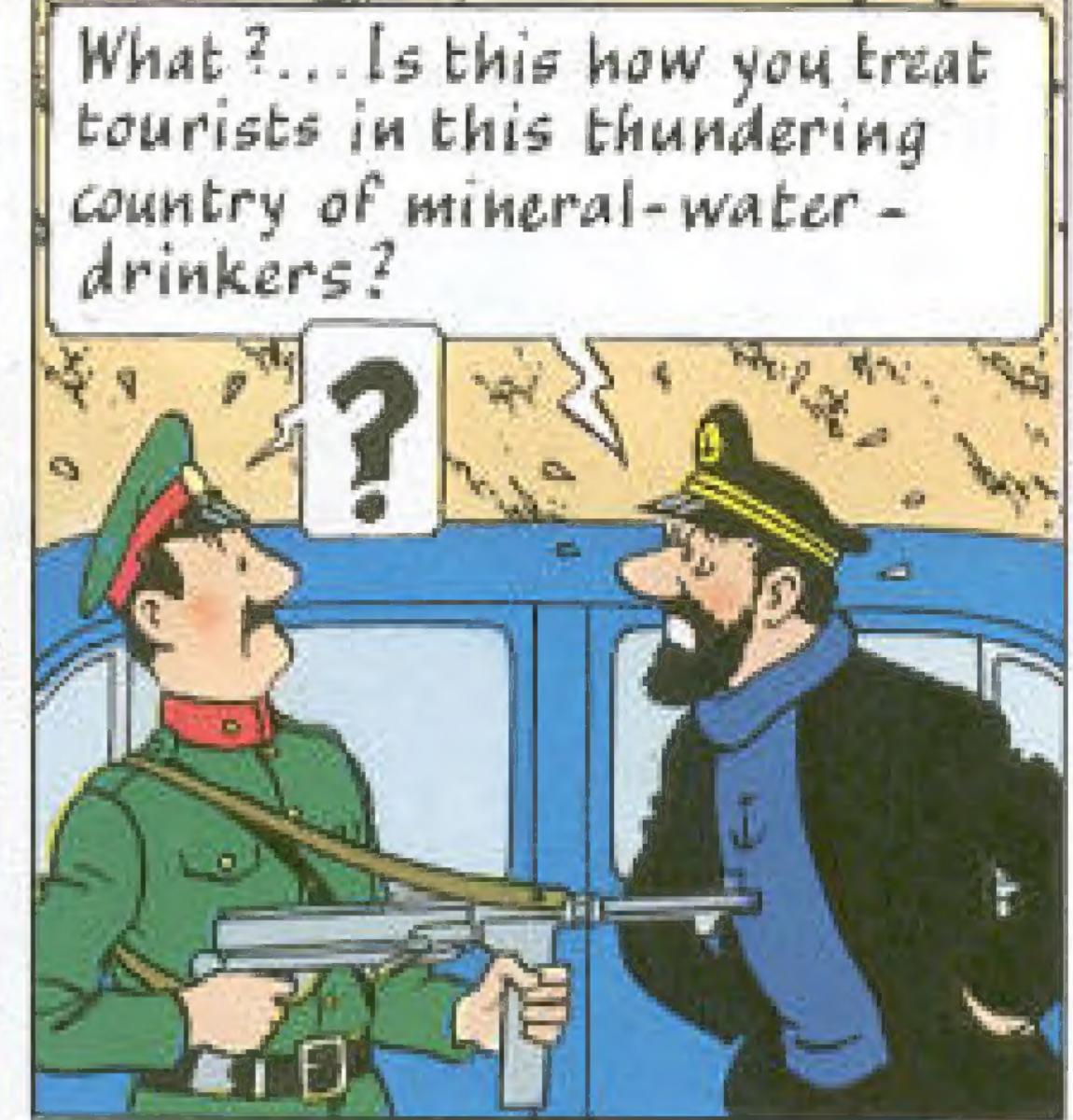
Two hours later...

That other car is still following
us...

The country is get-
ting wilder and
wilder. I wonder...
Why, whatever's
this?

Captain, just look at
that signboard.

ФОРПОТЗЕН
ЗОНА
SECURITY
AREA



By thunder! It's landing in the road!...
Here, Sprodj, what does this mean?

Check-point, zir.

Another check-point?

Güdd... Zrädzmo...
Zälu endzoekhoszd.

Well, it's the
first time I've
ever seen that
...It's incredible!
A flying check-
point!

B.H. 15 calling Con-
trol... B.H. 15 calling
Control... Expedition
"Bluebell" passed
check-point... All in
order...

What's all this
checking business?
Where are we, and
where are they
taking us?

That's what
I'm wondering.

Look, a house!... Here, Sprodj,
is this where our friend
Calculus lives?

Yes, zir...

What's possessed
him to come and
nest up here? I
simply... Blistering
barnacles! Another
check-point!

Thundering typhoons! What's going on
in this country? Anyone would think
there's a war on!

And now that baboon's
gone off with our
papers! What's he
doing with them?

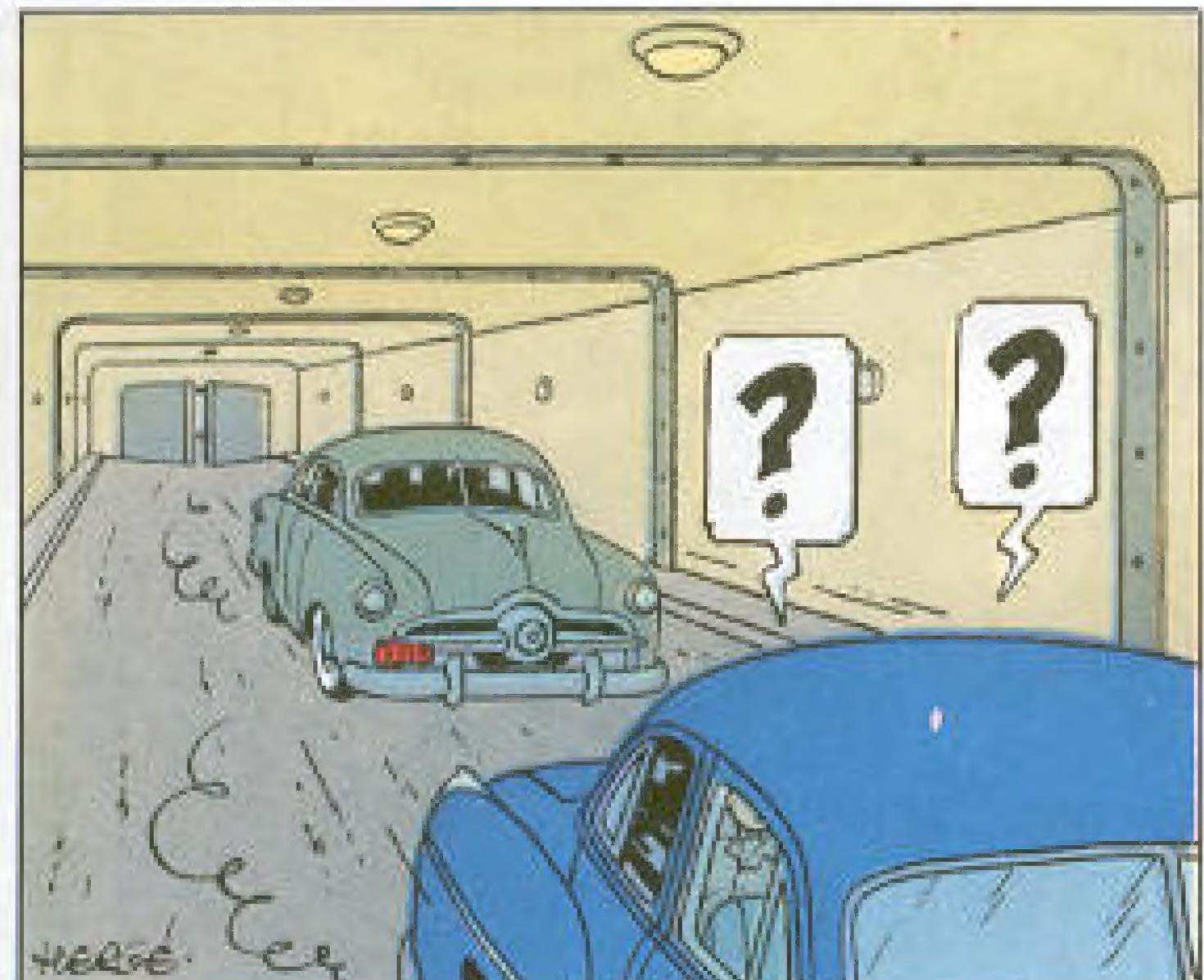
P.K.1 calling Control
...P.K.1 calling Con-
trol... Expedition "Blue-
bell" has arrived...
All in order... Open
the doors...

Güdd!... Zrädzmo!...
Zsoe gnounh dzoeteuih
ebb touhn...

Ah, all's well
...We can go
on.

Güdd!

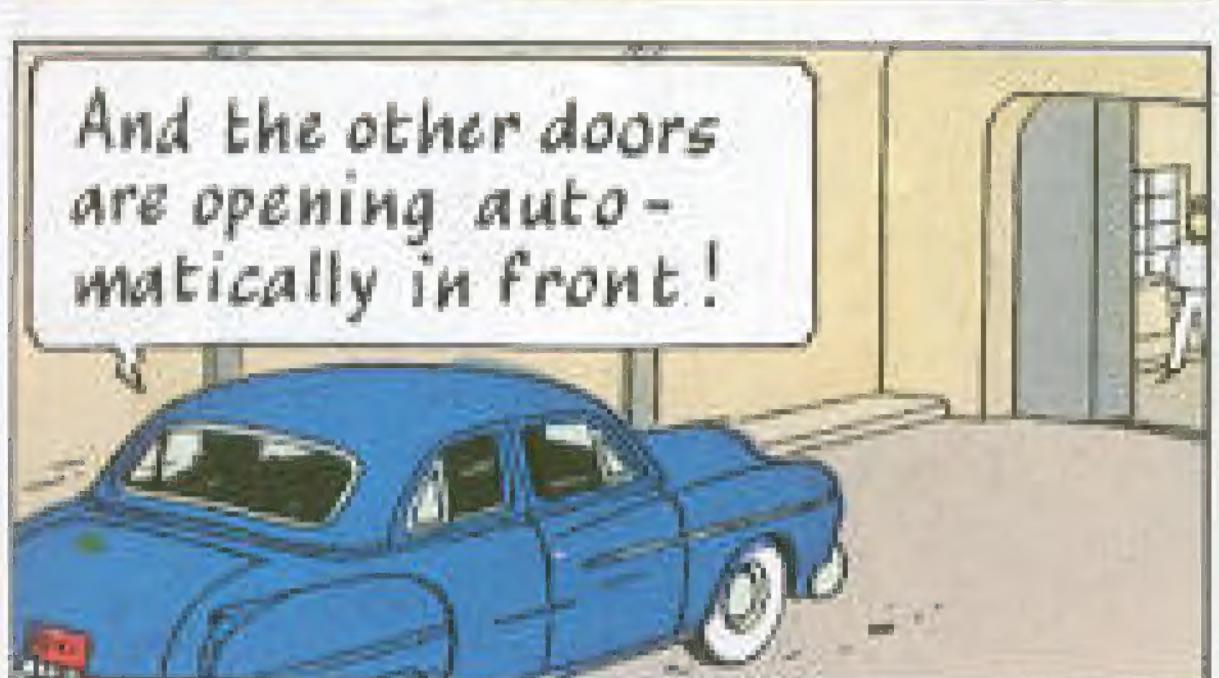
Thundering typhoons, what's happening?
Are we driving straight into the garage?
...That's an odd sort of welcome!



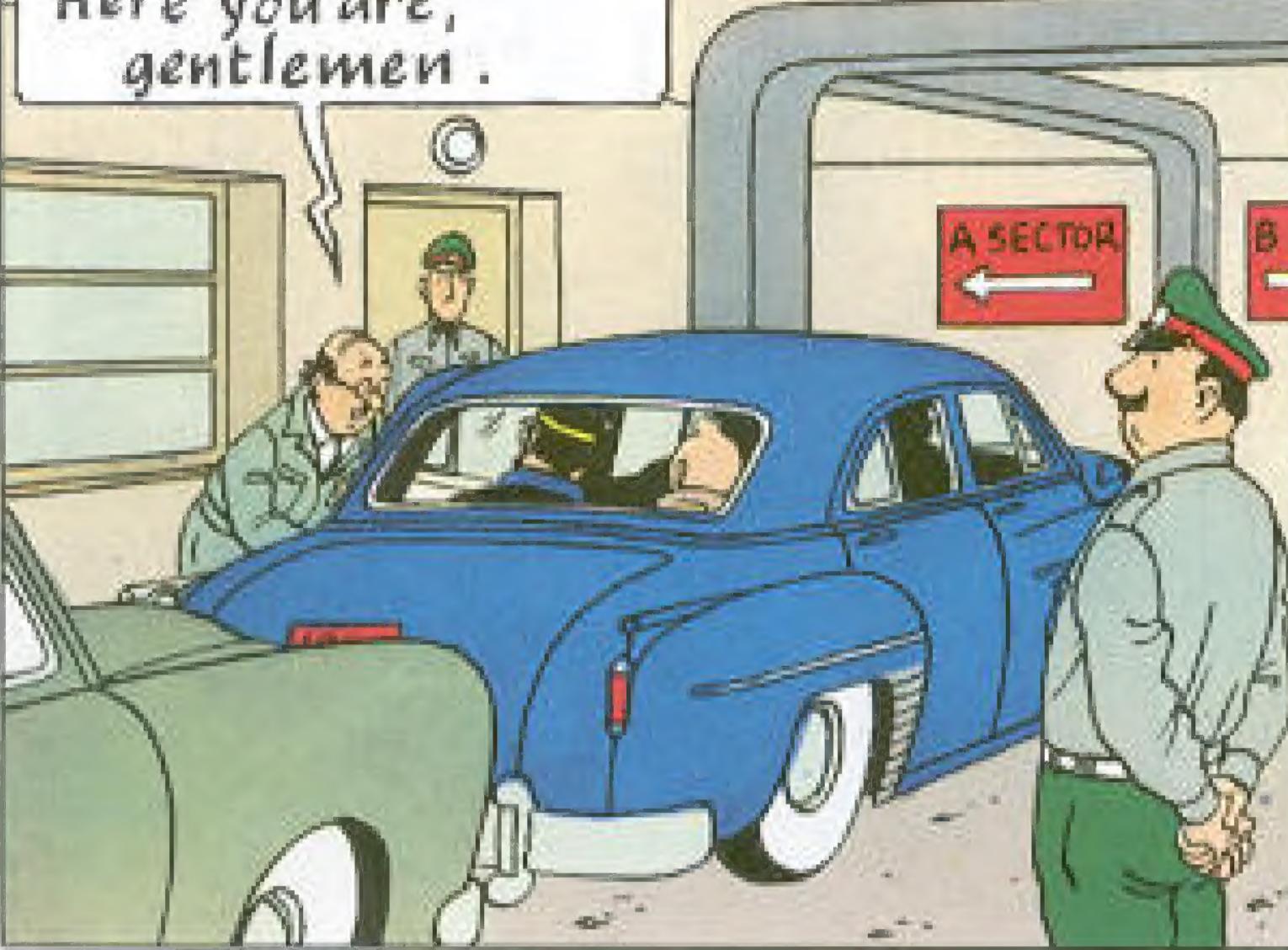
The doors have closed automatically behind us!



And the other doors are opening automatically in front!



Here you are, gentlemen.



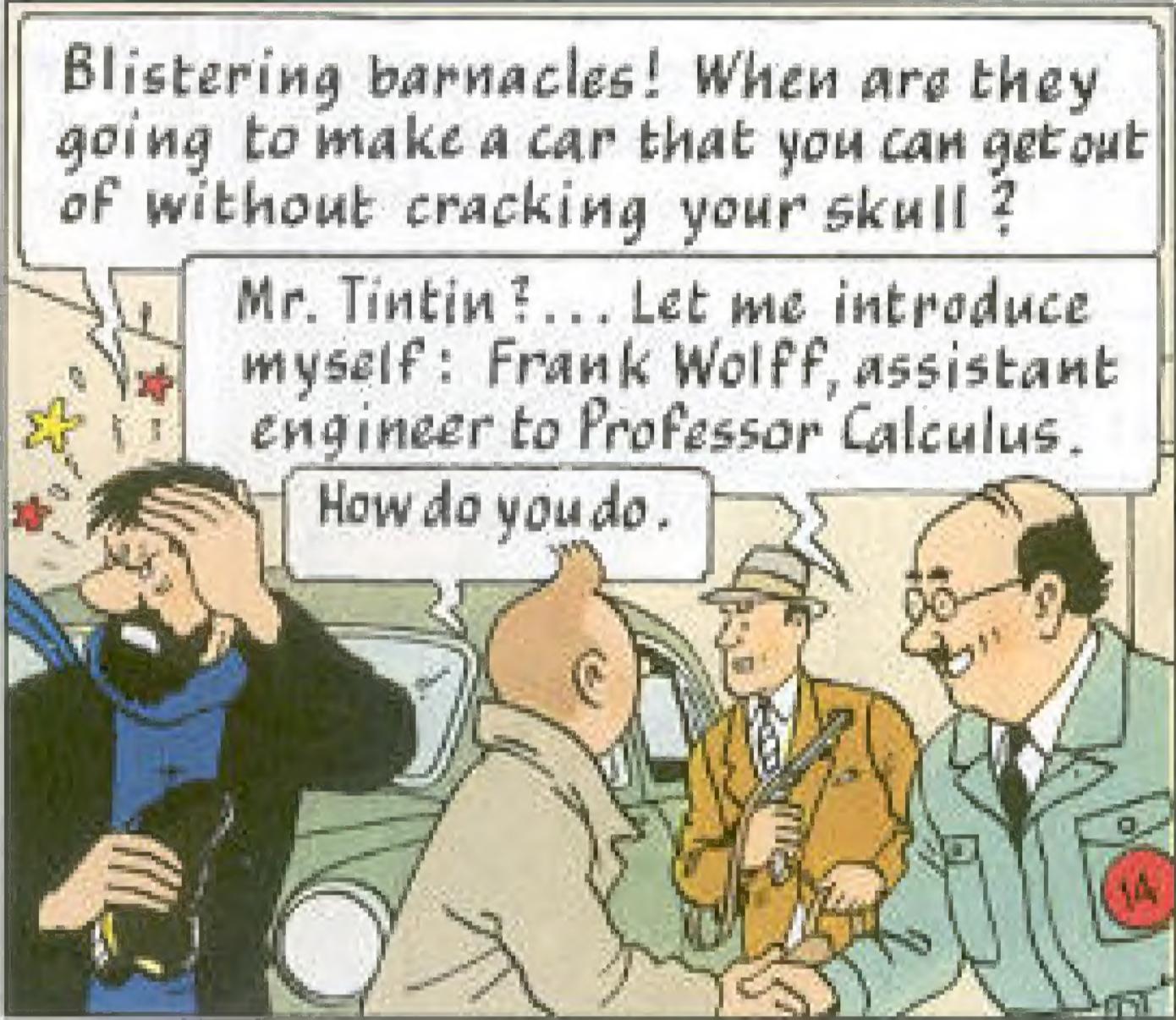
At last! And it's about time too!



Blistering barnacles! When are they going to make a car that you can get out of without cracking your skull?

Mr. Tintin?... Let me introduce myself: Frank Wolff, assistant engineer to Professor Calculus.

How do you do.



How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what these gangsters are who followed us from the airport...

Gangsters, Captain? These are ZEPO men!



Zepo?... What sort of creature is a Zepo?

You'll see, Captain. Professor Calculus will explain everything. Come: he's waiting for you.



Fifth floor. We'll take the lift.



After you, gentlemen...



WOOAH!

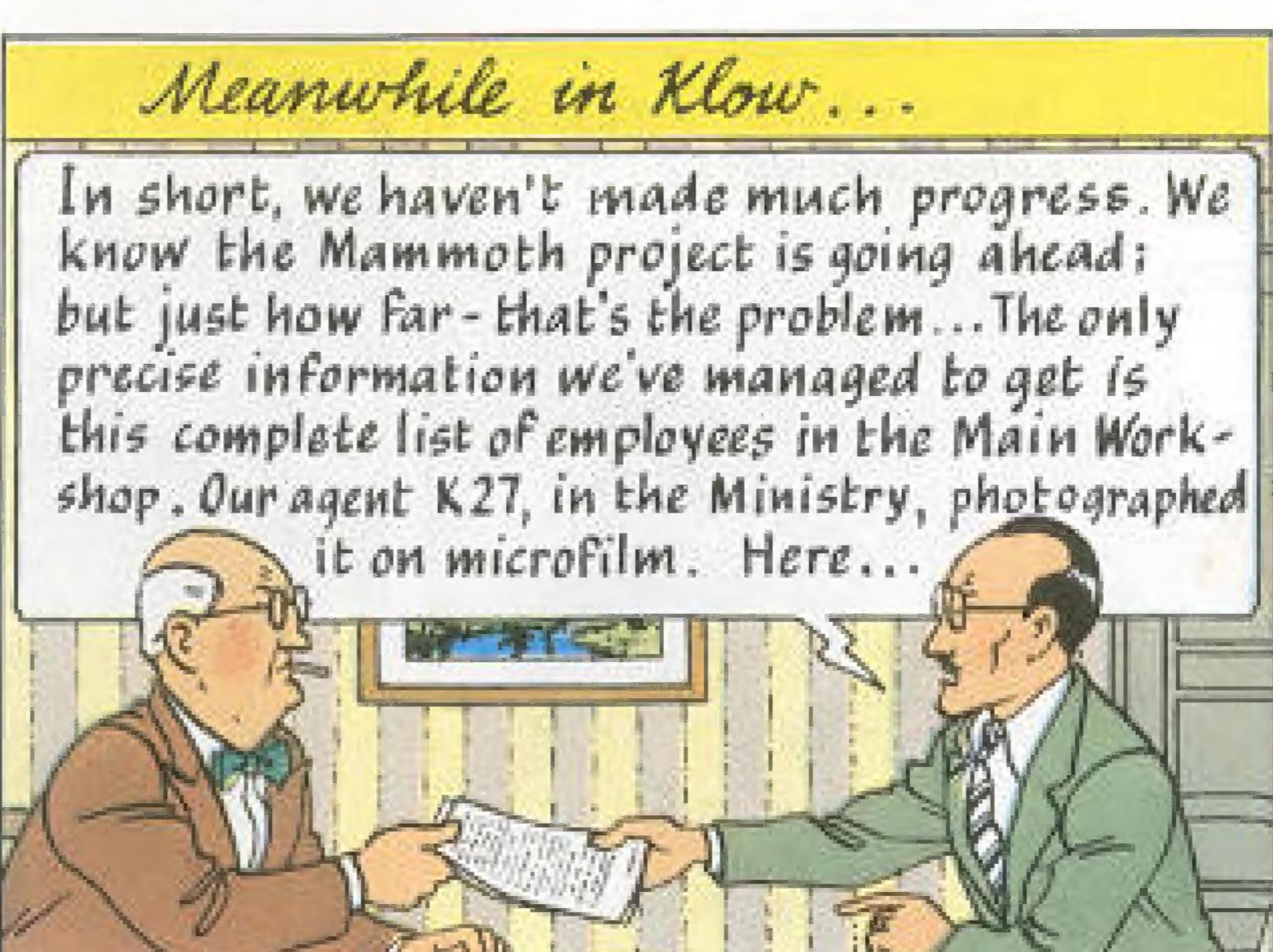
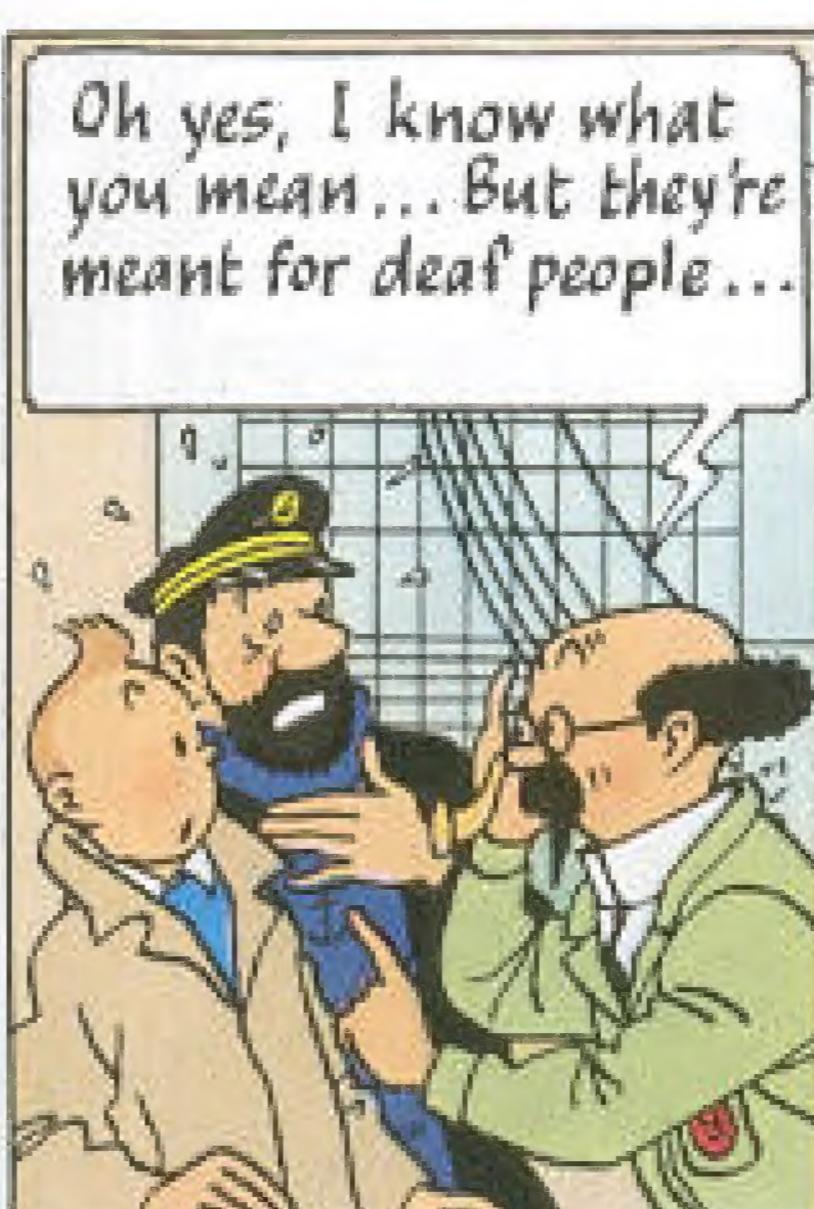
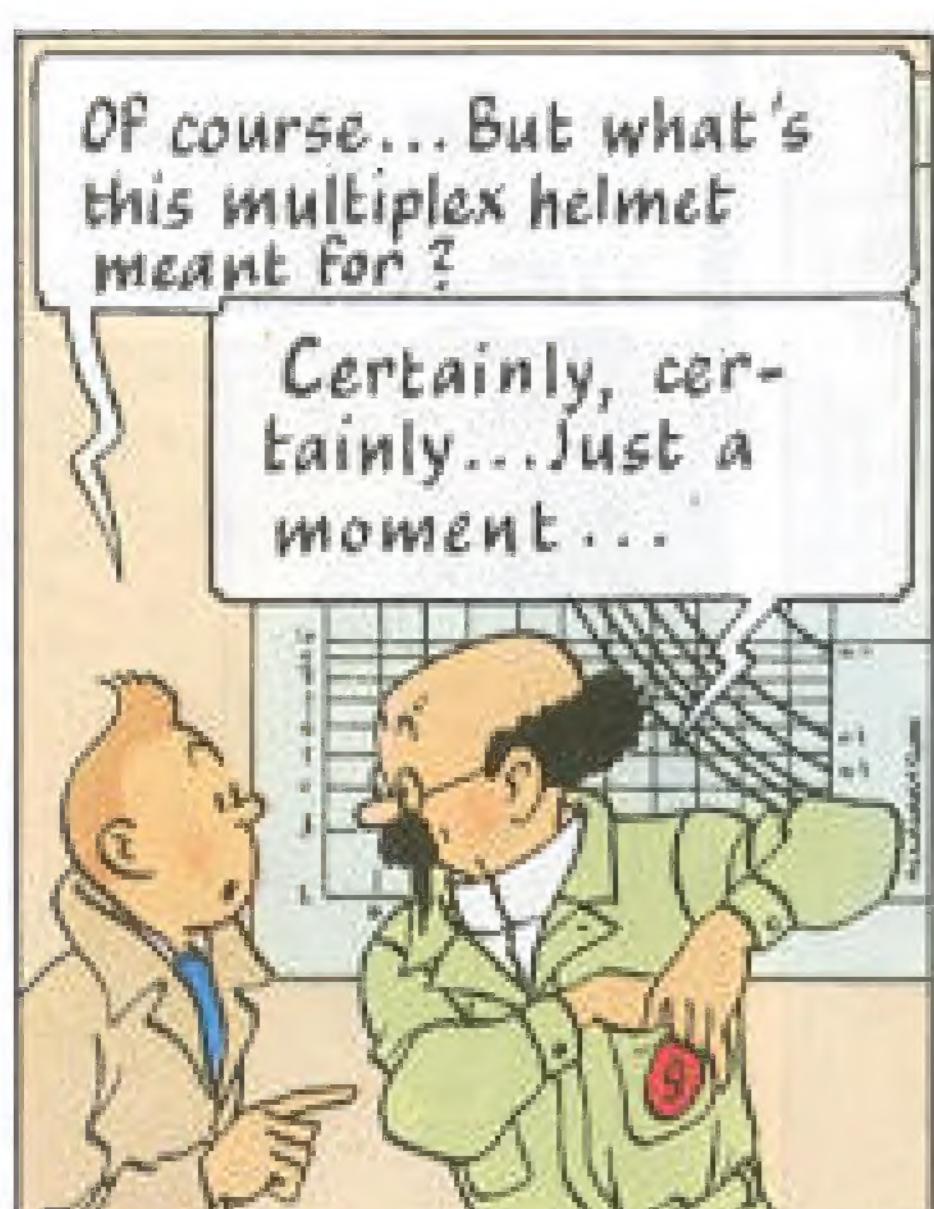
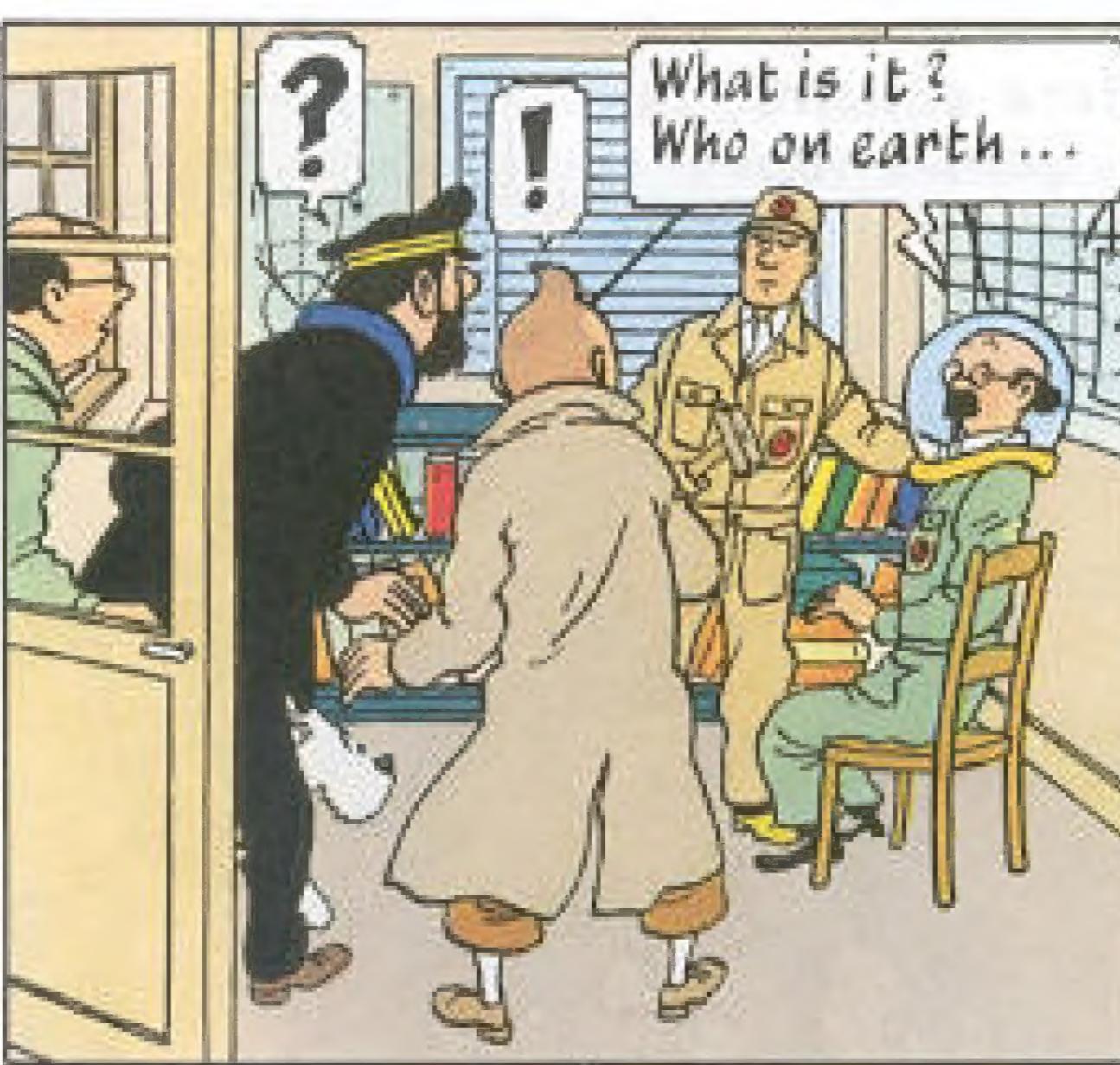


Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't notice your dog!



This is where Professor Calculus works...



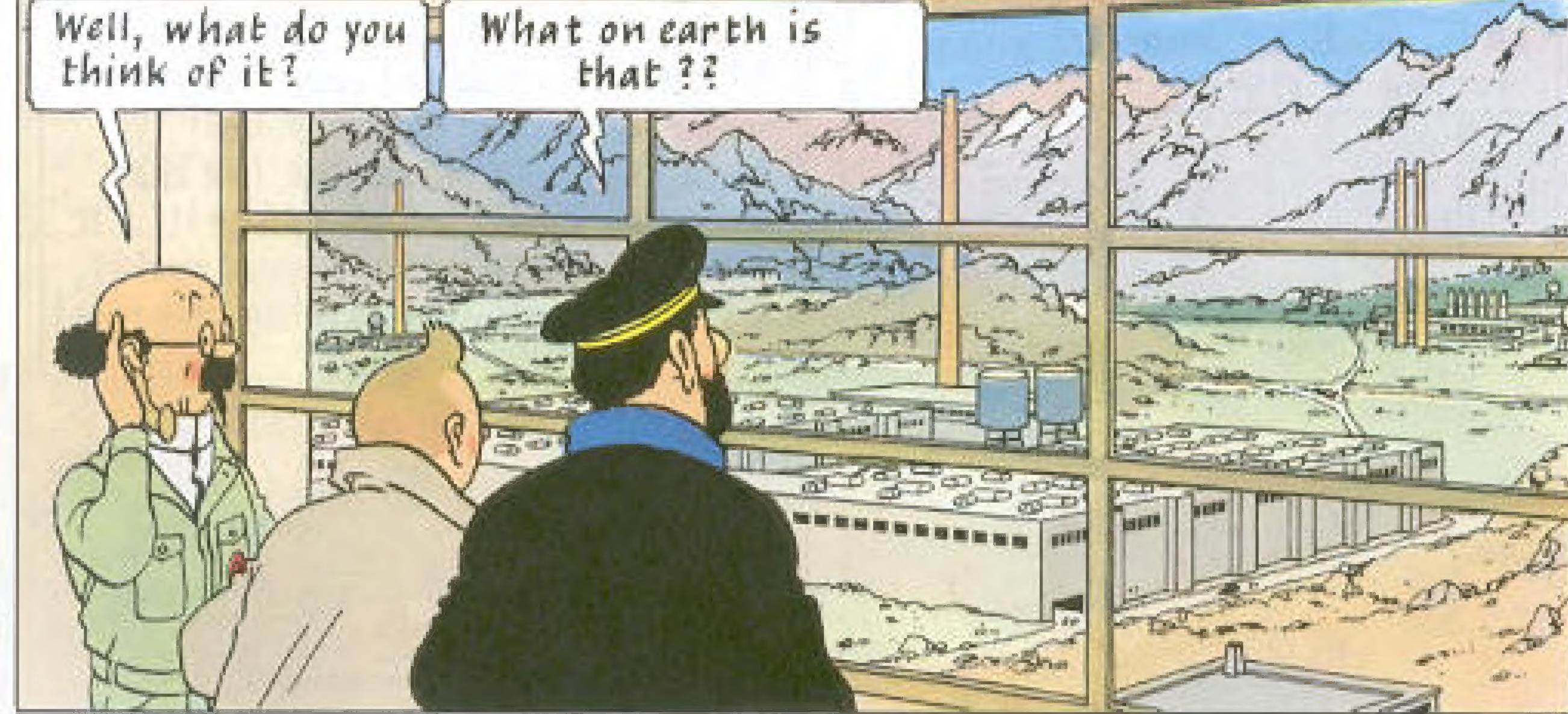


Come in here : I want to show you something ...



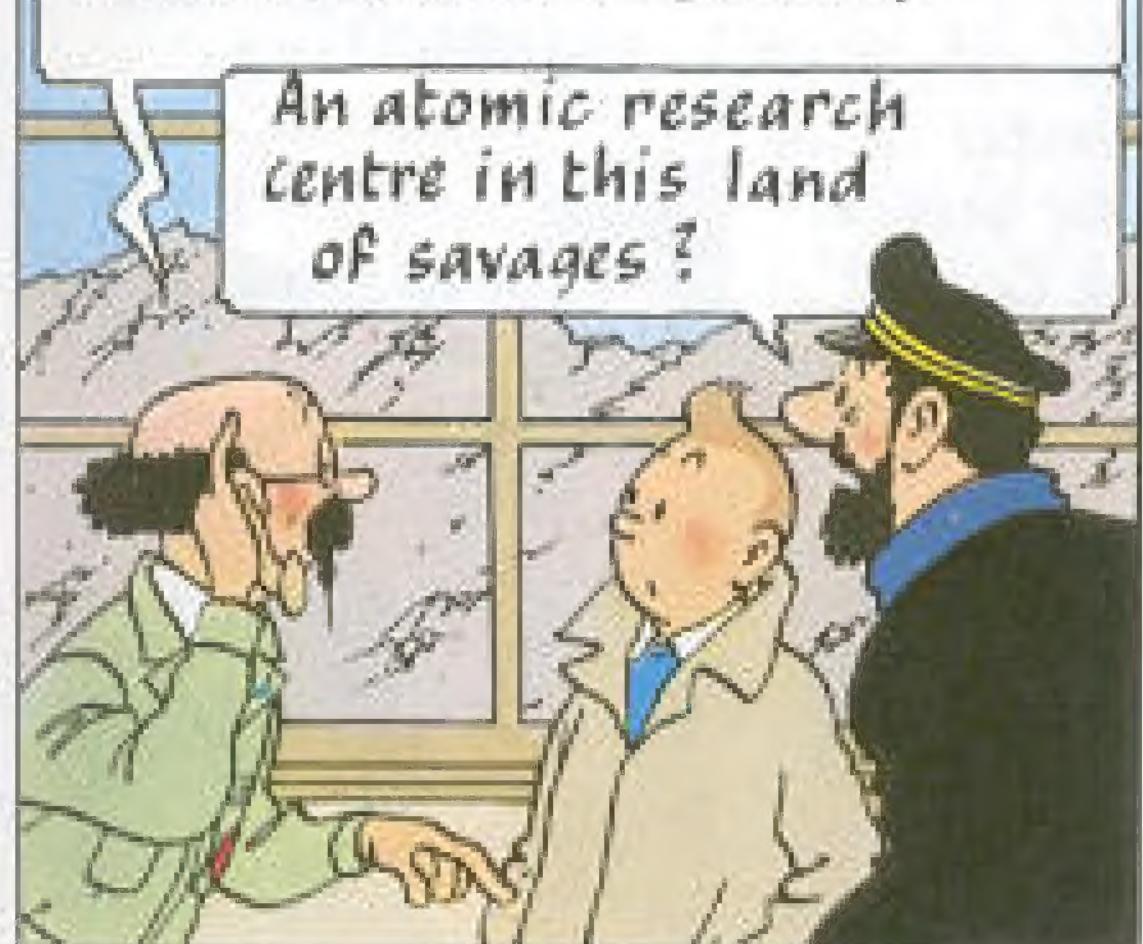
Well, what do you think of it?

What on earth is that ??



That, Captain, is a part - and only a part - of the Sprodj Atomic Research Centre.

An atomic research centre in this land of savages ?



Certainly!... Four years ago rich uranium deposits were found in the heart of the Zmyhlpathian mountains - that is, here... The Syldavian Government immediately embarked on the building of an atomic research centre... But let's sit down.

Will you have a drink, Captain ?



Specialists in nuclear physics were recruited from many countries, and work began. It goes without saying that all the research is for humanitarian purposes... No question of making atomic bombs here... In fact, we are seeking a way to protect mankind from the dangers of these weapons...



Then the Syldavian Government invited me to work here. I have been put in charge of the astronautical section, as that is the field with which I am most familiar

...



I have been very ably supported by my engineer, Frank Wolff. You met him earlier. And I'm just completing plans for a nuclear-powered rocket in which I propose to land ON THE MOON ...



Ha! ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... Old Calculus on the Moon! Ha! ha! ha!... The things you think of!... The Moon!... That's a good one!...



Ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... As easy as pie!... A man on the Moon!... You'll be the man in the Moon!... Ha! ha! ha!



Oh! ho! ho!... I haven't laughed so much for years!... On the Moon!... And he's quite serious about it!... You old humbug, Calculus!



Here's to you!... Ha! ha! ha! Passengers for the Moon, all aboard the bus!... Sorry, the rocket!... You are taking passengers, I hope?



Of course!... Why else do you think I asked you to join me?...



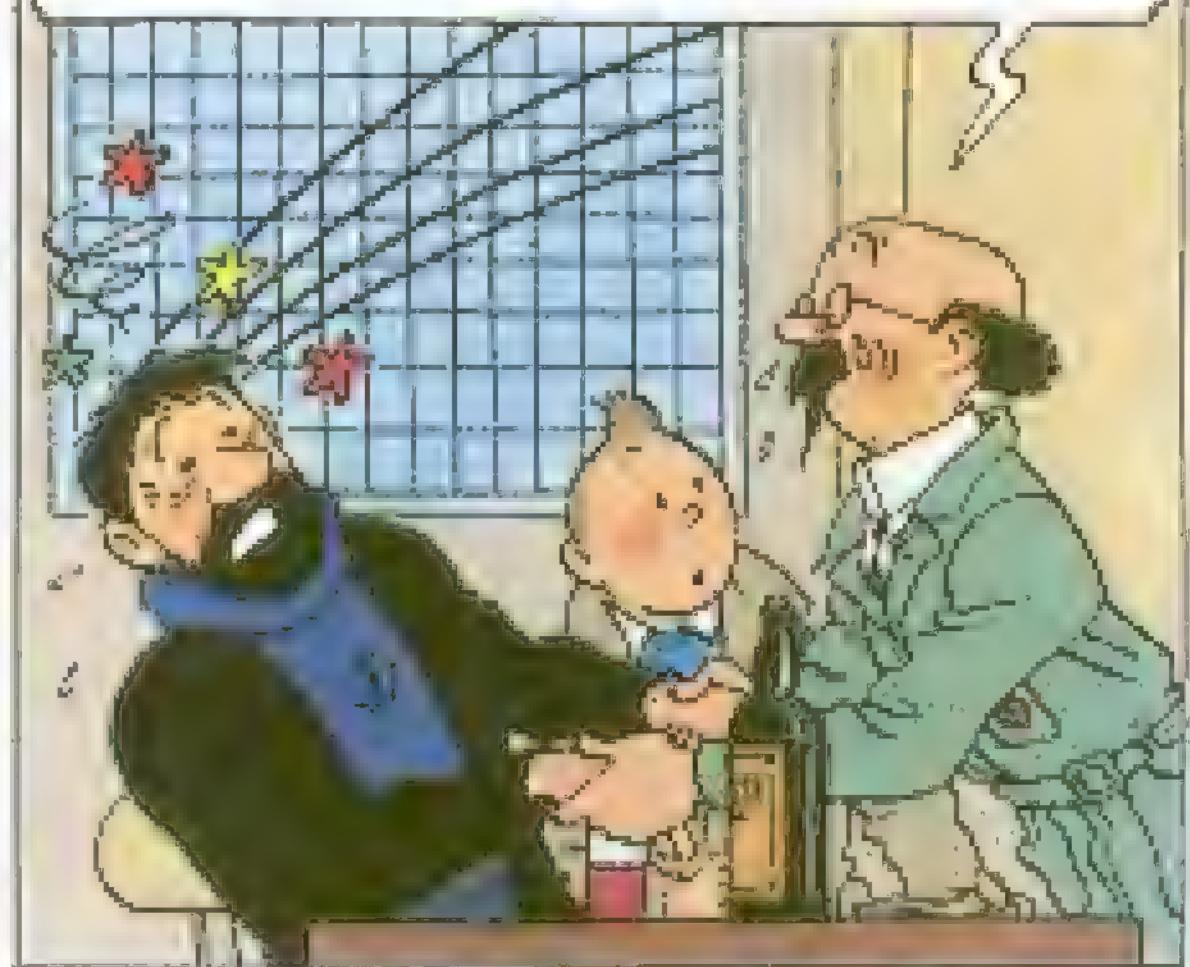
Eh?... What?... What are you saying?



Me?... On the Moon!... With you?... Blistering barnacles! your brain's gone radioactive! On the Moon!... You'd just push me around, like that, without a word!... On the Moon!!! I'll never set foot in your infernal rocket, d'you hear me? Thundering typhoons! ... Never!



Oh, thank you, Captain... thank you!... I knew I could count on you.



Good evening, gentlemen.



Ah, Mr. Baxter. May I introduce Captain Haddock? Mr. Baxter, the Captain is most enthusiastic. He says he and our good friend Tintin will be delighted to travel with me to the Moon.



How do you do, Captain. The best of luck! The Professor told me that you were a man of remarkable capacity: I see he wasn't exaggerating.

Mr. Baxter is the Director General of the Centre

But I...



No, no, don't be modest: a character such as yours is rare, all too rare... I congratulate you, and I envy you. ... You will have a unique privilege: the first man to set foot on our great satellite... the Moon!



I congratulate you too, young man. In this perilous venture you will represent the eager spirit of youth.

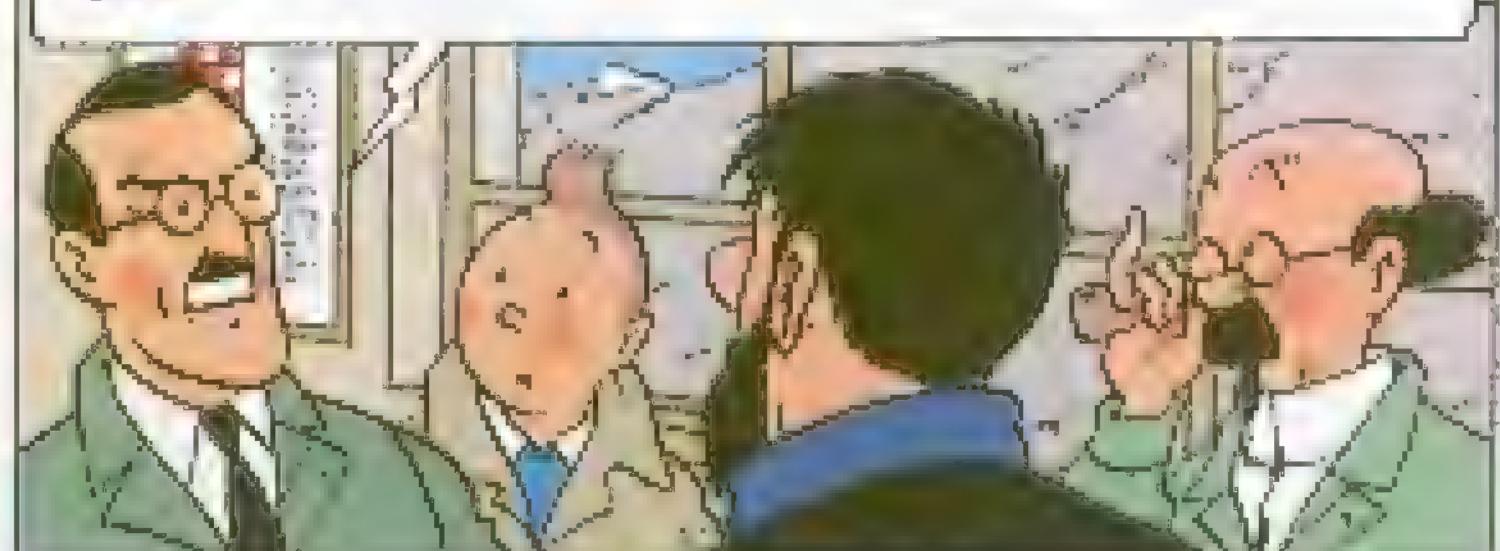
That's splendid...

Yes...er...No...

I mean...



But it is getting late, gentlemen, and you've had a tiring day. We'll show you your rooms, and tomorrow the Professor will take you round the Centre... This will be the first time outsiders have been admitted... As you can imagine, we cannot be too careful about spies and saboteurs...



Night falls.
All is quiet.
Down the long,
silent corridors,
guards are on
patrol...



Patrol 14 calling Control...
Nothing to report...



All the same, "They" go a bit far... This inspection is absurd... Who could possibly get in here?...



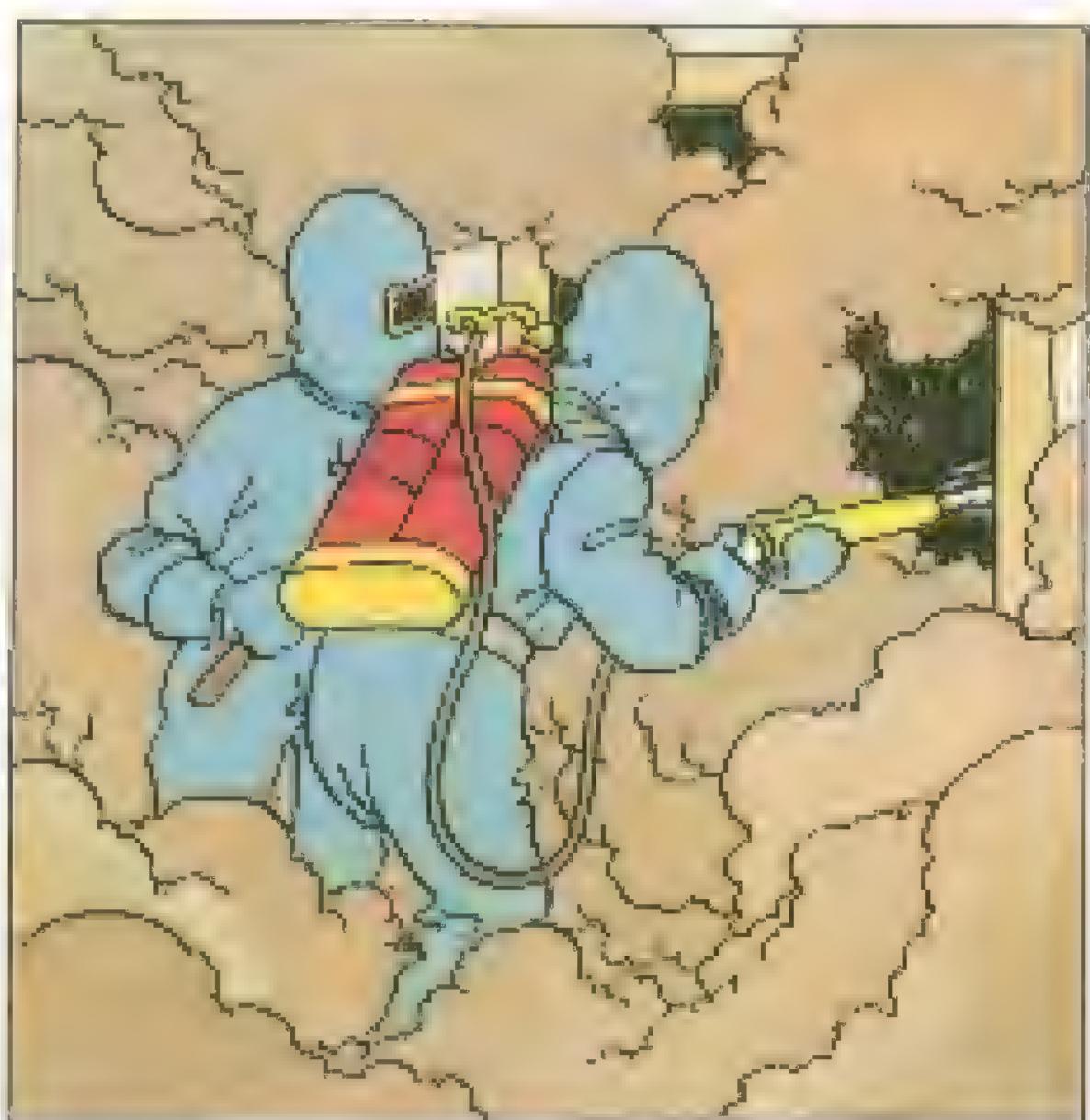
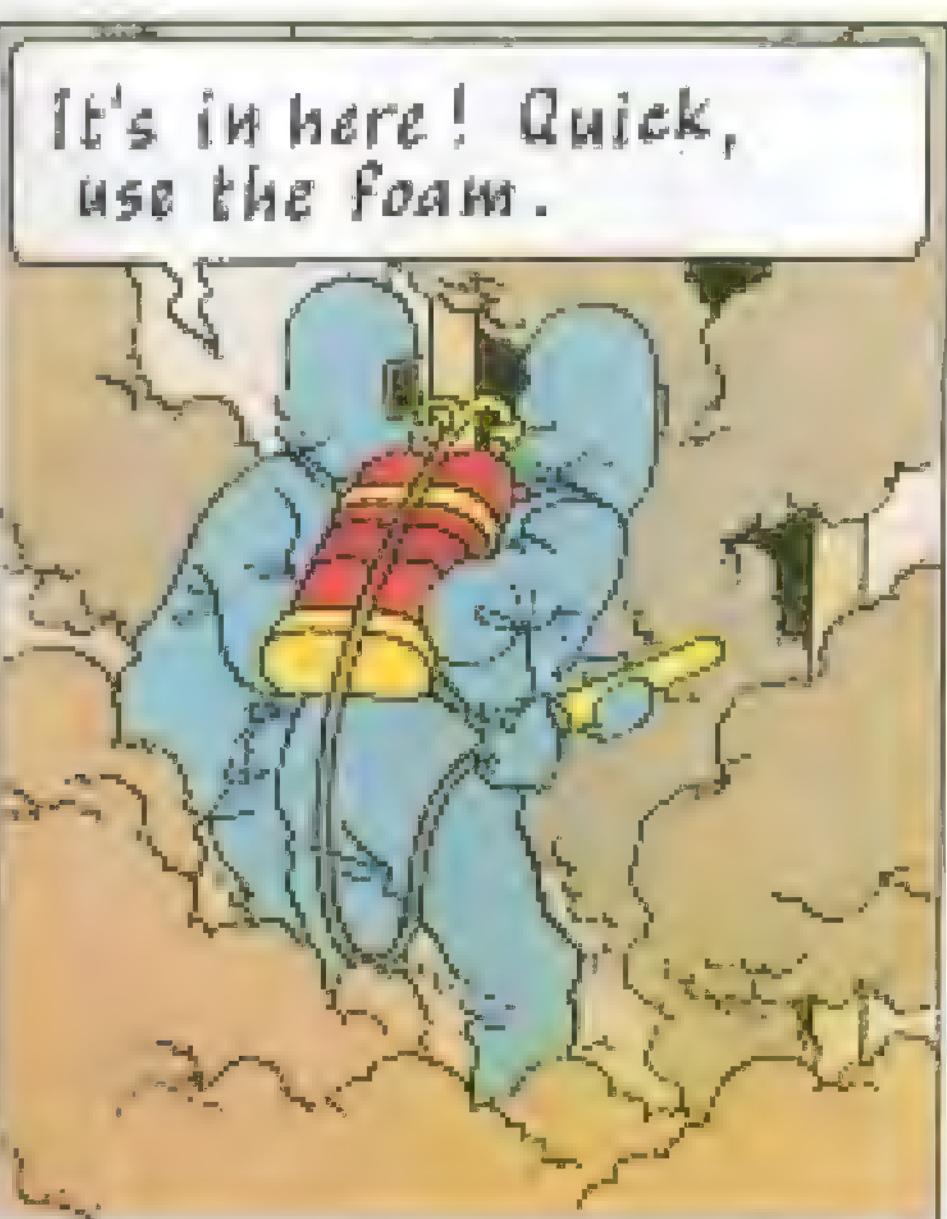
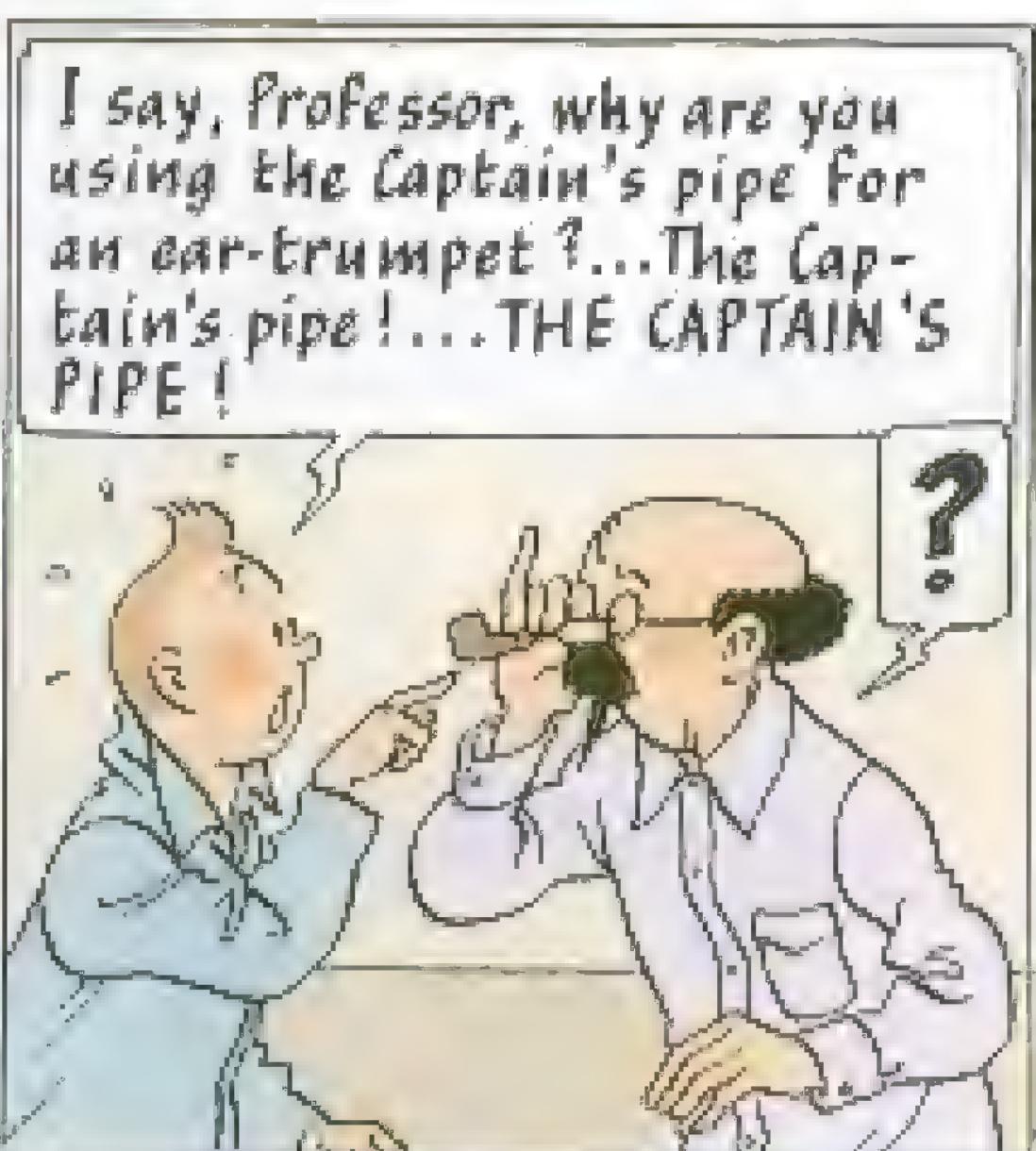
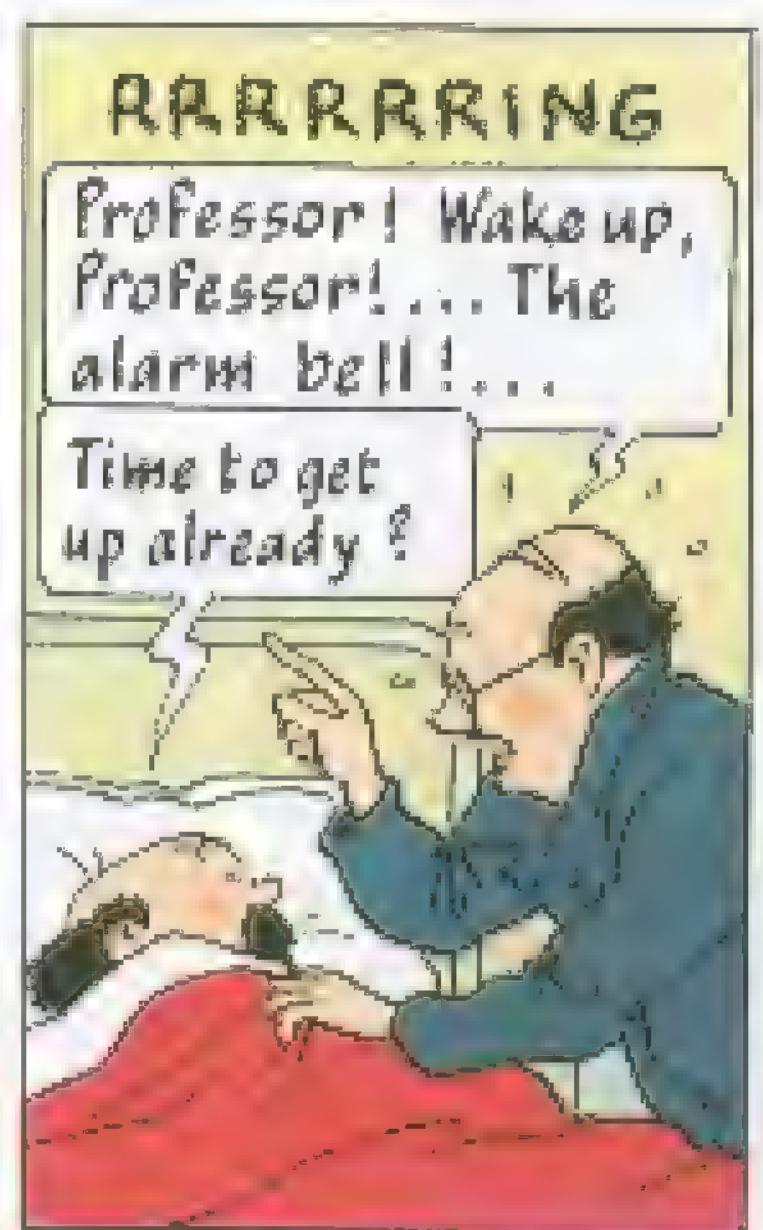
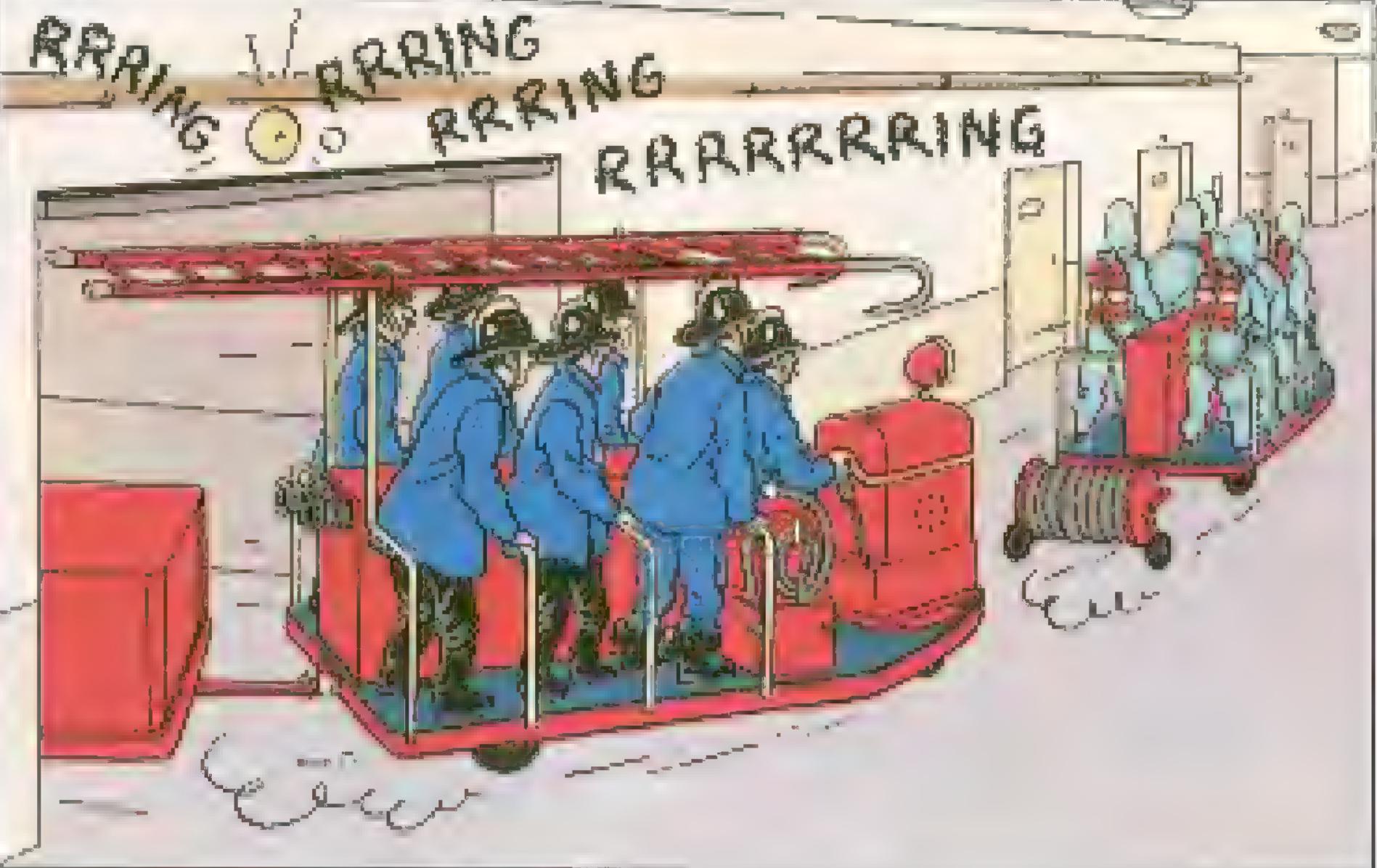
By St. Vladimir!



Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke
filling corridors in H Sector...
Send security squads at once!

Control calling Security... Emergency!
Dense smoke reported
in corridors, H Sector...

RRRING RRING RRING RRRRRRING



You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku-Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



This confounded ear-trumpet! I filled it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



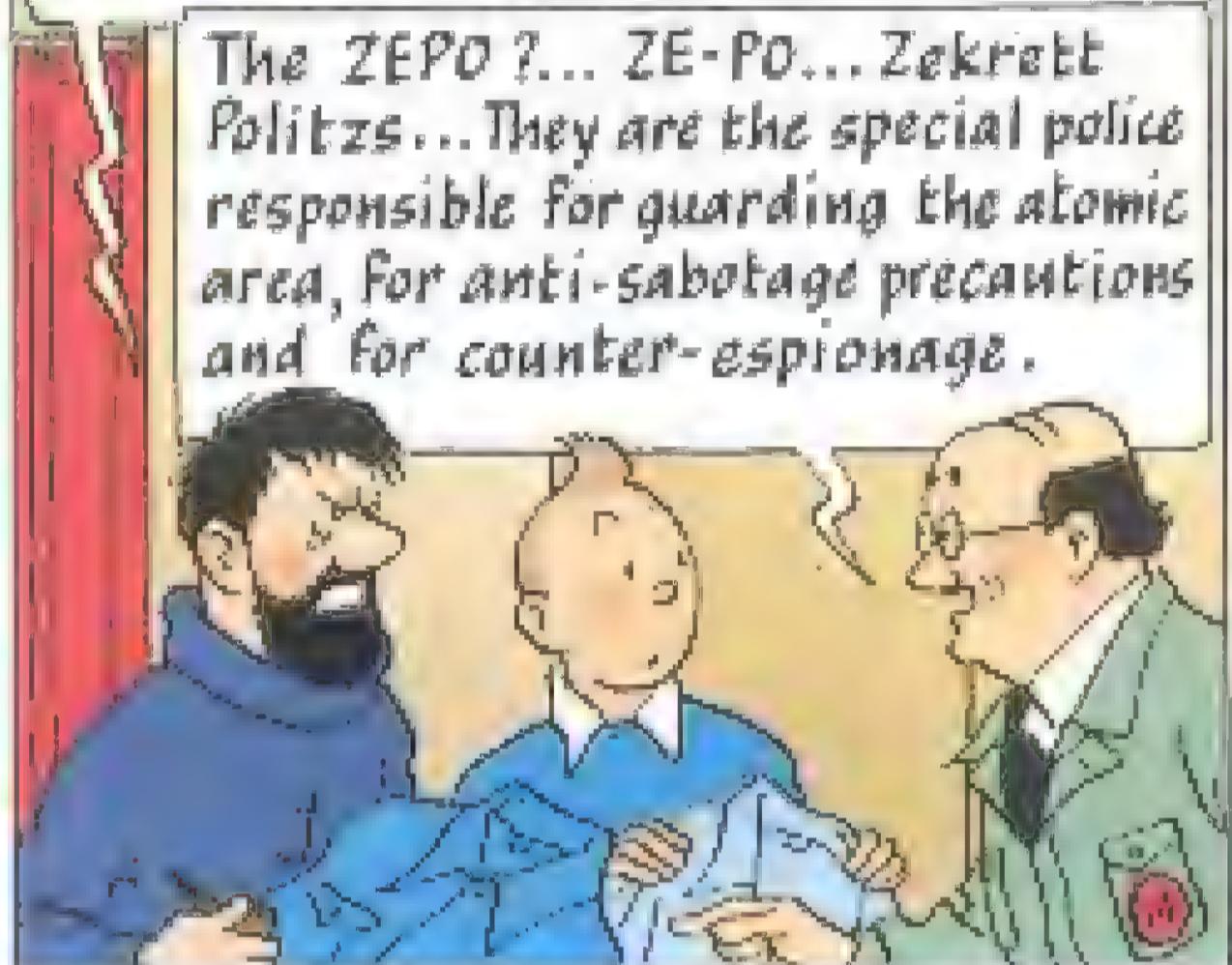
The next morning...

The Professor asked me to give you this... He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre... You'd better put on these overalls; then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEPO.



The Zepo again?... Look here, just what is a Zepo?

The ZEPo?... ZE-PO... Zekrett Politzs... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rock- et.

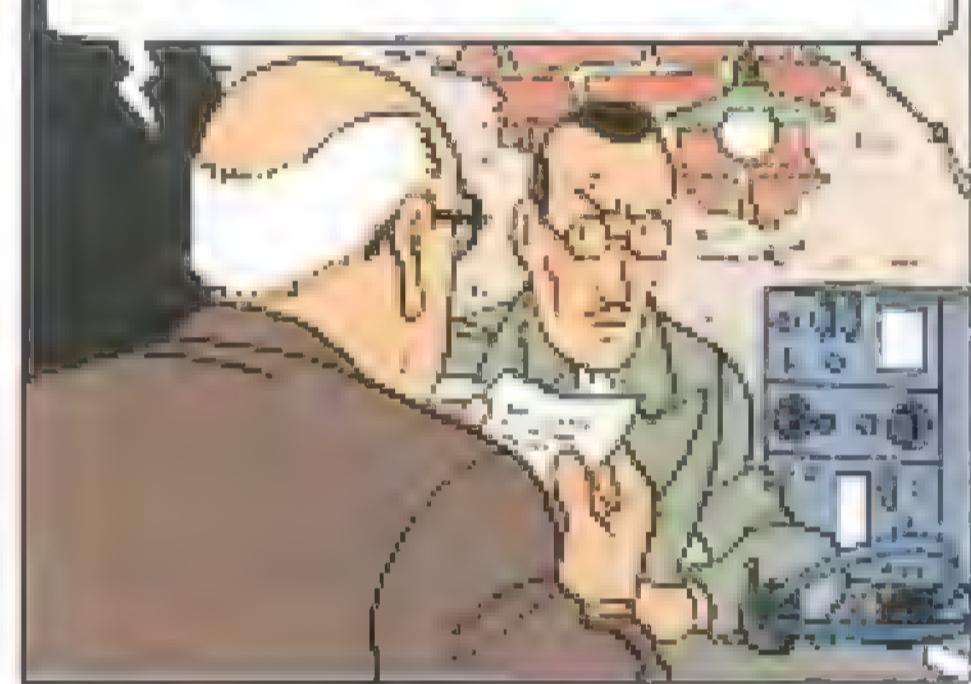


On that score the ZEPo have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon-rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be senior staff... But we need have no worries about that... Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3. R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop..."



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking" ... You follow me?

Of course!... I'm right behind you.



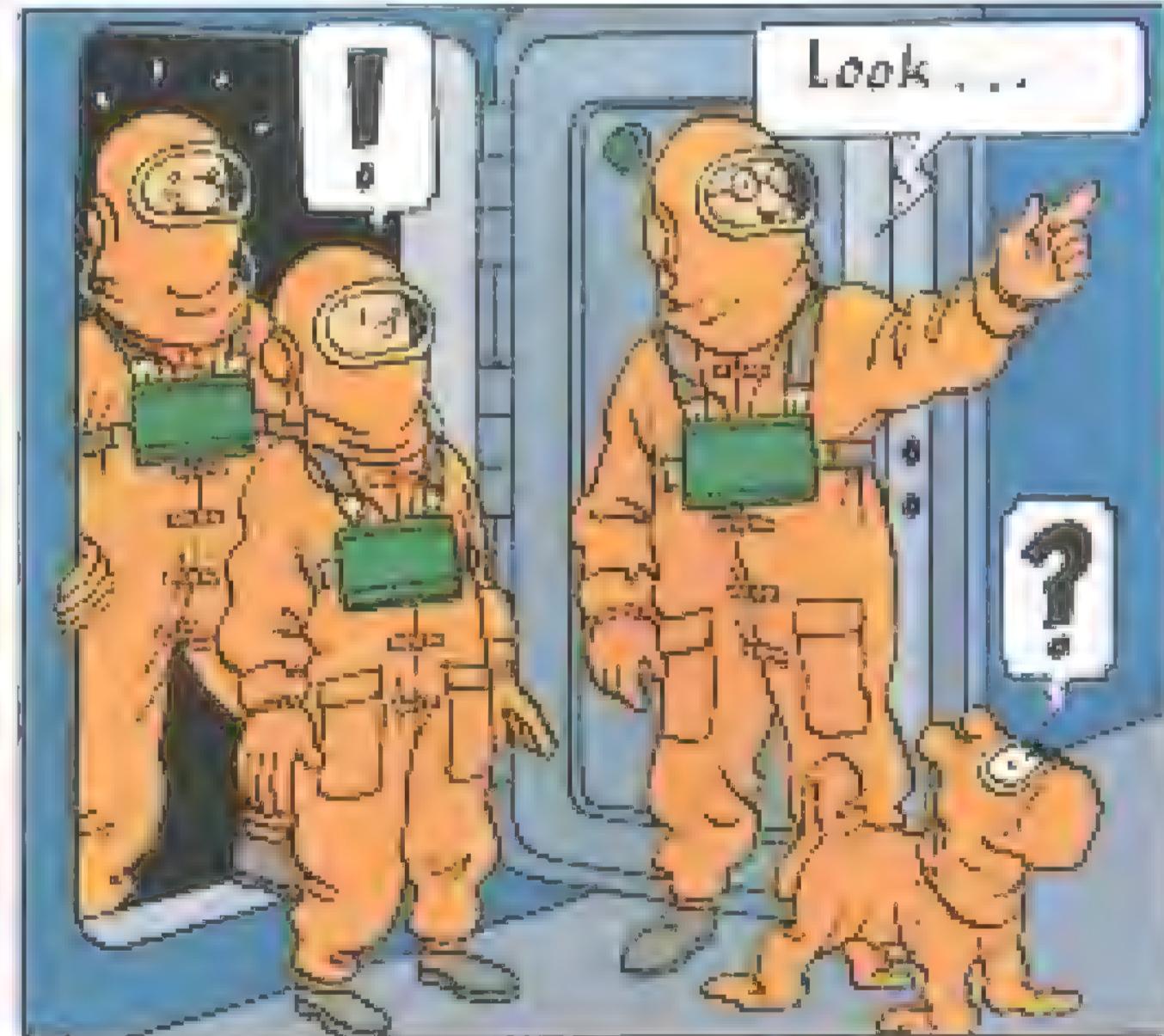
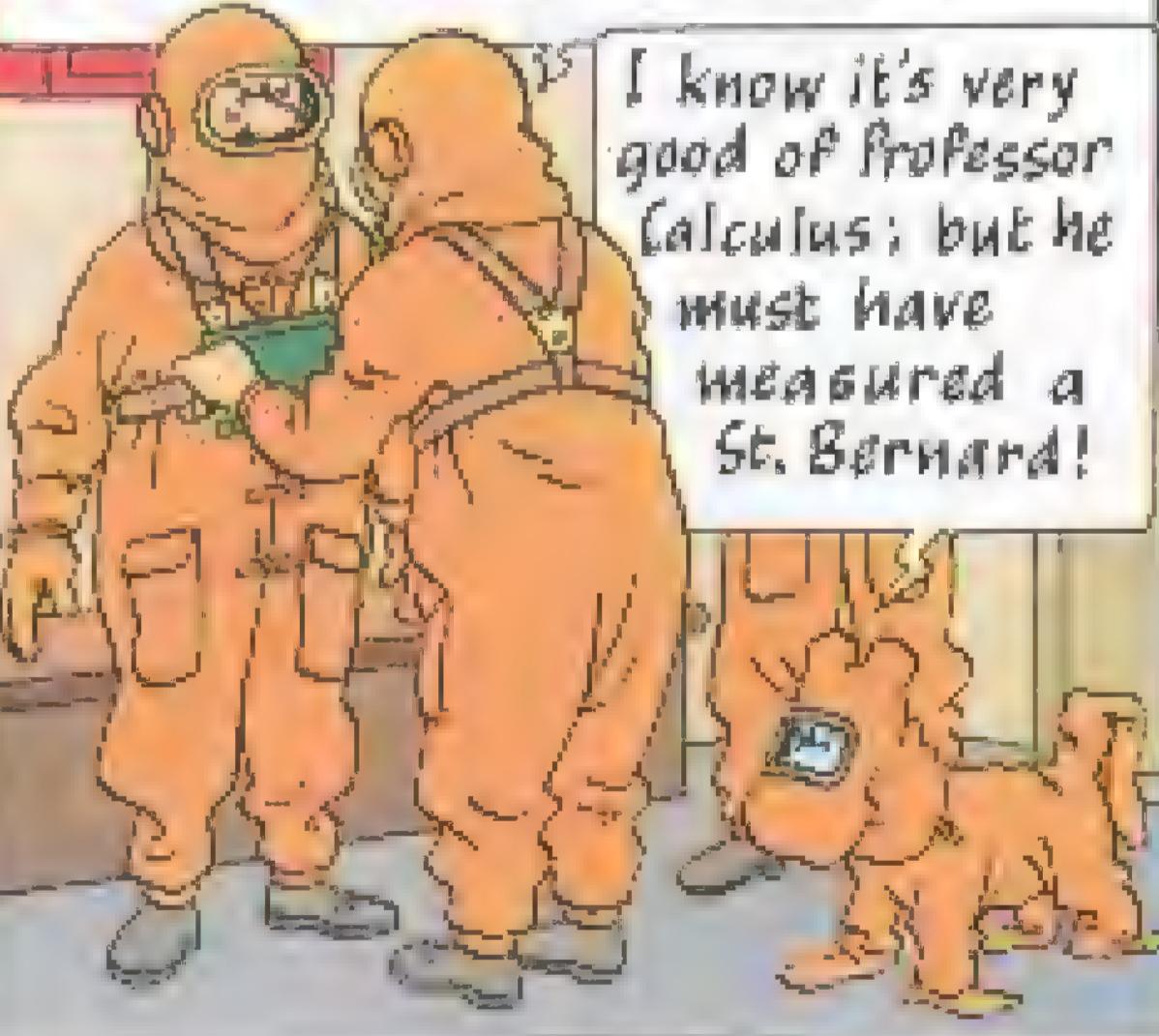
Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

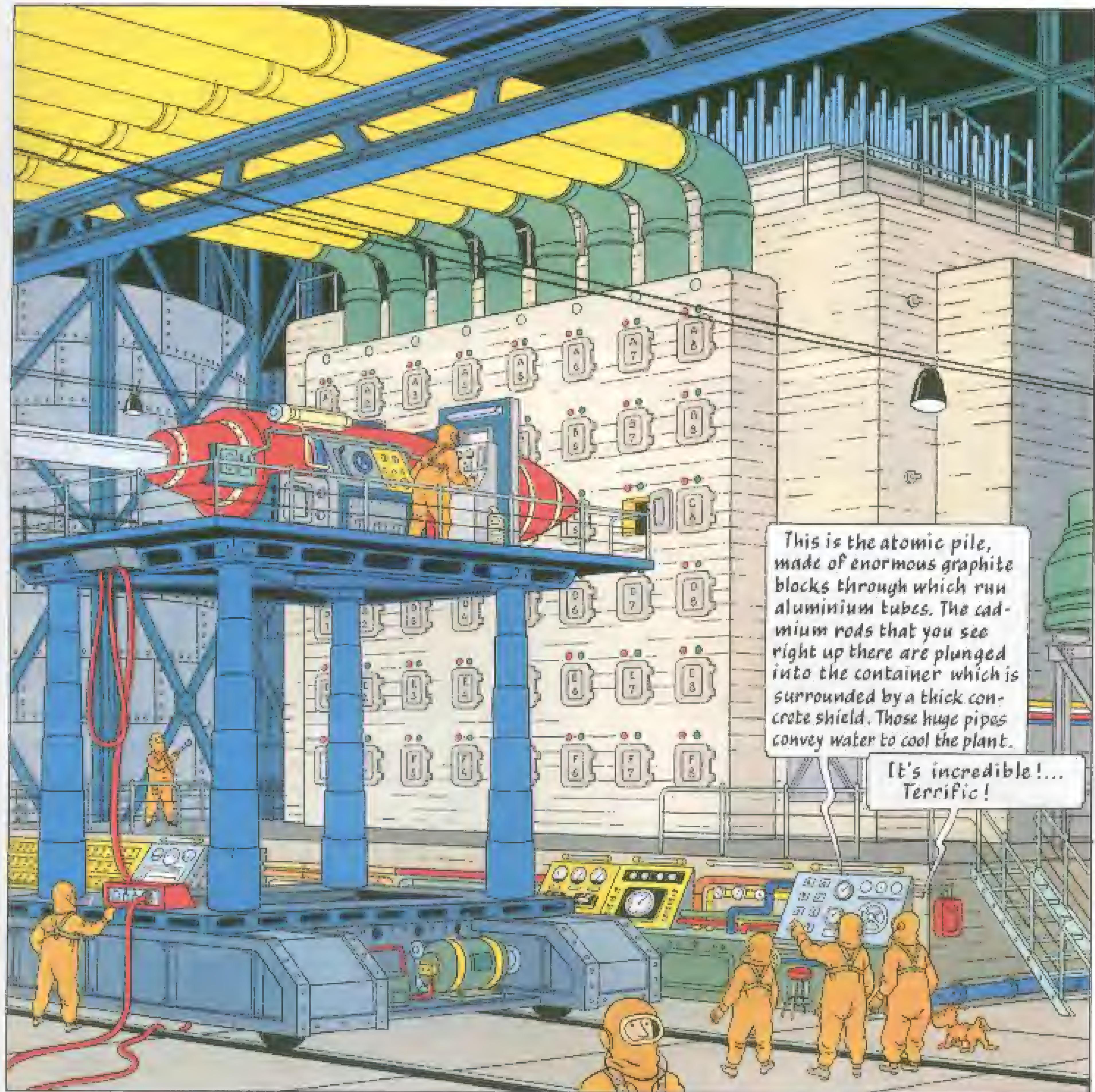


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.



There... Now we can go in...



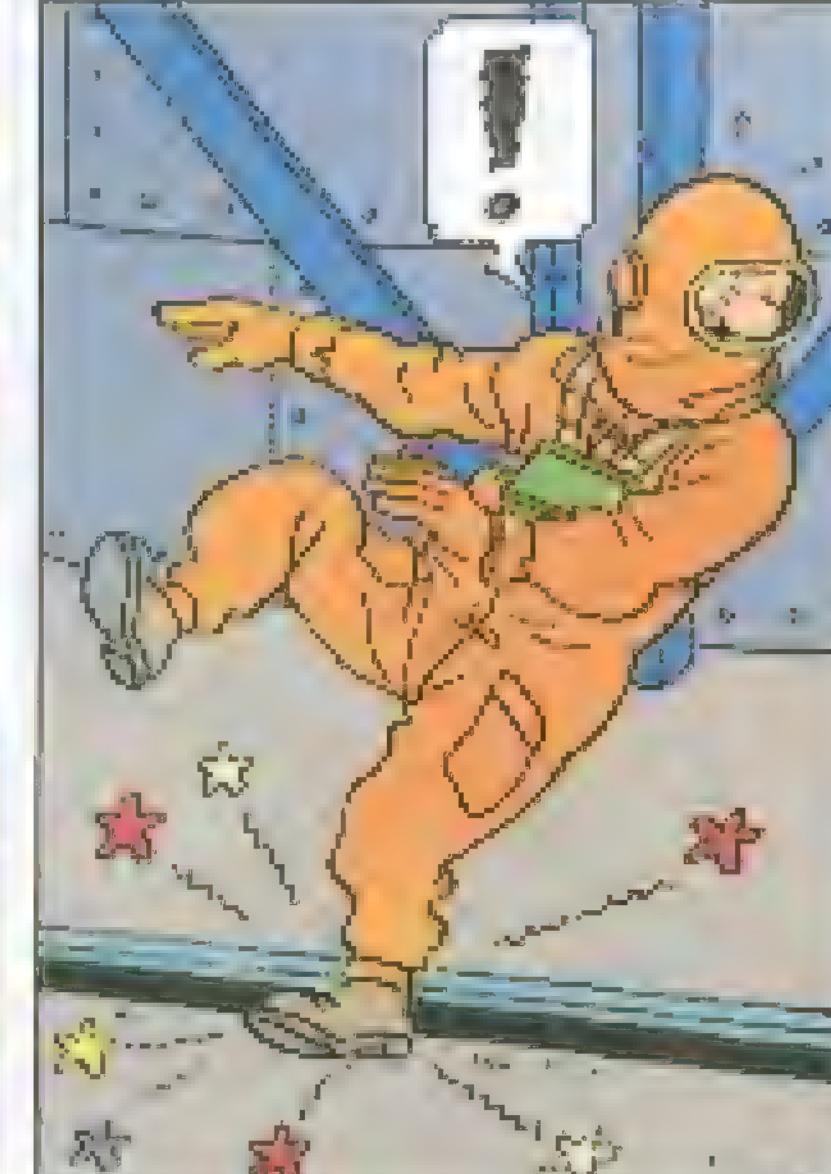
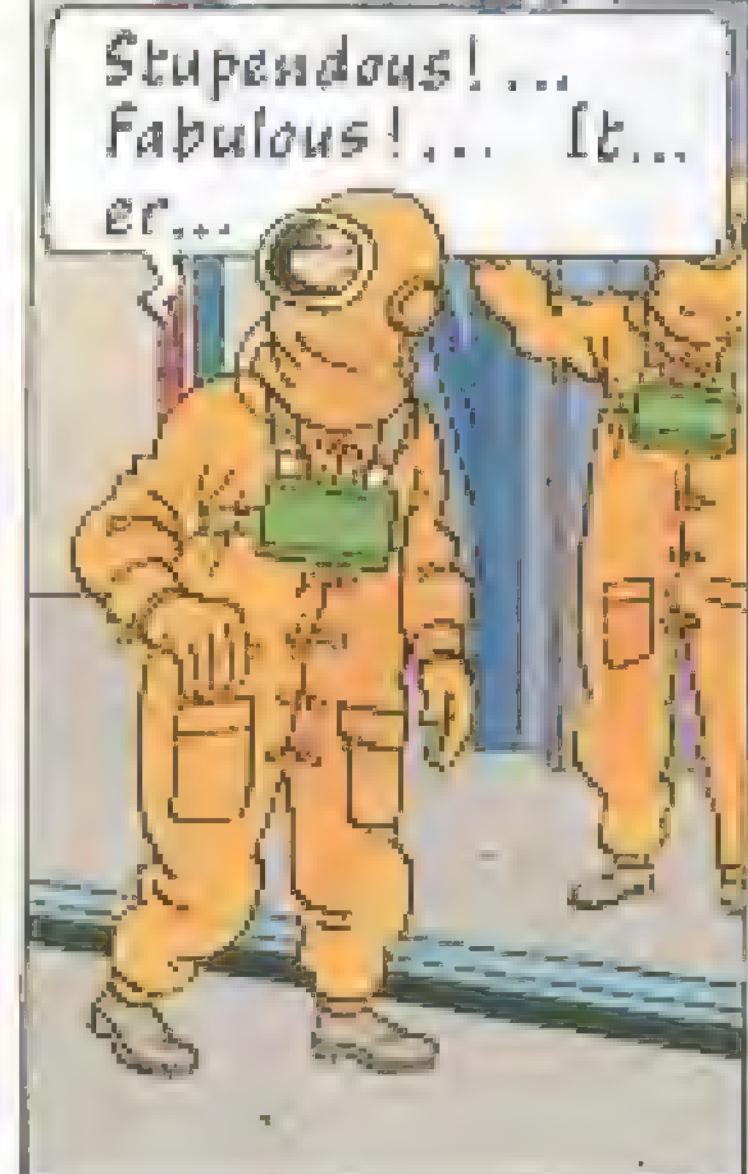


Isn't it? But come over here; it looks even more impressive ...

It's fantastic!

Stupendous! ... fabulous! ... It... er...

Bows you over! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it, Captain?



I hope you aren't hurt? ...

Hurt?... Oh no!
... Nothing at all!

Good. Now, back to the pile again.
At this moment they are putting in
a rod of uranium: uranium con-
taining about 99% of U.238 and
only 1% of radioactive U.235.
Now what happens once the uranium
is inside the pile?

Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it
releases two or three neutrons. One or other
of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238,
which will thus be transmuted into plutonium
... But those other neutrons?... Where will
they go?...

Yes... I'm worried
about them...

Restricted by the graphite that surrounds
them, they continue through the pile,
and end up by hitting one of the rare
atoms of U.235. These in their turn split
and release two or three neutrons
again... You see?

Of course! It's child's
play...

But this process has to be con-
trolled. Thanks to the cadmium
rods which absorb a proportion
of the neutrons, we can regulate
the working of the pile as we
wish.

Attention please! Atten-
tion please! Engineer
Frank Wolff please contact
Professor Calculus im-
mediately!

Hurry! Something serious
must have happened!

Hello!... Hello!... Professor
Calculus?... This is Frank
Wolff... You... How... What?
... The plans?... Gone??...
Yes, we'll come at once.

You heard?... They're the detail
drawings of an experimental rocket
... It's incredible! The Professor
put them in his safe last night...
This morning the plans are gone!...
And only three people know the com-
bination of the lock: Mr. Baxter,
the professor, and myself...

Quick, we must go
to him...



Just when is someone
going to let me out of
this fancy - dress?



A few minutes later...

And this morning when I opened the safe,
look what I found: old newspapers instead
of the plans...



We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



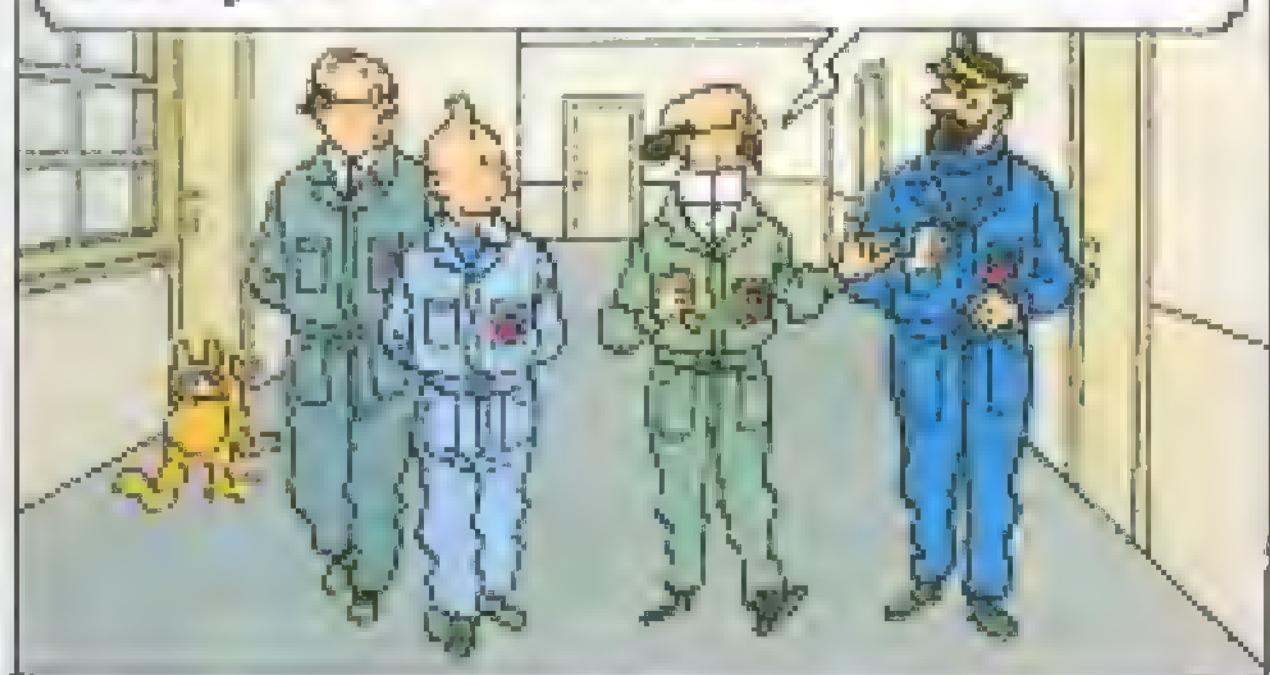
I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



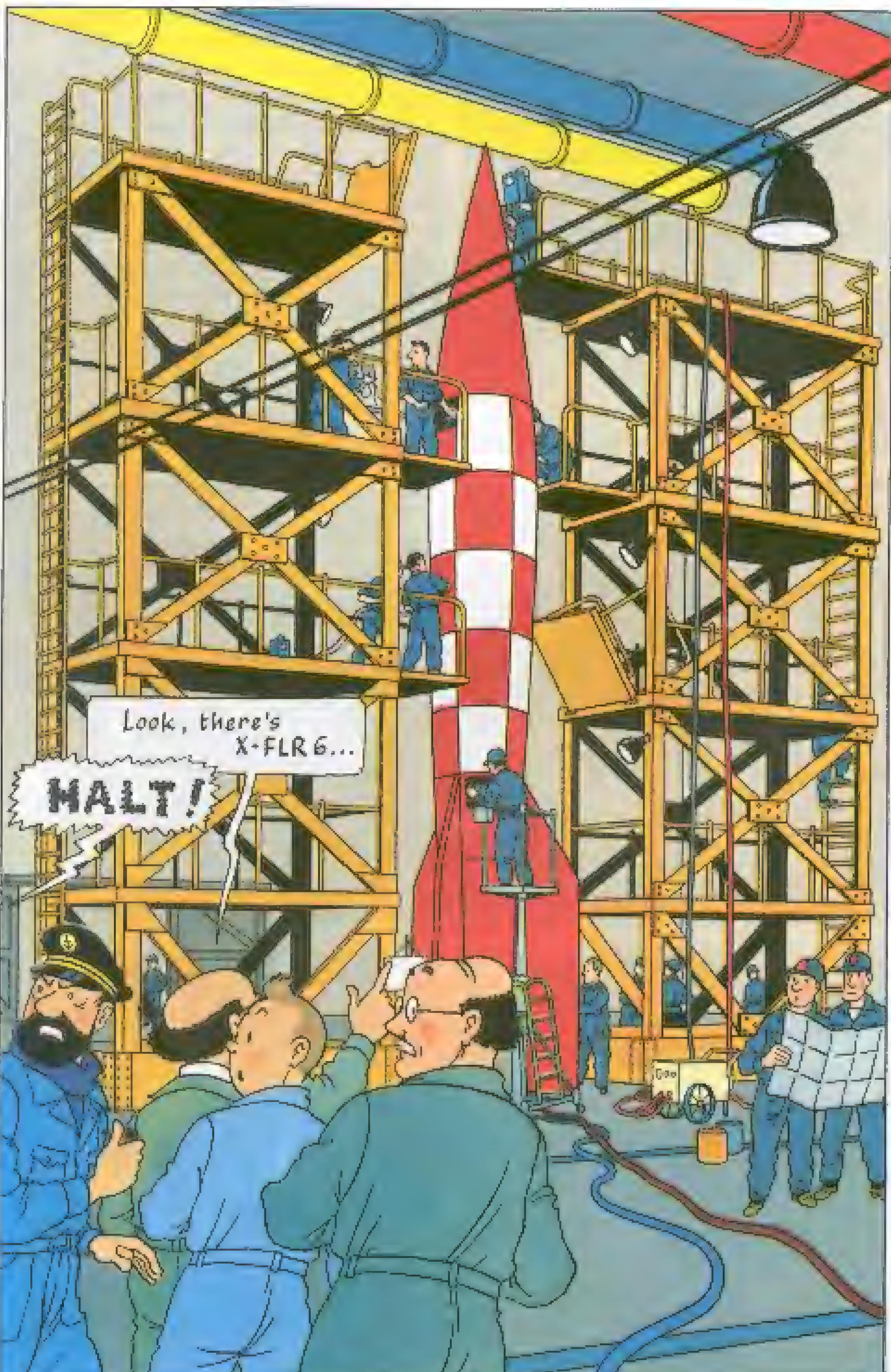
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...



... and take photographs of the other side - the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...



What's that dog doing here in protective clothing?... You know these suits are not allowed in this sector.

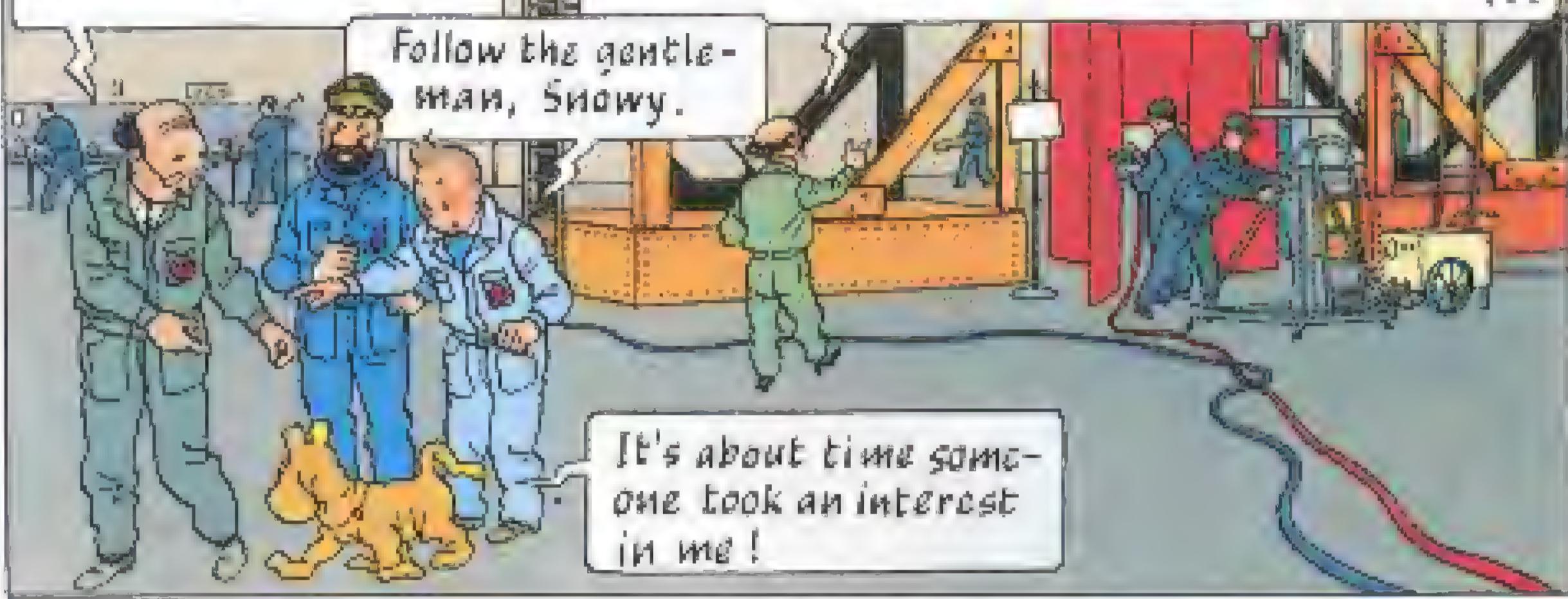
Heavens! I quite forgot!



I'll go back with him. Here, good dog; come with me...

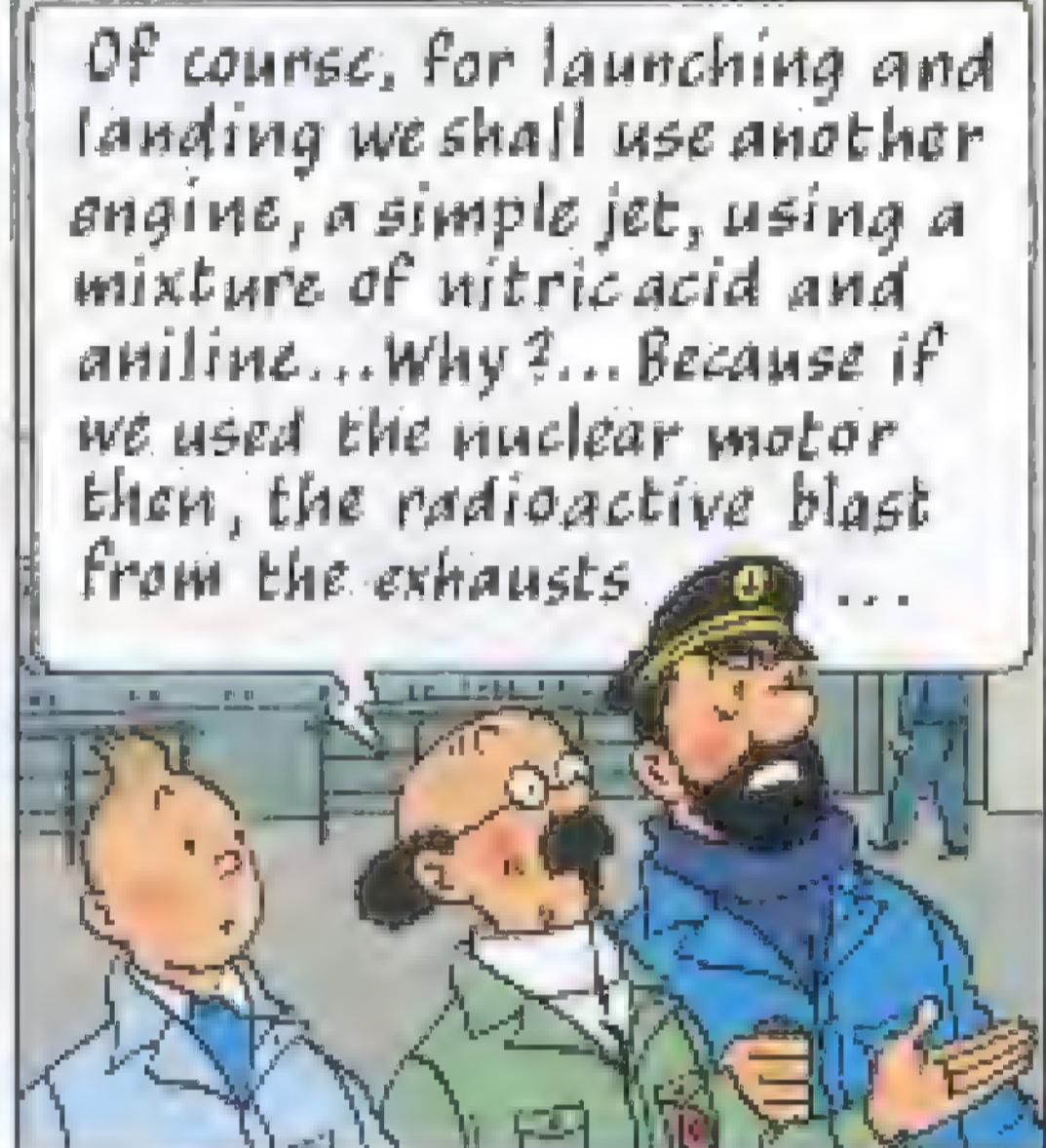
You may say that X-FLR 6 is no different from other rockets already launched... But my reply to that is: our rocket's unique because it's the first

Follow the gentle-
man, Snowy.



...to be driven by a nuclear motor... And I, Professor Calculus perfected it!... How does it work?... Well, think of a nuclear bomb: but instead of an instantaneous explosion, the force is spread over several days.

Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitric acid and aniline... Why?... Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts...



...would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites... You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself! No! Because I have invented a new substance, calculon. It has a silicon base, and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calculon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.



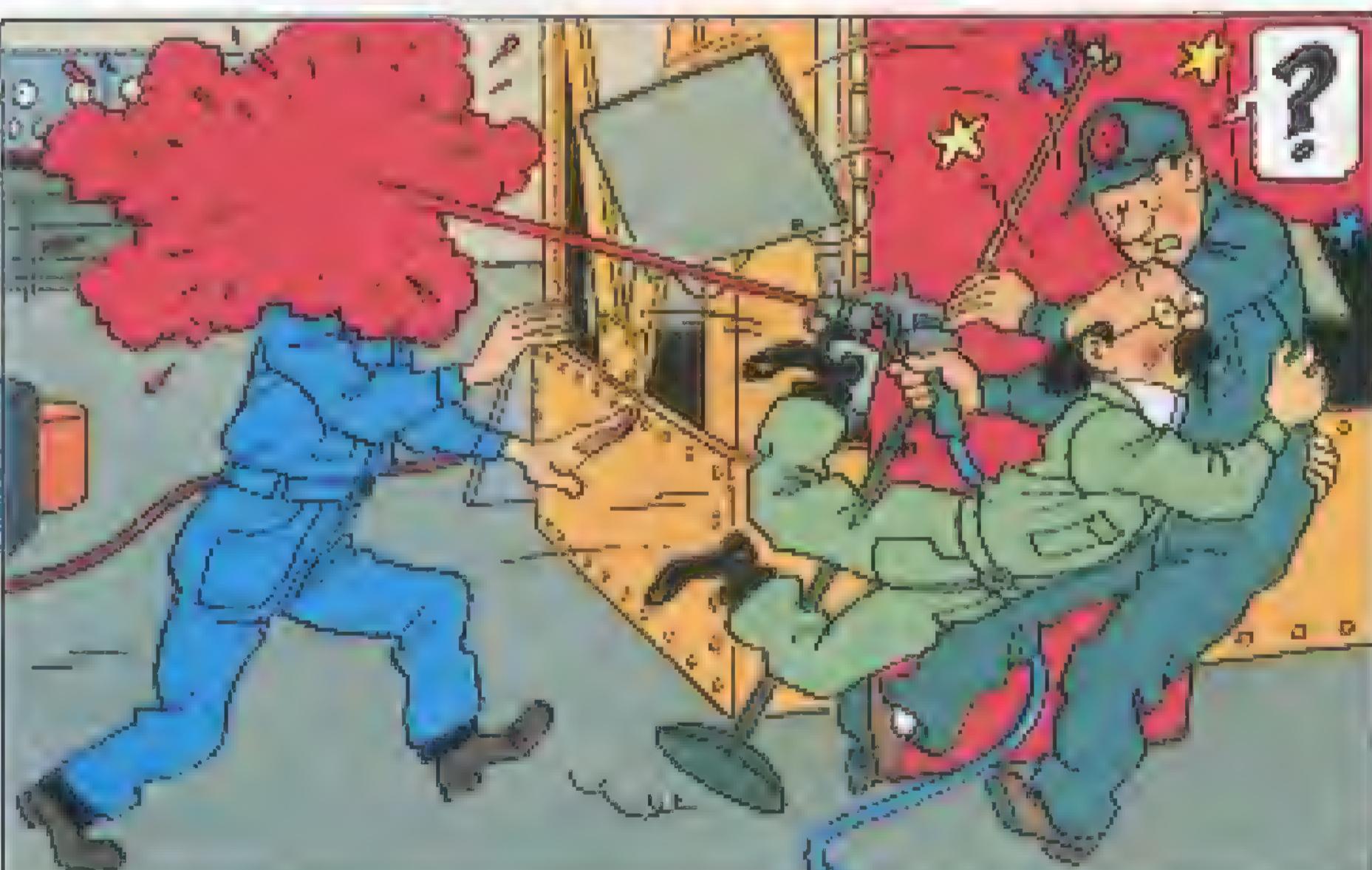
Ah, the very thought of it makes me walk on air...



Look out!



LOOK OUT!



A week goes by. Then, one night...

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!...



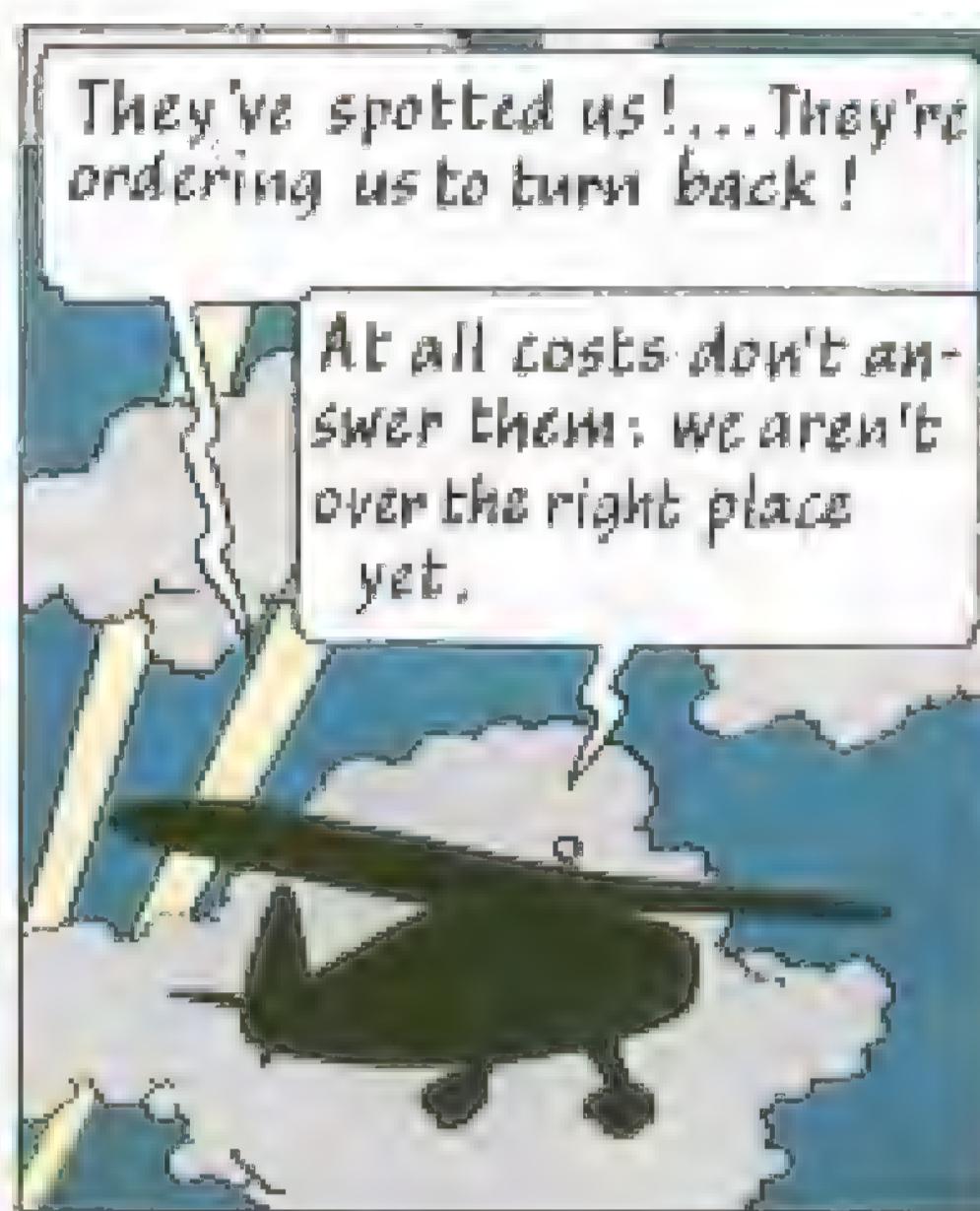
Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...

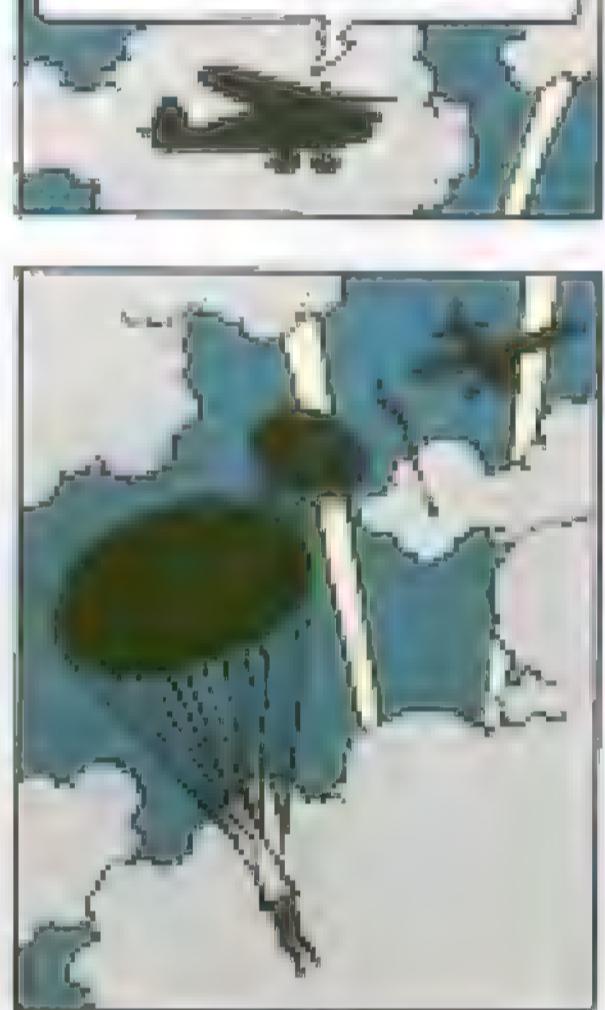
... craft... F... R... receive... lost... course... please... our... pos...



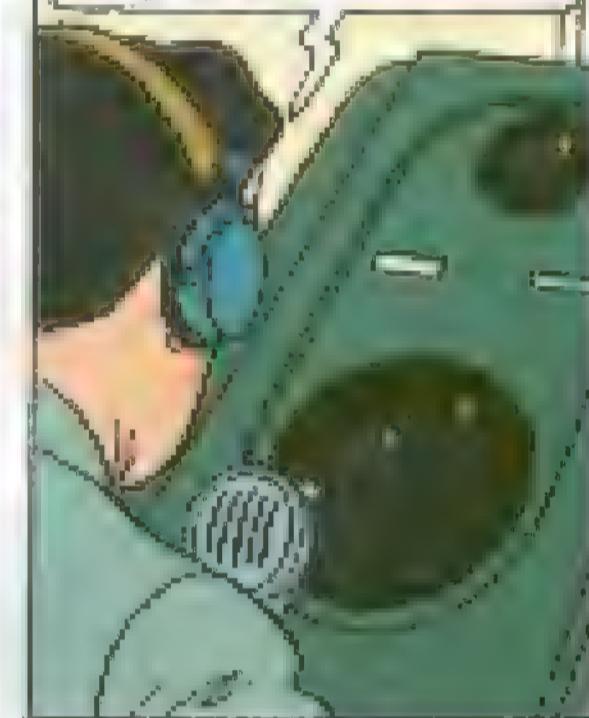
A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



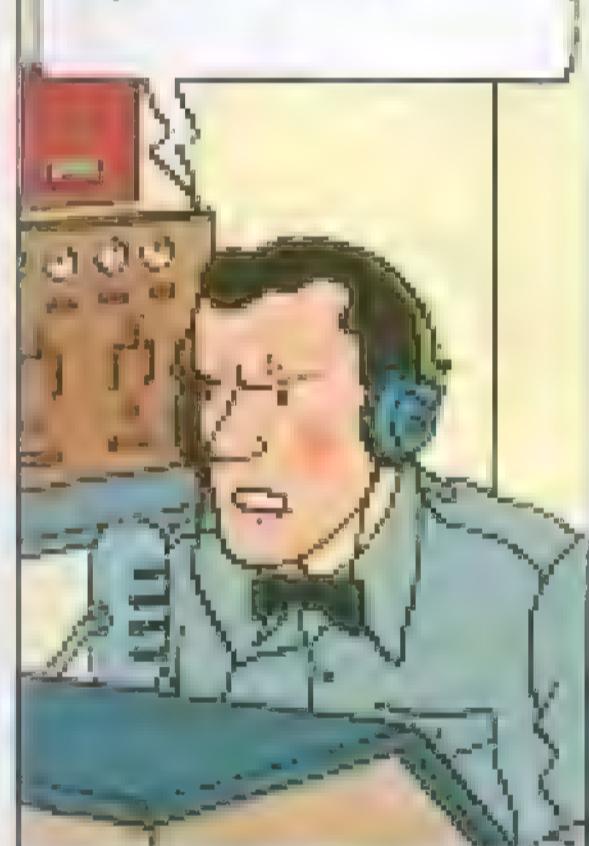
This is it! Jump!



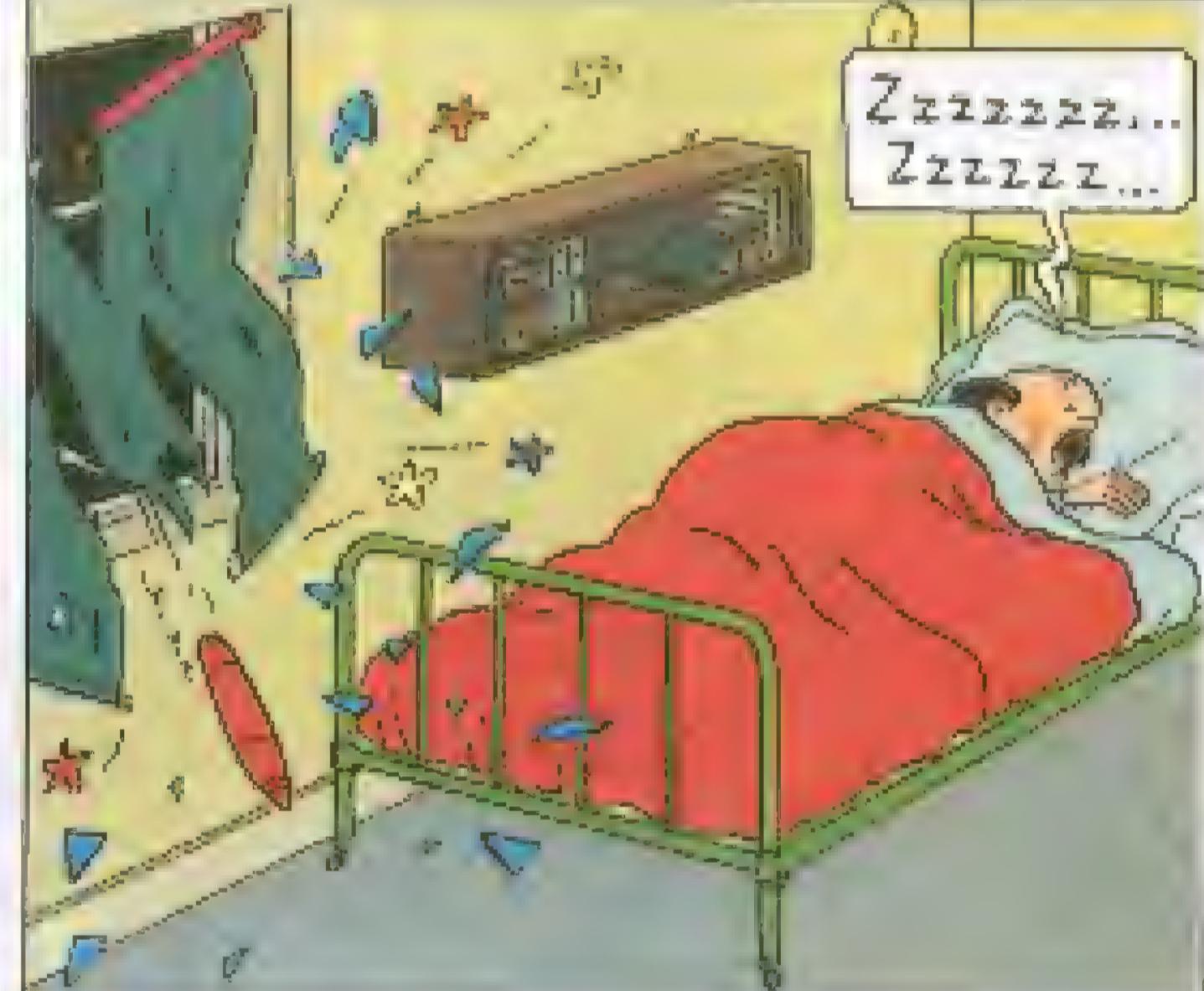
Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



Control calling!... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!



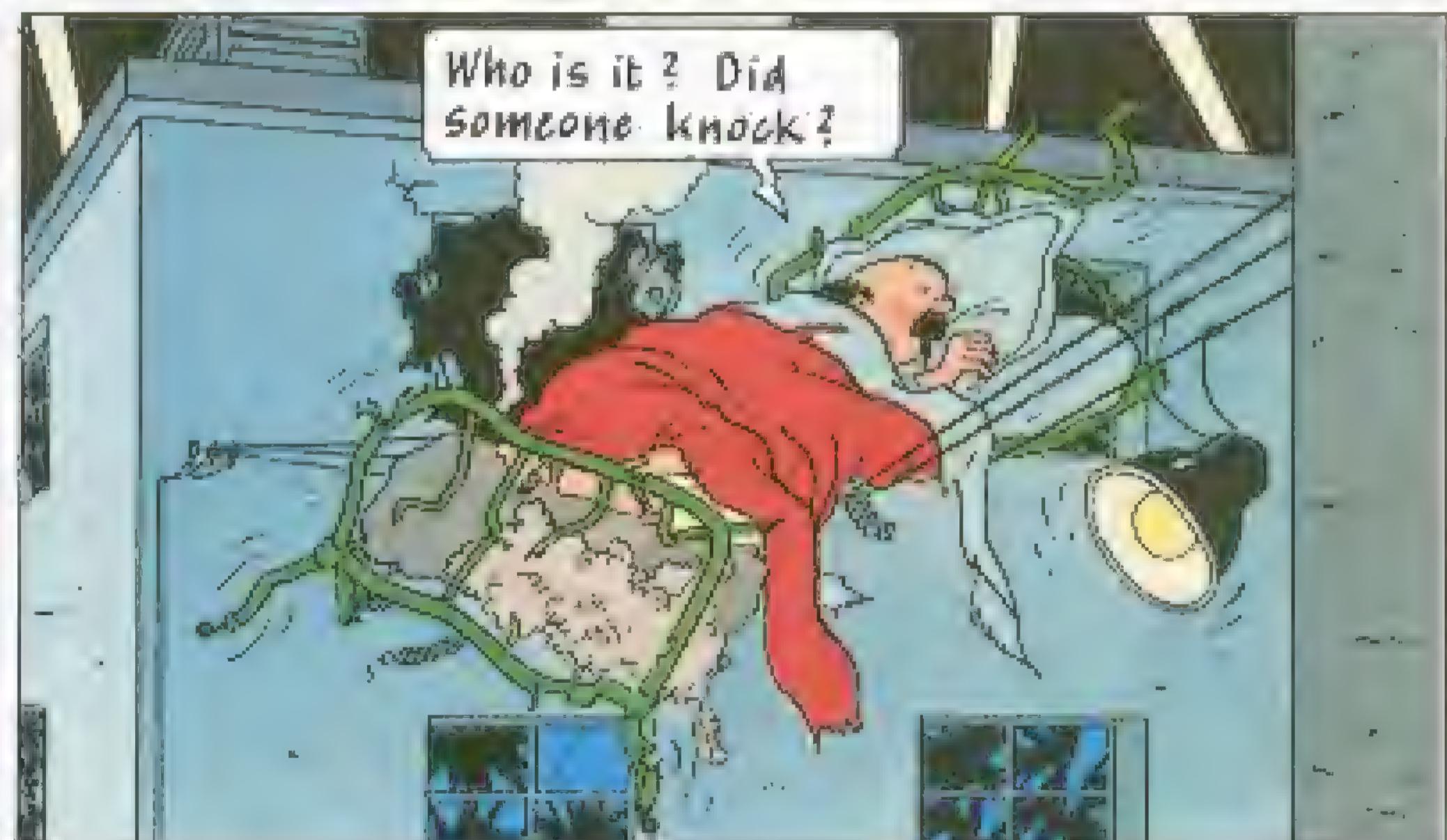
BOOM BOOM BOOM
Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



Who is it? Did someone knock?



Next morning...

Attention please! All personnel in category "A" please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement.

Category "A"?... That's us!

Yes.
Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?

...and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperata men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.



You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...
Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry...

Don't mention it!



Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.

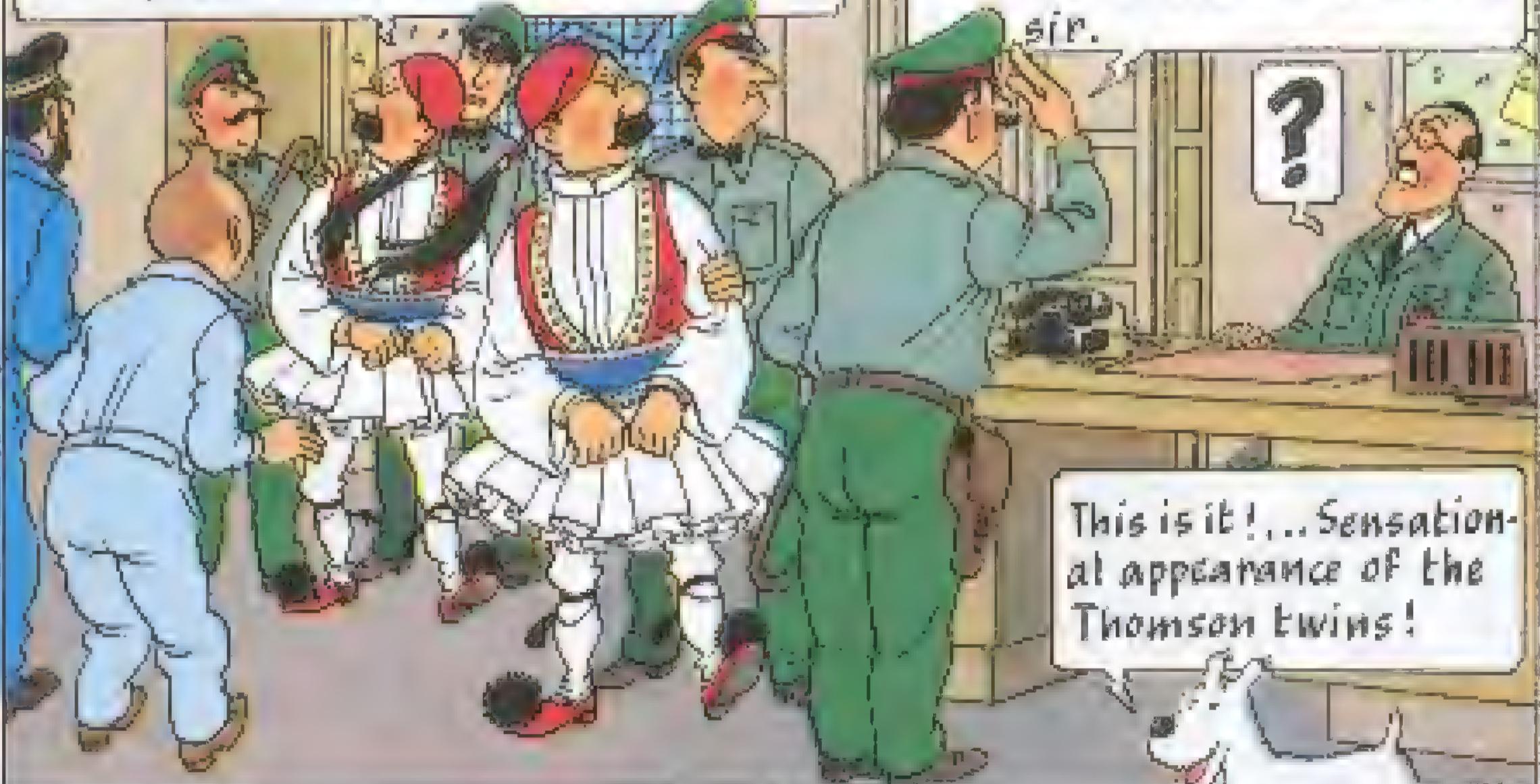
A few minutes later

...You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean
...

Silence!



To be precise: the stick!



So the game's up, eh, my friends?... You can start by explaining this get-up...

Get-up? You call Syldavian costumes a get-up?... Your own national dress?

Syldavian national dress? That?... This is no laughing matter... You know as well as I do those are Greek costumes.

Greek costumes?... But we certainly asked the costumer for Syldavian ones...

I told you he didn't seem very bright.

Anyway, that is quite unimportant... What chiefly interests me is why you were parachuted here...

Us... parachuted?... We weren't parachuted!

Excuse me, Mr. Baxter, but there must be some mistake... I know these gentlemen. Far from being spies - they are police officers, and above suspicion. I can vouch for them.

Tintin! Him! Policemen! Them?...

Yes, us!... On a special mission. Our government sent us to protect our countrymen.

So it was you I was told about. But in that case you should have some papers...

Papers?... Yes, of course we had papers. But they were stolen on the train!

You can believe them, Mr. Baxter. I'm sure they're telling the truth.

Hello, Control!... Baxter here... The two men you arrested are not the parachutists... Continue the search.

You're free now, gentlemen. Please excuse our mistake.

It's nothing. Just one of the risks of our job!

Now to get back to X-FLR 6. I'd like to say a few words... The trial rocket will soon be ready. I'm sure that's where the spies will concentrate their efforts. So please be especially alert...

If it were possible, Mr. Baxter, I'd very much like permission to leave the Centre for a few days - to make a trip into the mountains. I feel I'd like to stretch my legs.

But of course!... I quite understand your wanting to have a little relaxation.

A few hours later...

Humping a rucksack on your back, blistering your feet with heavy boots, clambering over piles of rock: that's called relaxation!

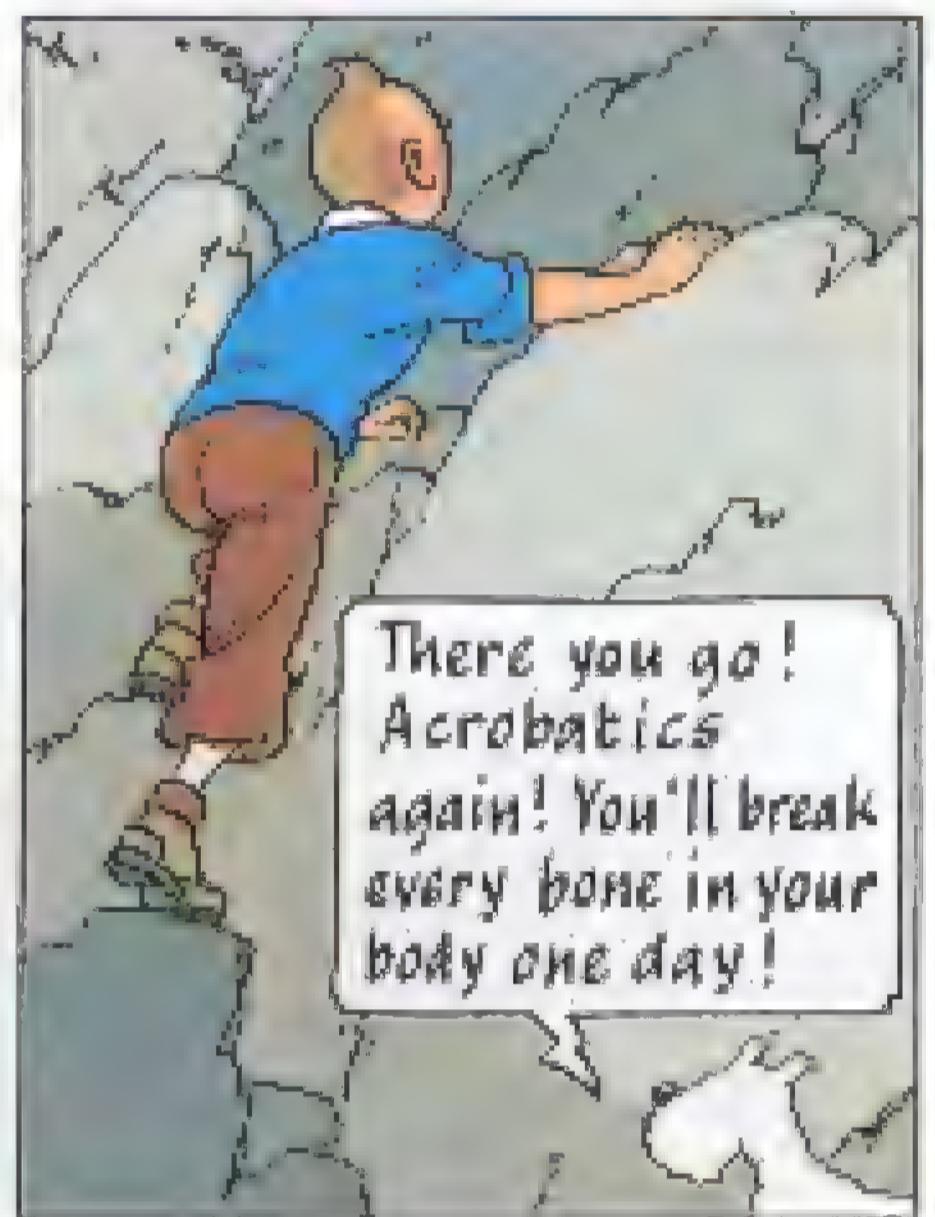
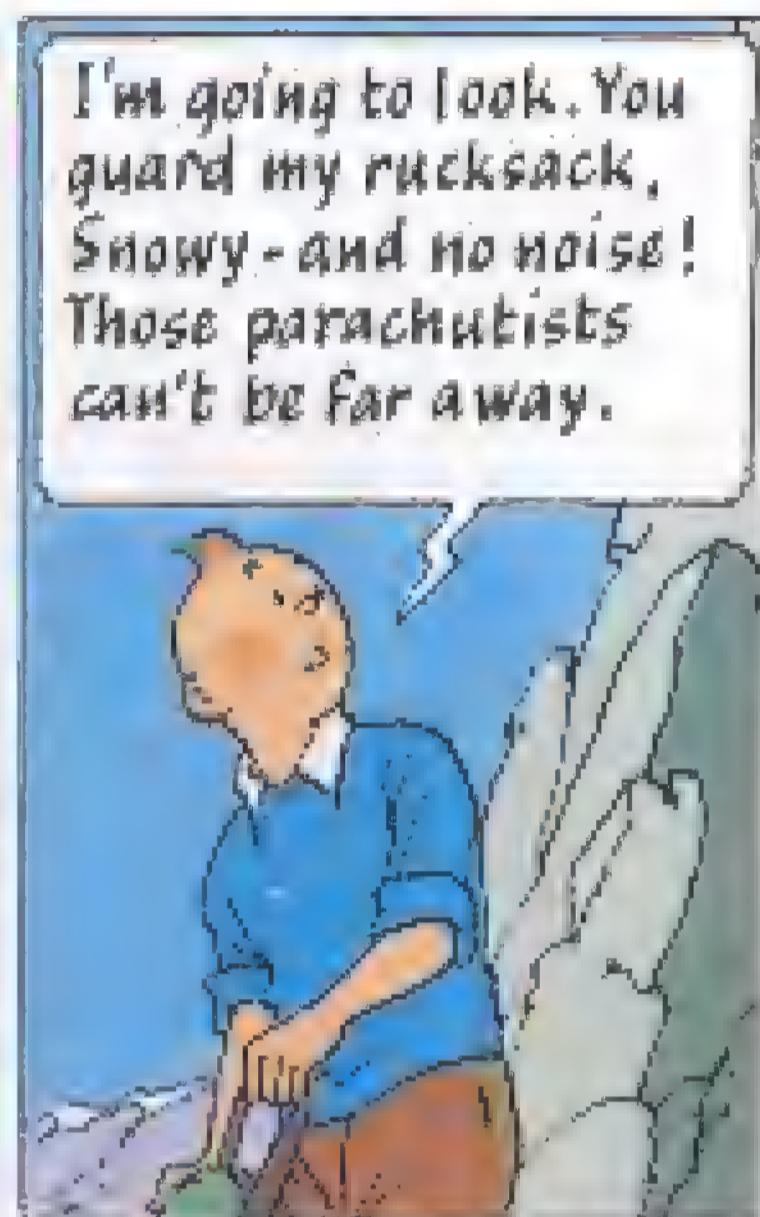
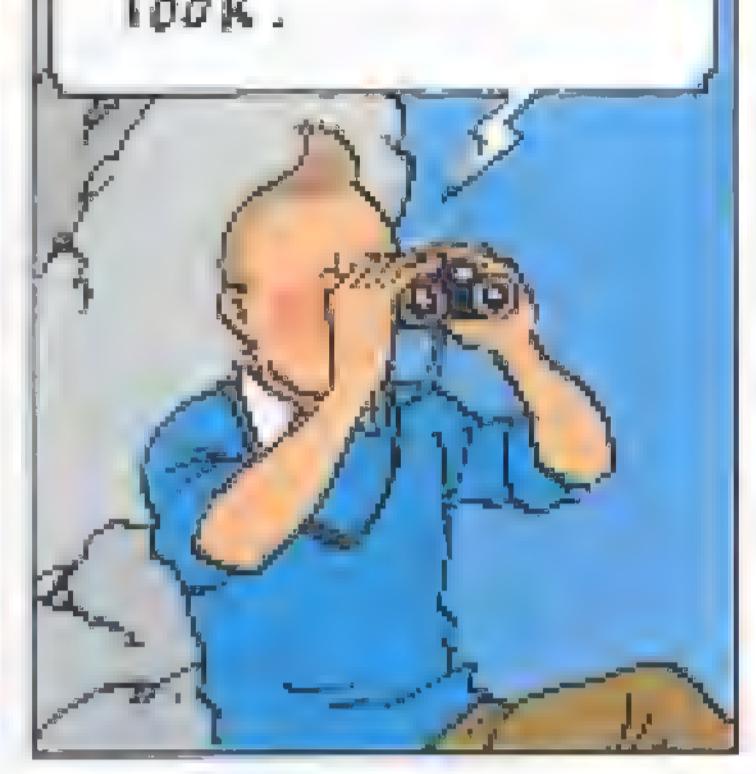
Aha!... From here there's an unrestricted view... so now to work!

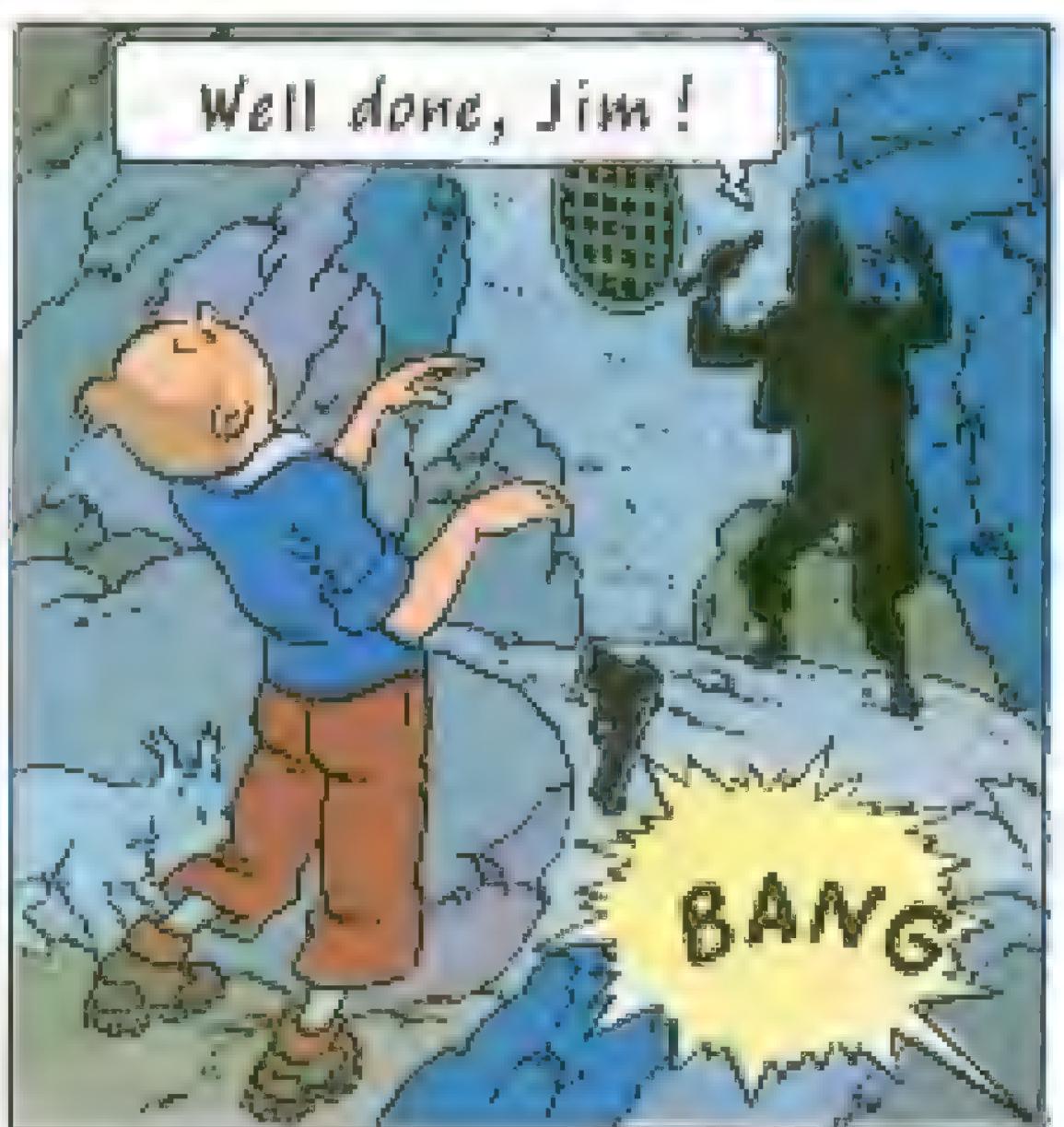
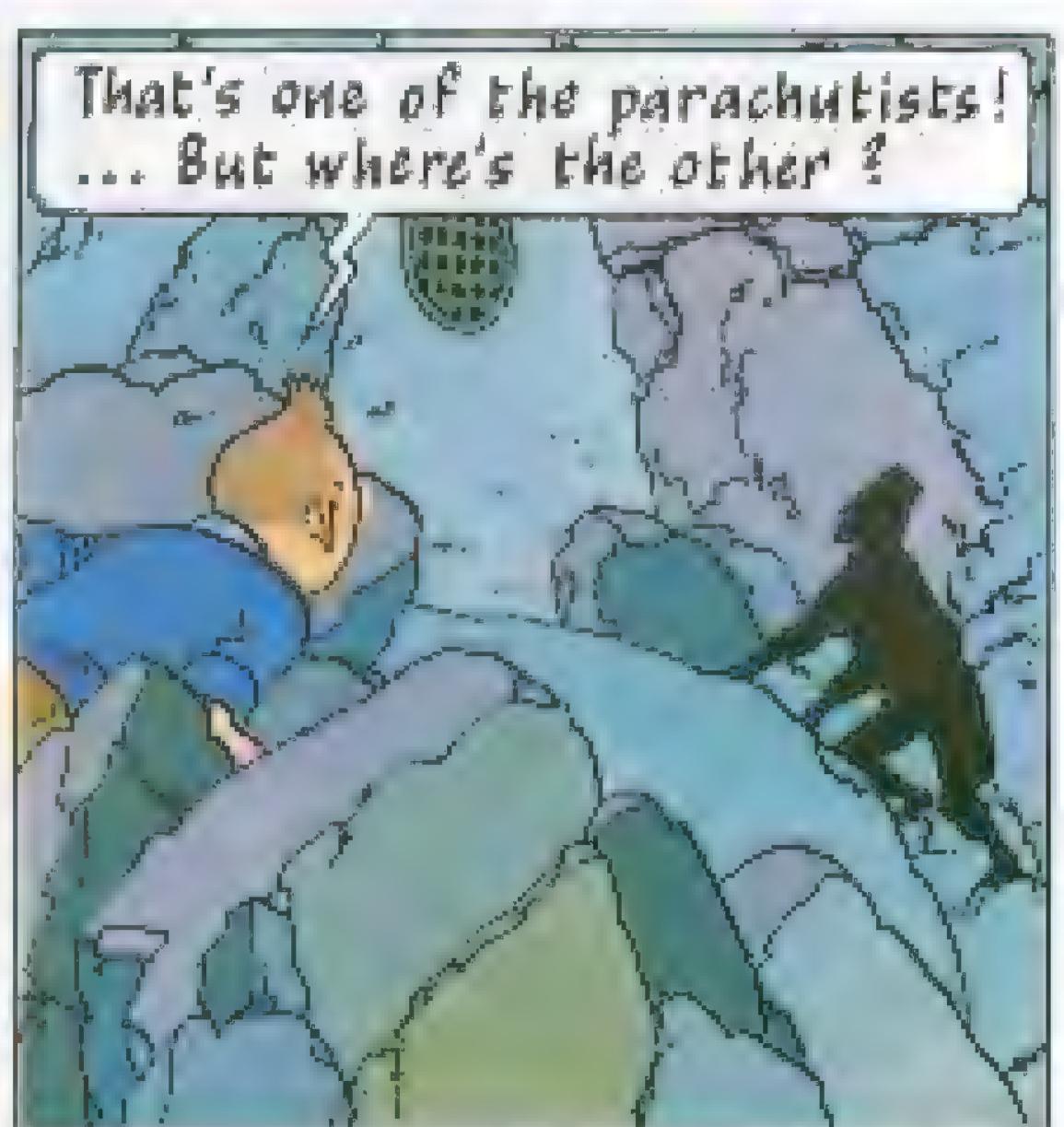
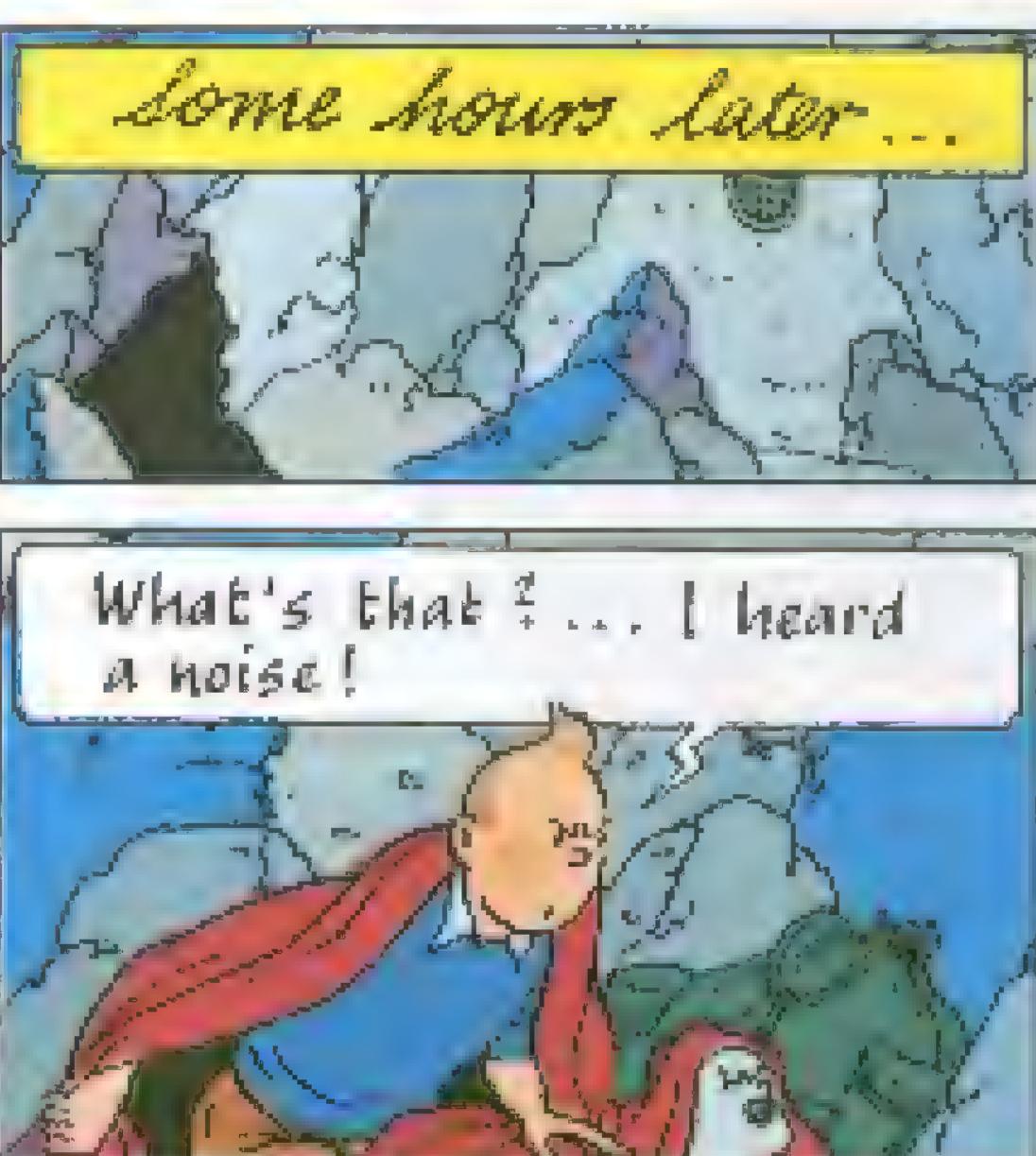
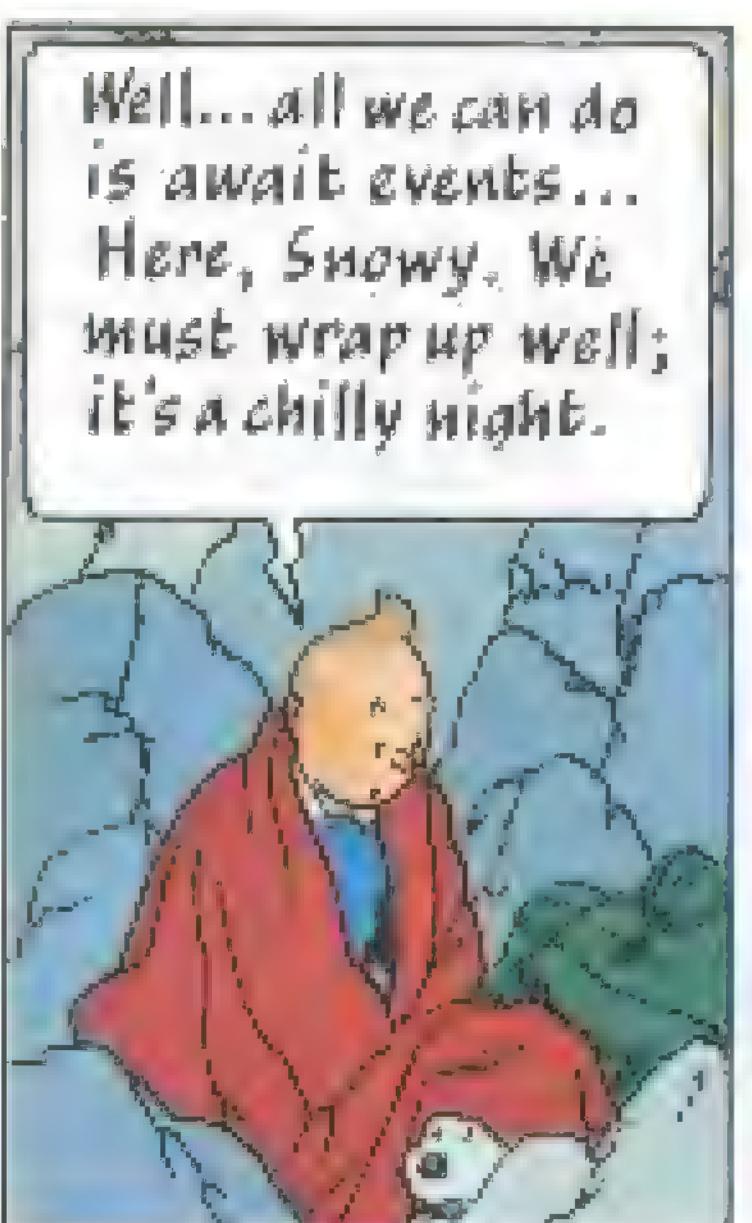
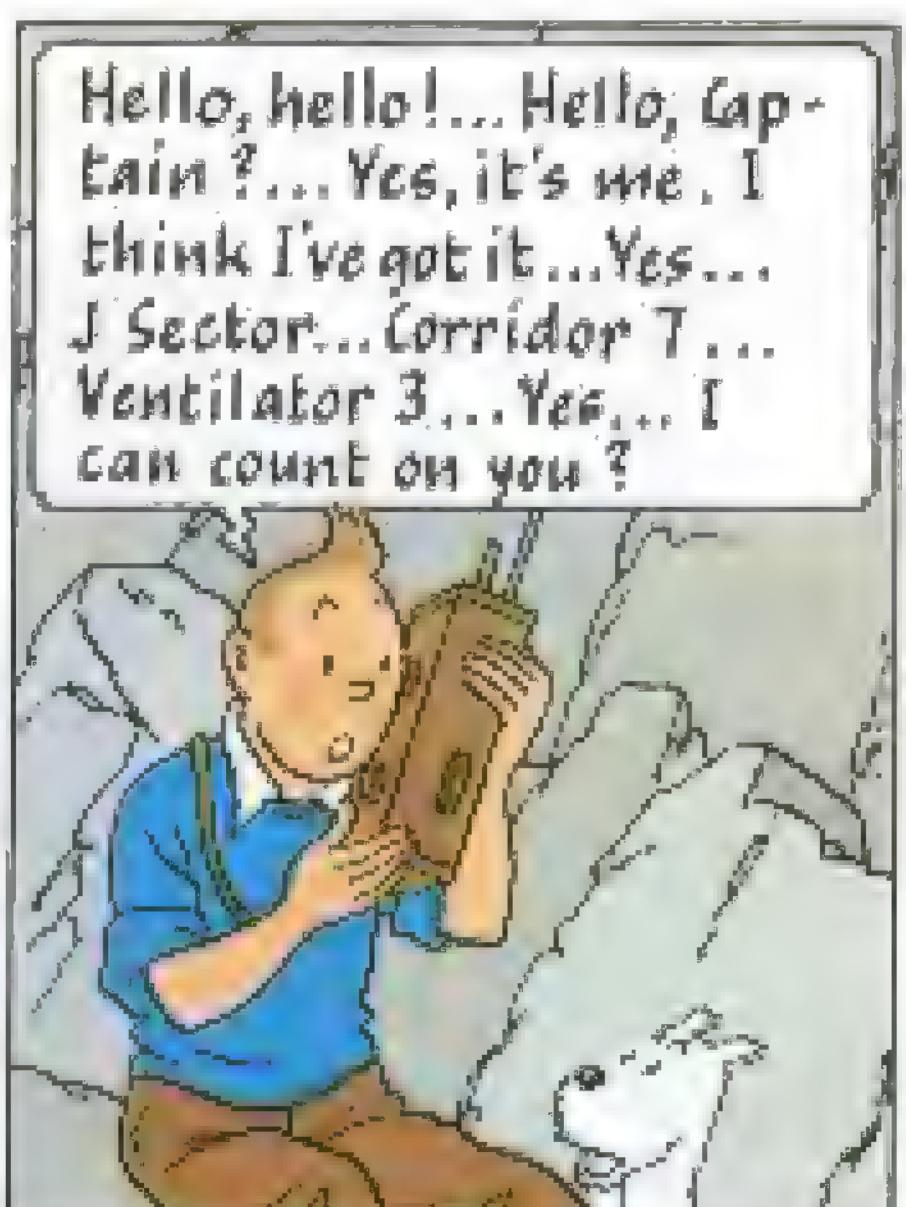
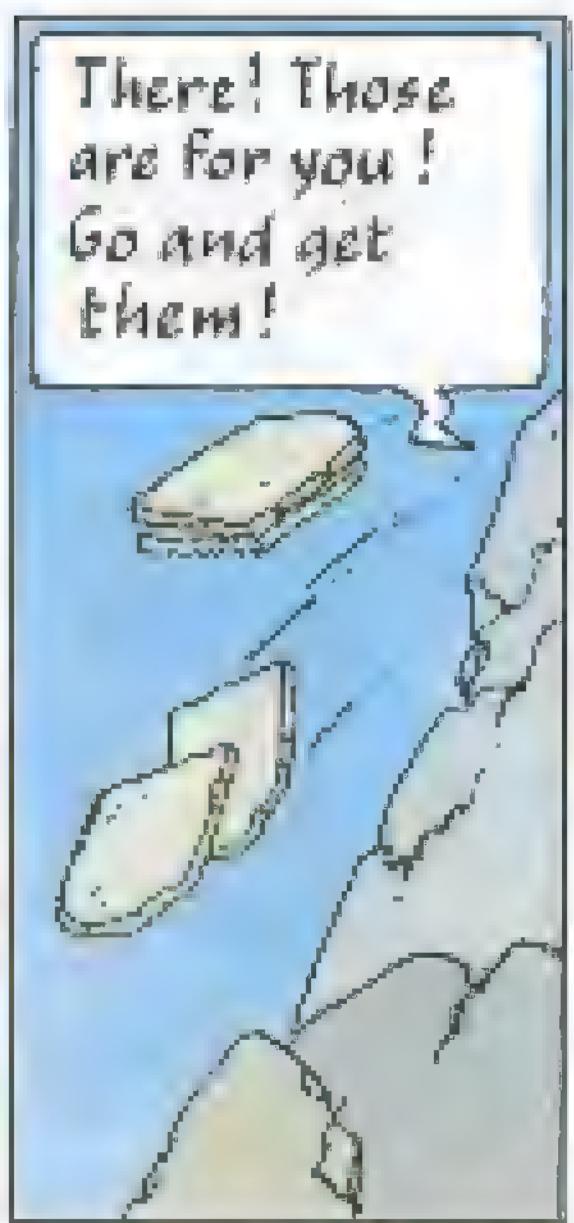
Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... All of them?... No

You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...

Let's see, where's the first one?... There!... Yes, that's it... No, you can't reach that; it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one...

There it is!... Well I think there's a way to approach that one... Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.





At that moment,
inside the centre...

That's a
shot!

From outside!
... I... Hey, I've
got someone!...
Oh, I've lost
him!

Woo-aa-aa-aaah...

Got him again!
... Quick, help
me hold him!

Where are you?
... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here,
let me go!... It's
me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone
on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried
to tell you!... Mean-
while he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland
Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been
knocked out!

Now then, what's the meaning
of all this hullabaloo?

That's Snowy howling,
Mr. Baxter. Something
must have happened to
Tintin. Hurry! He's out
there, near the venti-
lator grid.

Hello, Control?... Baxter here... Send a
search party at once
to look for Tintin...
Outside... 1 Sector...
Corridor 7... Ventilator
3... Hurry!... Keep me
informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what
happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went
off this morning, saying he
was going to try to catch
the parachutists... About
five o'clock he called me by
radio: he was convinced he'd
found the place where the
intruders...

... would try to contact their accom-
plices. According to him it was the
ventilator grid in this corridor. Events
proved him right!... In the evening I
lay in wait here... It was well on into
the night when the lights suddenly
went out, leaving the corridor in
total darkness. I heard a rustling
beside me, and that moment I
thought my head had burst!

And you,
Wolff?

Well, I happened to see the Captain as he
left his quarters... There was something
... er... odd about him and it intrigued
me... I followed him. When he hid, I
did the same... Time passed... Then, as
he said, the current went off. I heard
a dull thud, and the sound of a body
falling... I leapt forward... There was
a shot outside... then shouts... Someone
jostled me in the dark... And then I found my-
self in the hands of th- ese men.

Very odd...

And what are you doing
here at this hour gentle-
men?

In all sincerity
Director-General,
I can solemnly
and truthfully
say...

BHOOP

BHOOP

RARRING

OH! The
telephone...

Hello!... Yes... You've found him?
He's hurt?... What did he say?
Oh, he's unconscious... In the
sick-bay?... You're waiting for the
doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary
pills we once took... in Arabia¹... Their
effect recurs some- times.

If we may, Mr. Baxter, we'll stay here... We might pick up some clues.

You think so?... All right.

I don't know why, but it strikes me that Baxter and Wolff are behaving suspiciously.

To be precise: most auspiciously

We'll take care of them later. Meanwhile, let's have a look at this famous ventilator...

I don't see anything special...

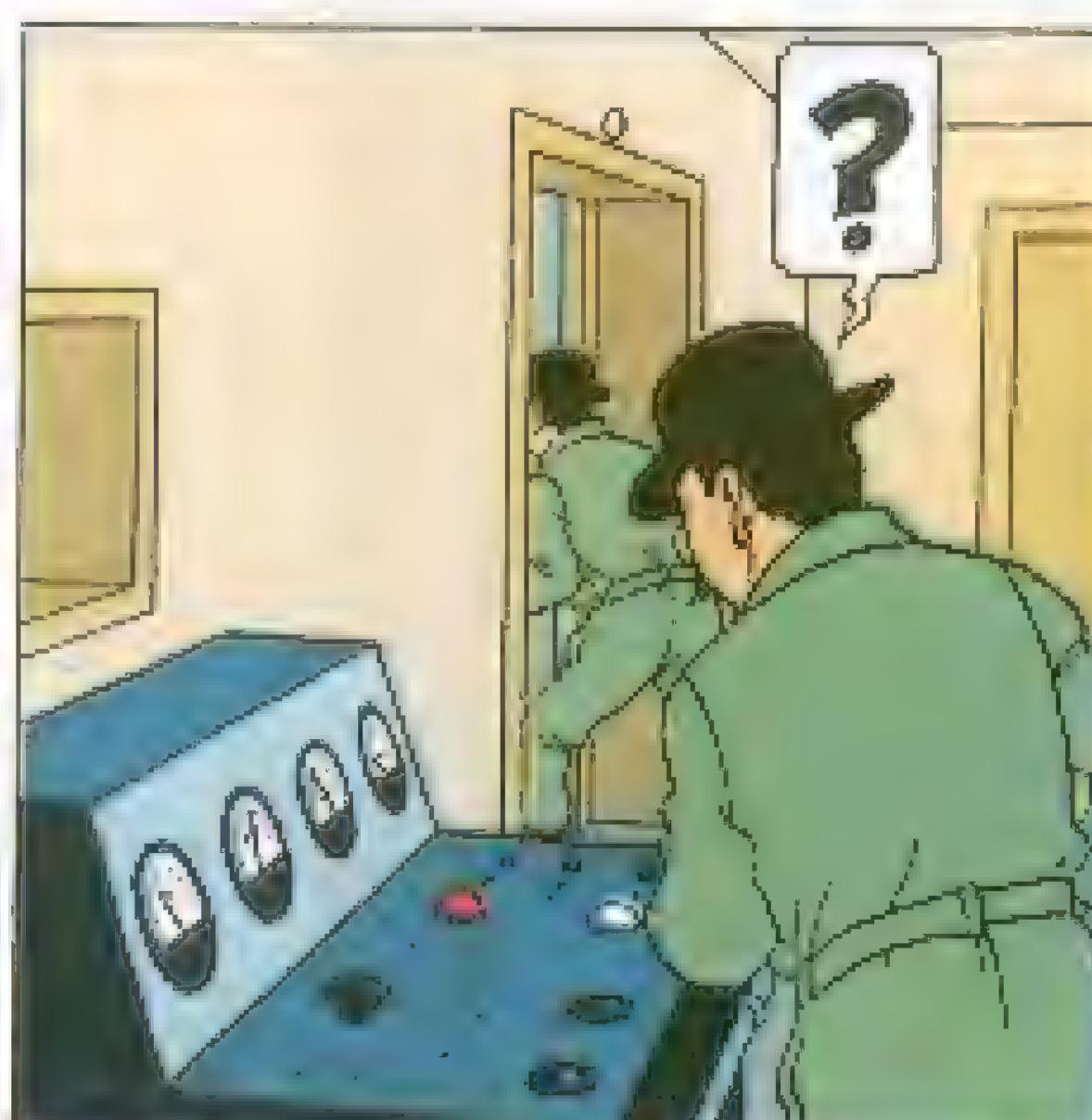
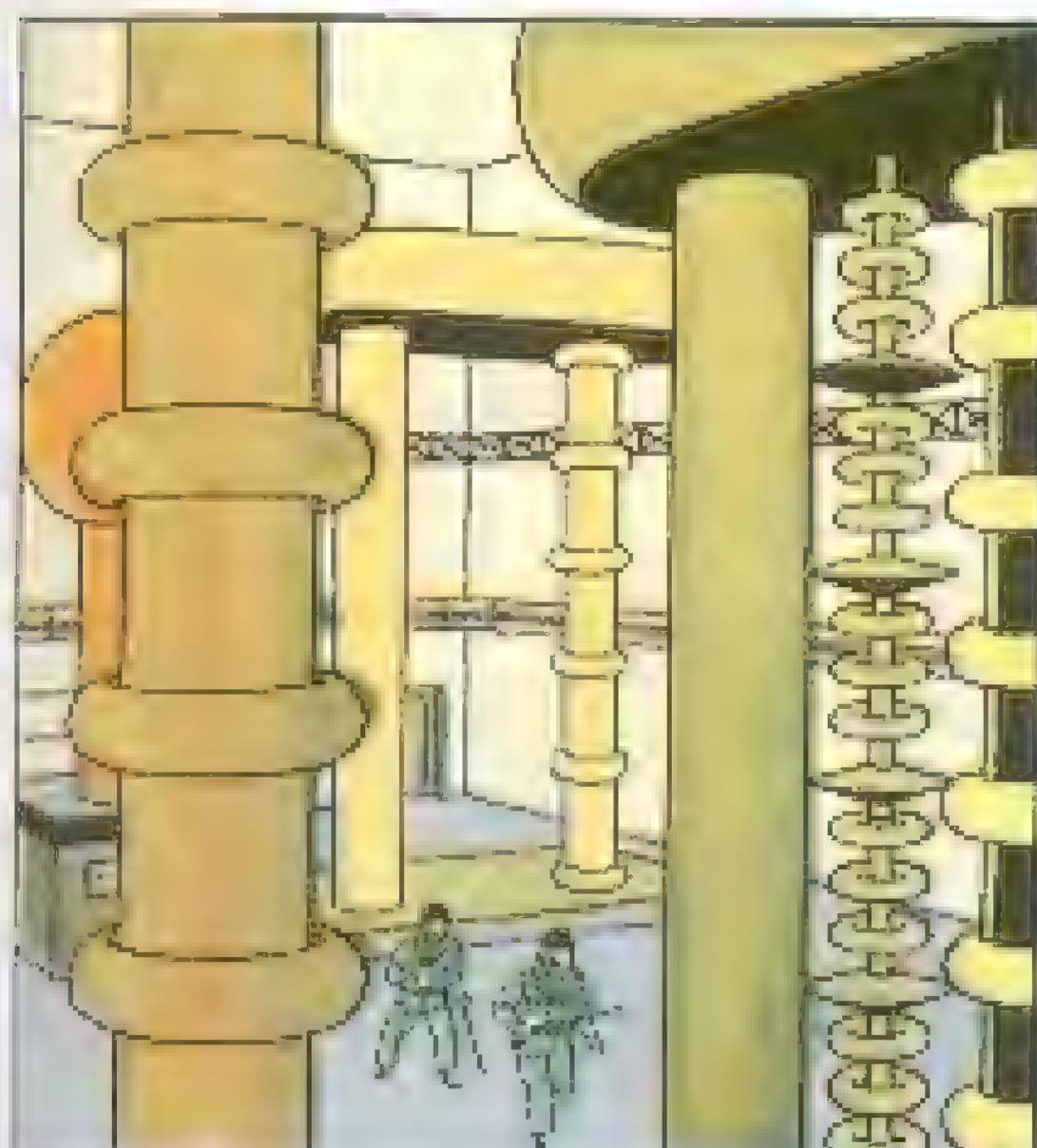
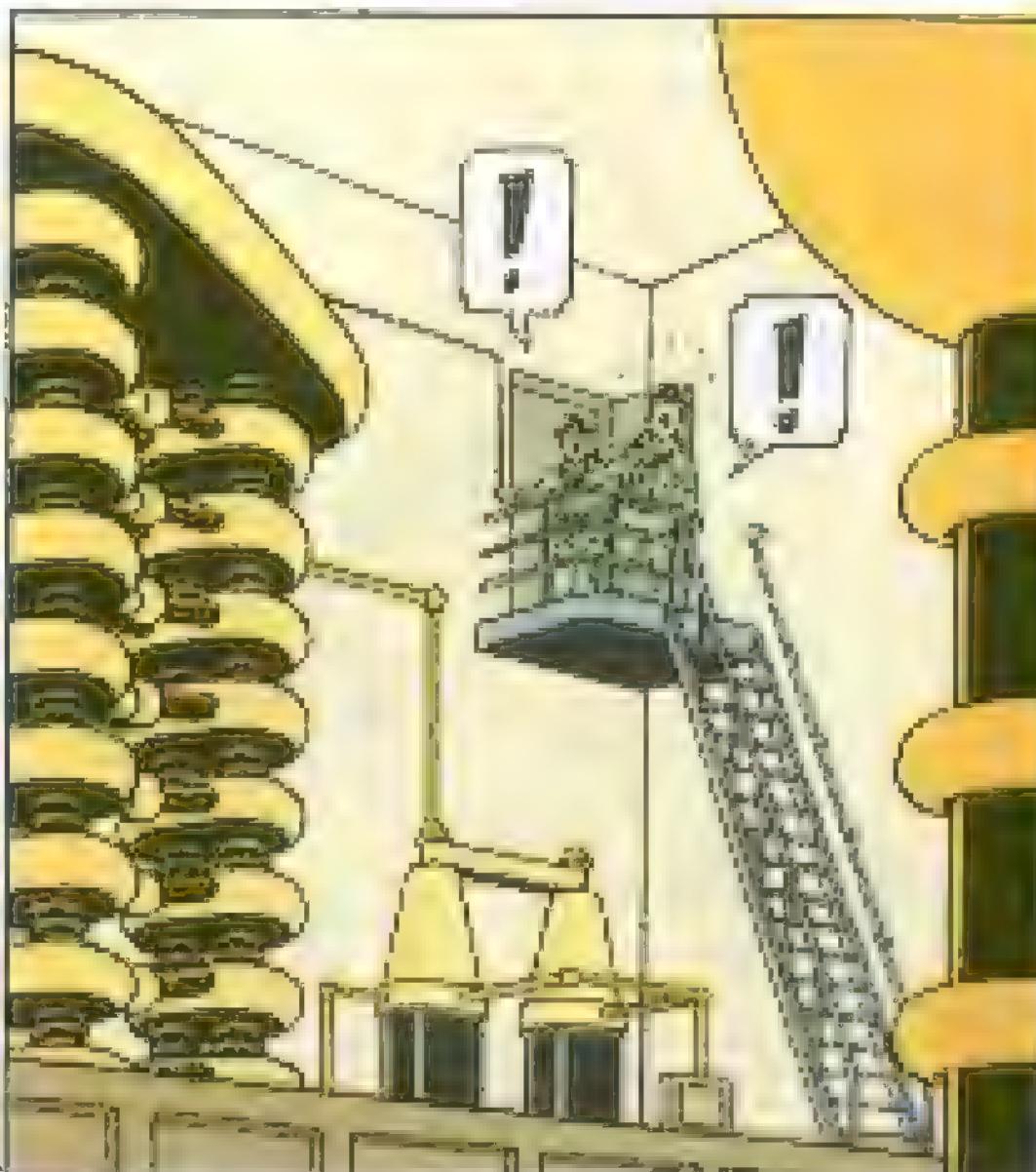
I say, look!

That door: it's ajar... perhaps that's where...

You're right: let's see.

Wait, I'll switch on the light.

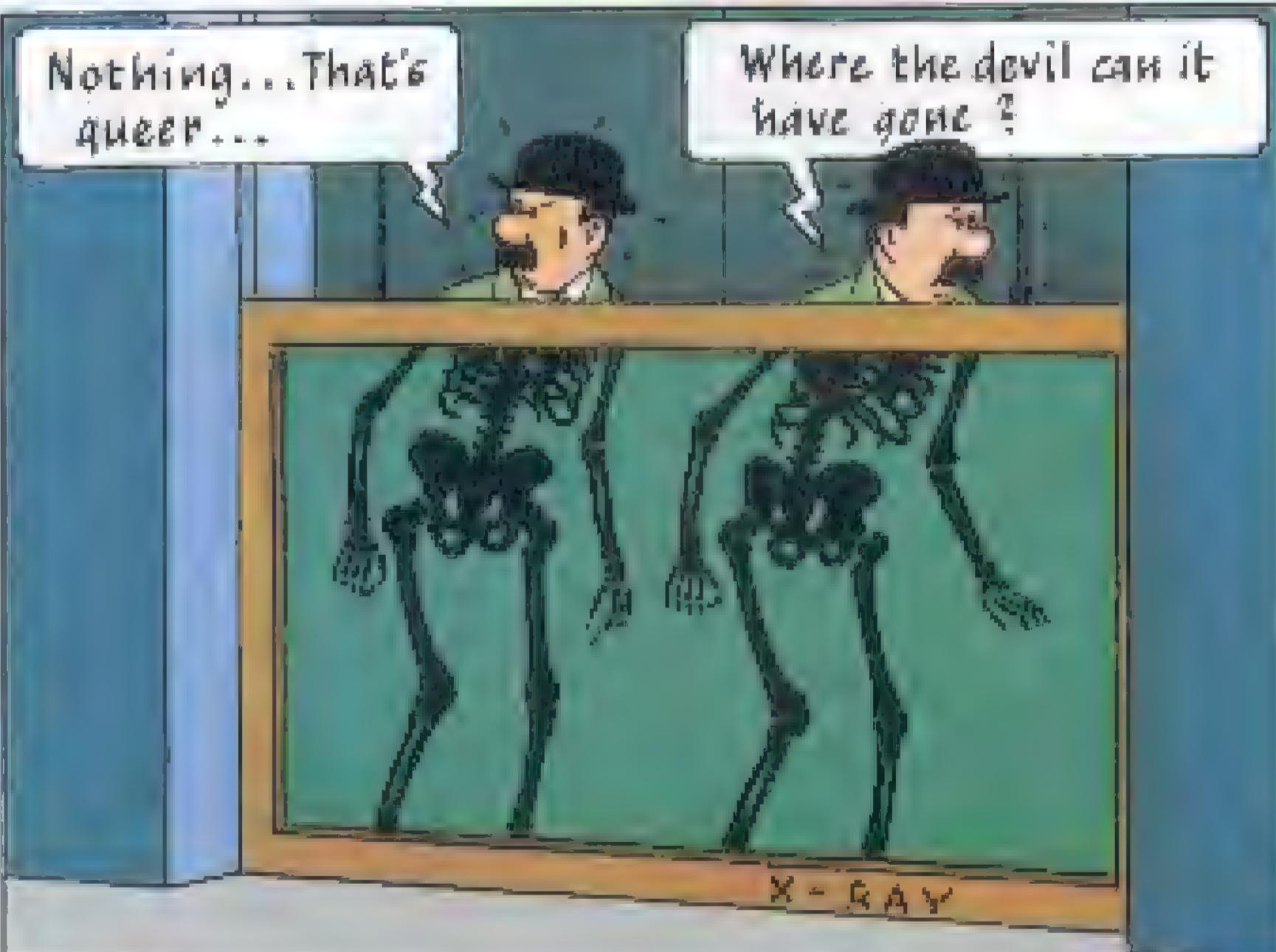
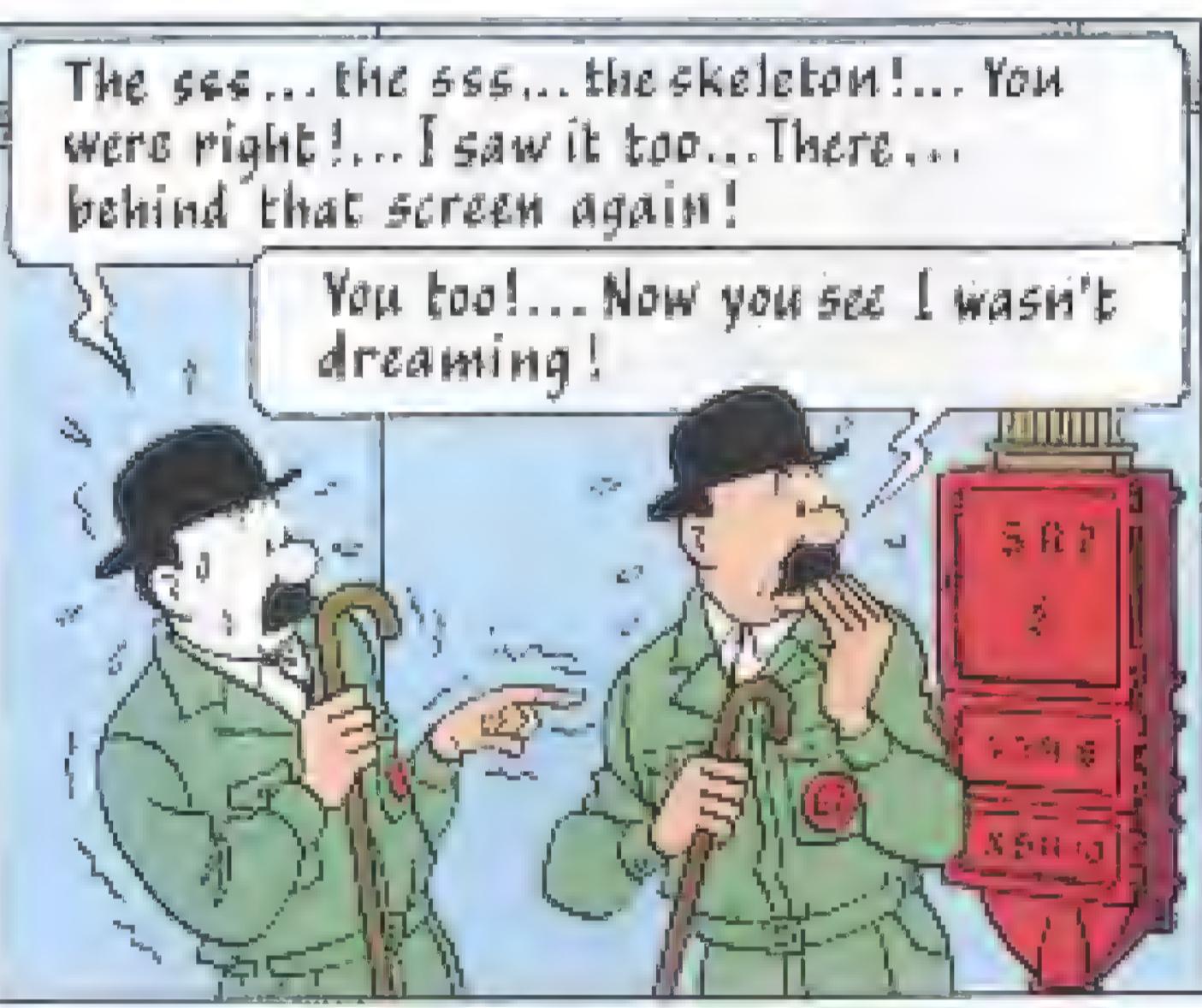
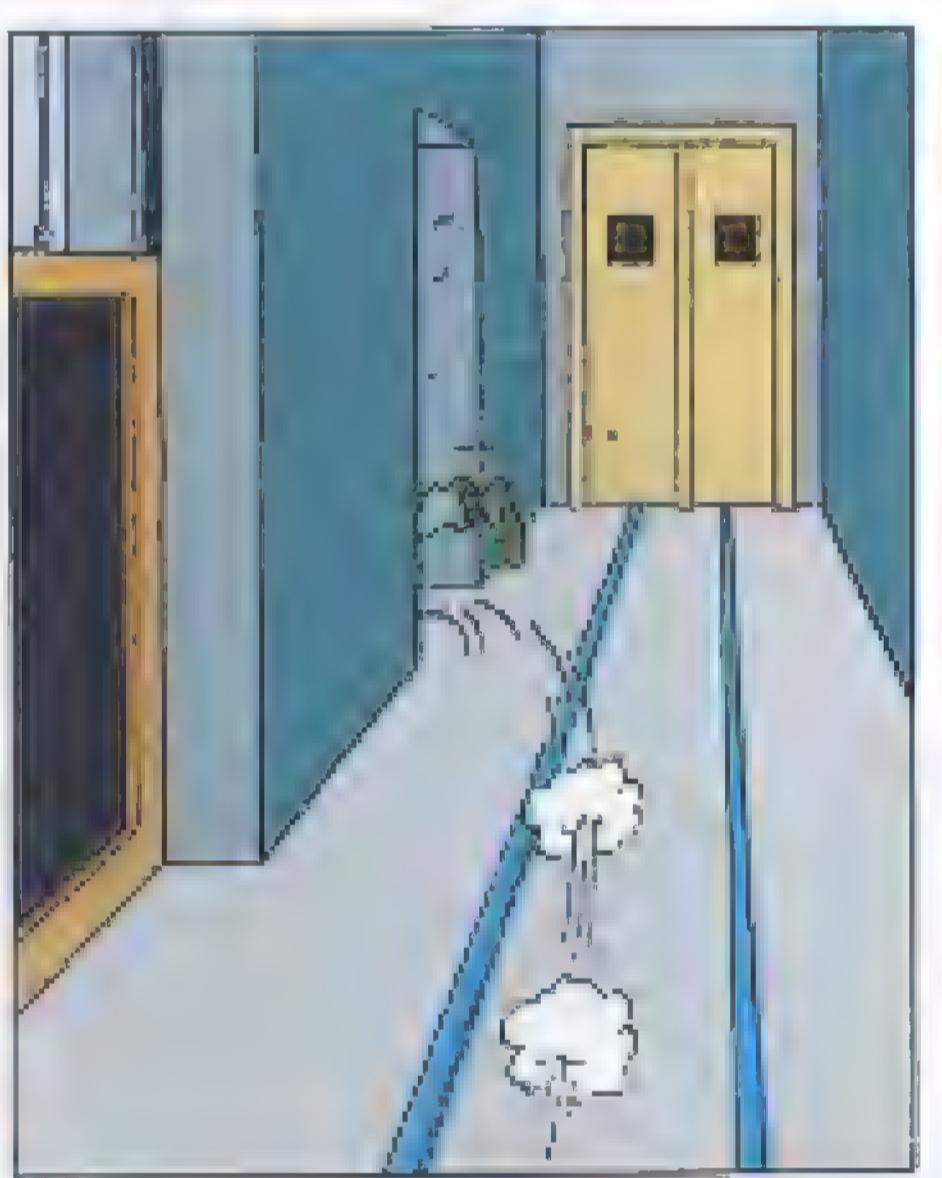
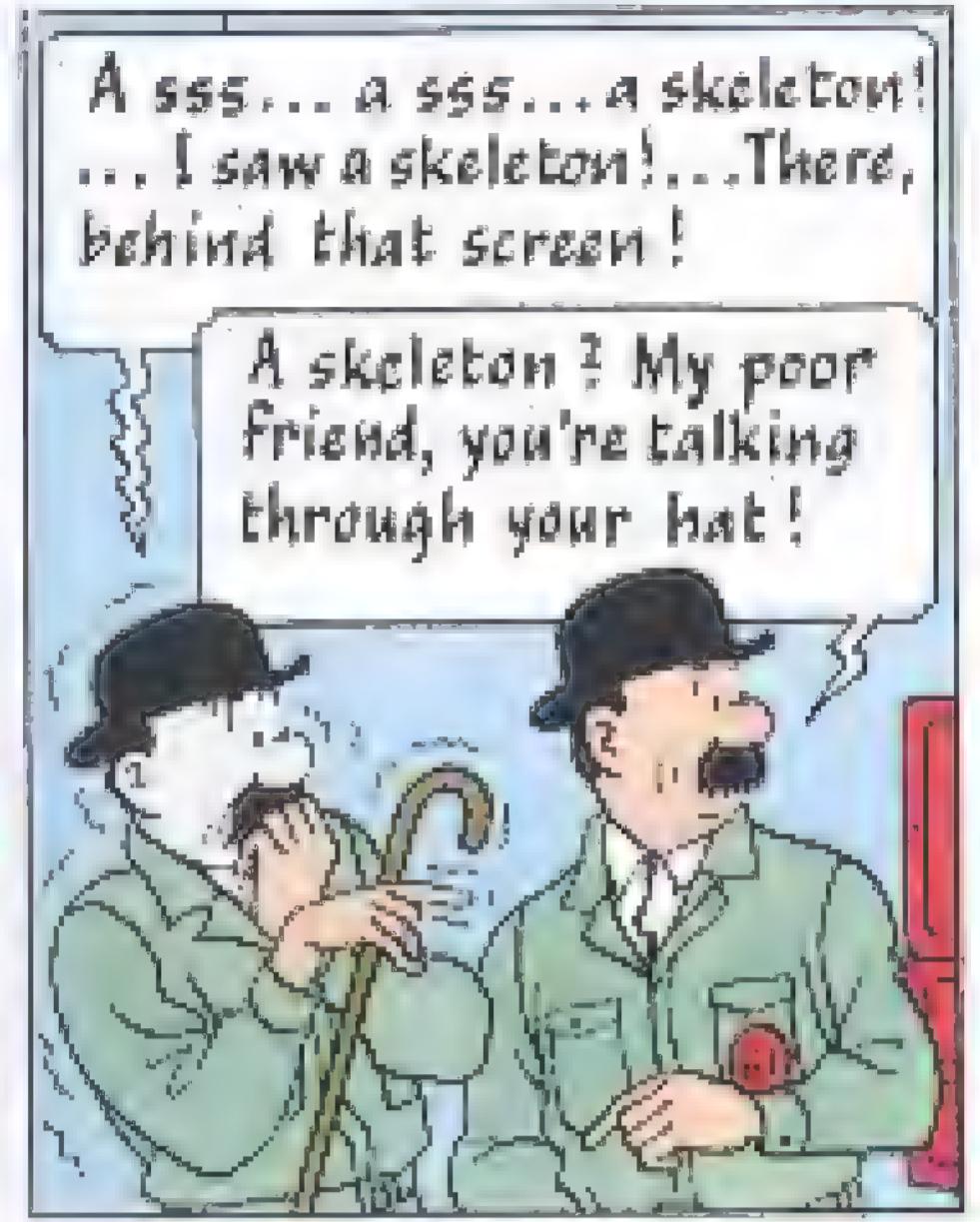
What's all this paraphernalia?



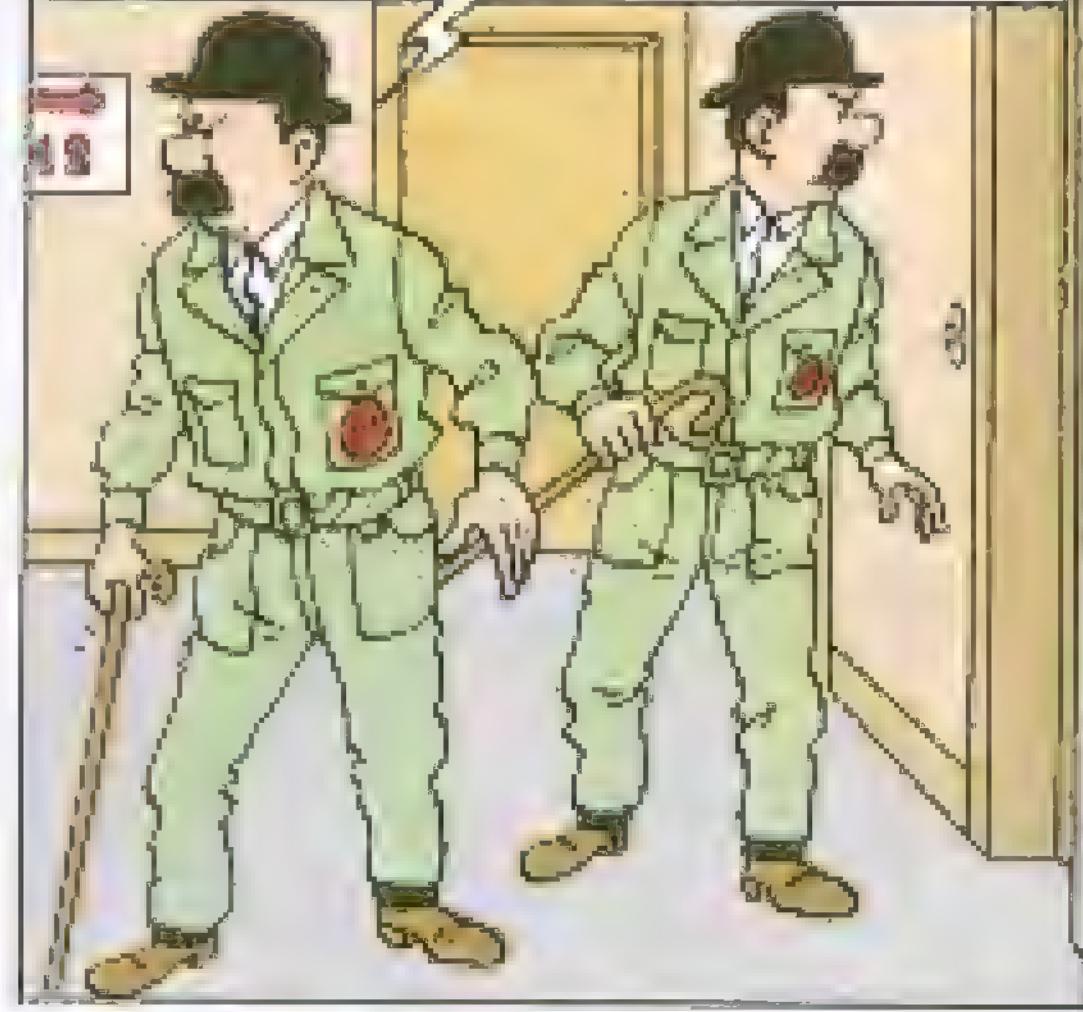
You stay here... I'm going to see what's behind that door.

Right!

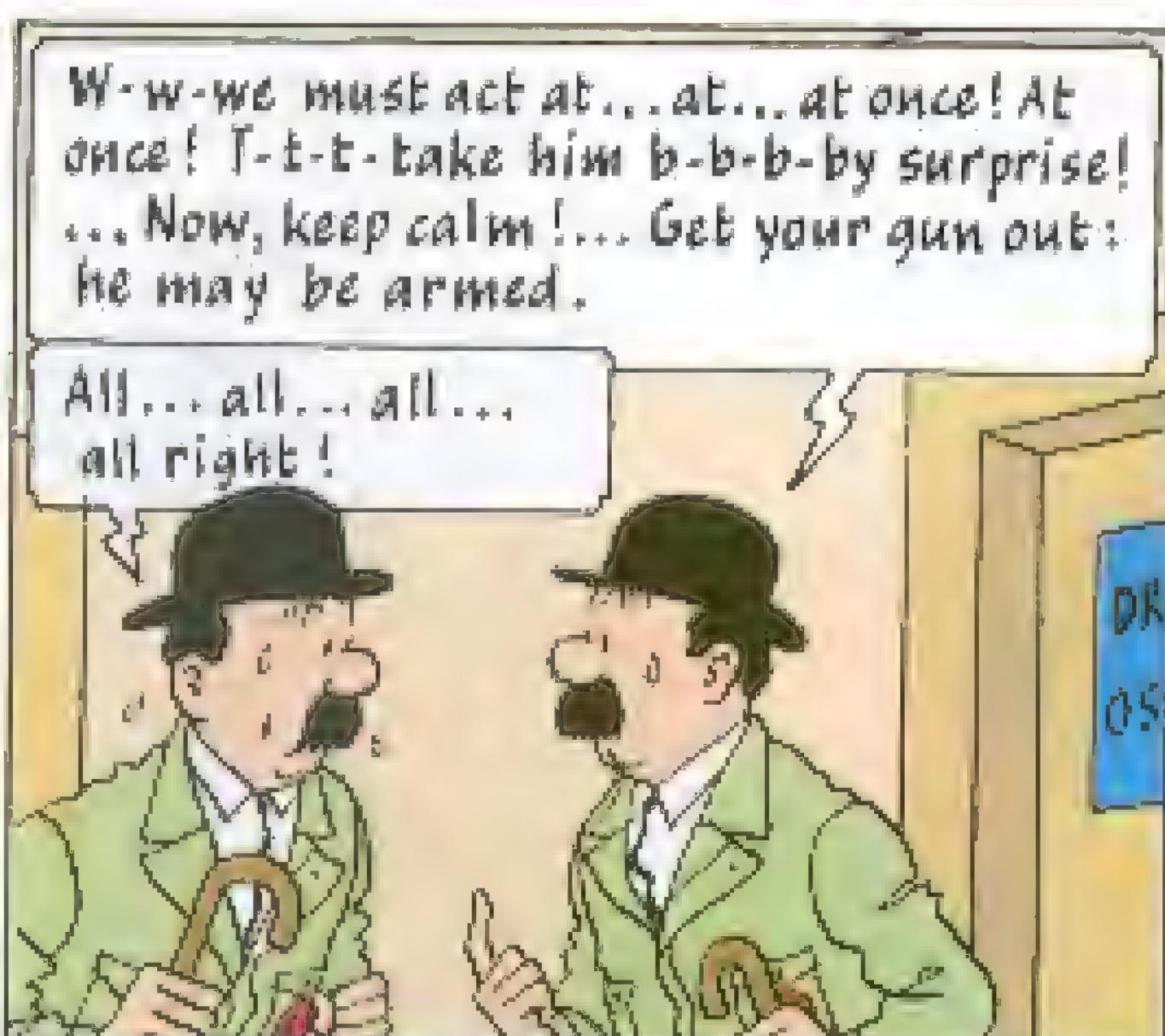




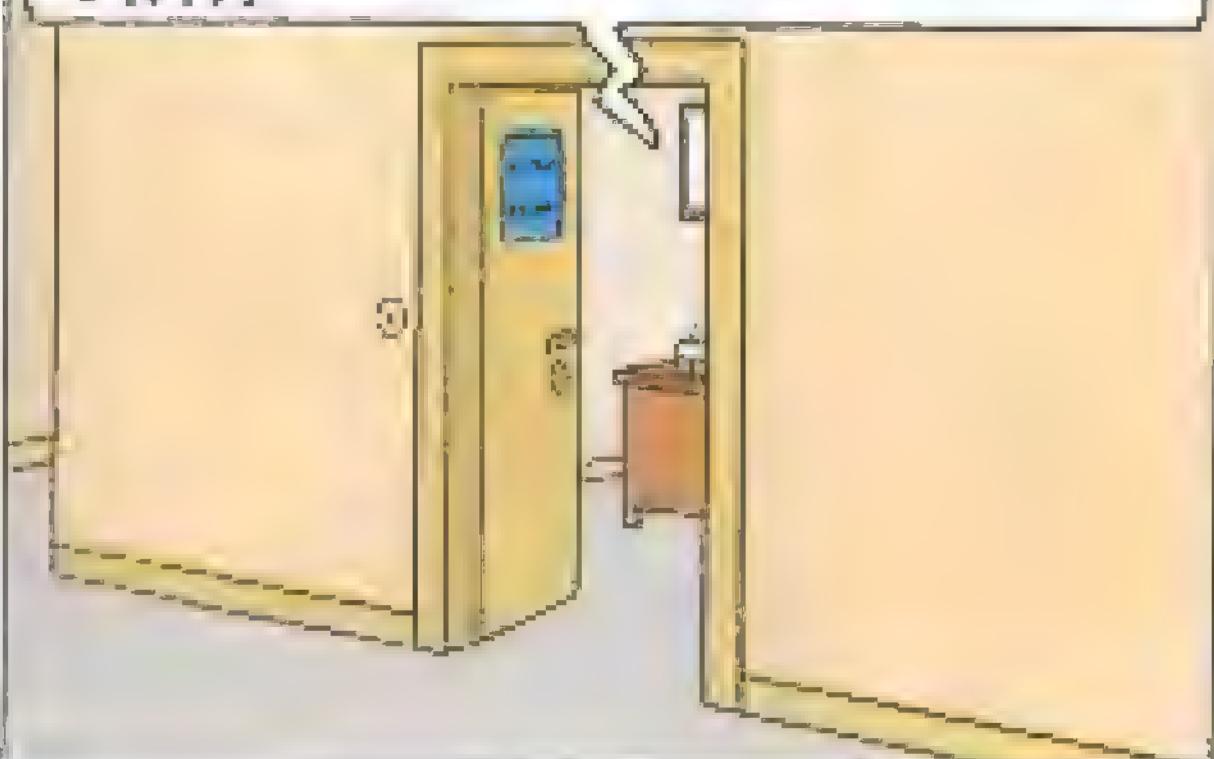
Keep your eyes open!... It can't have gone far.



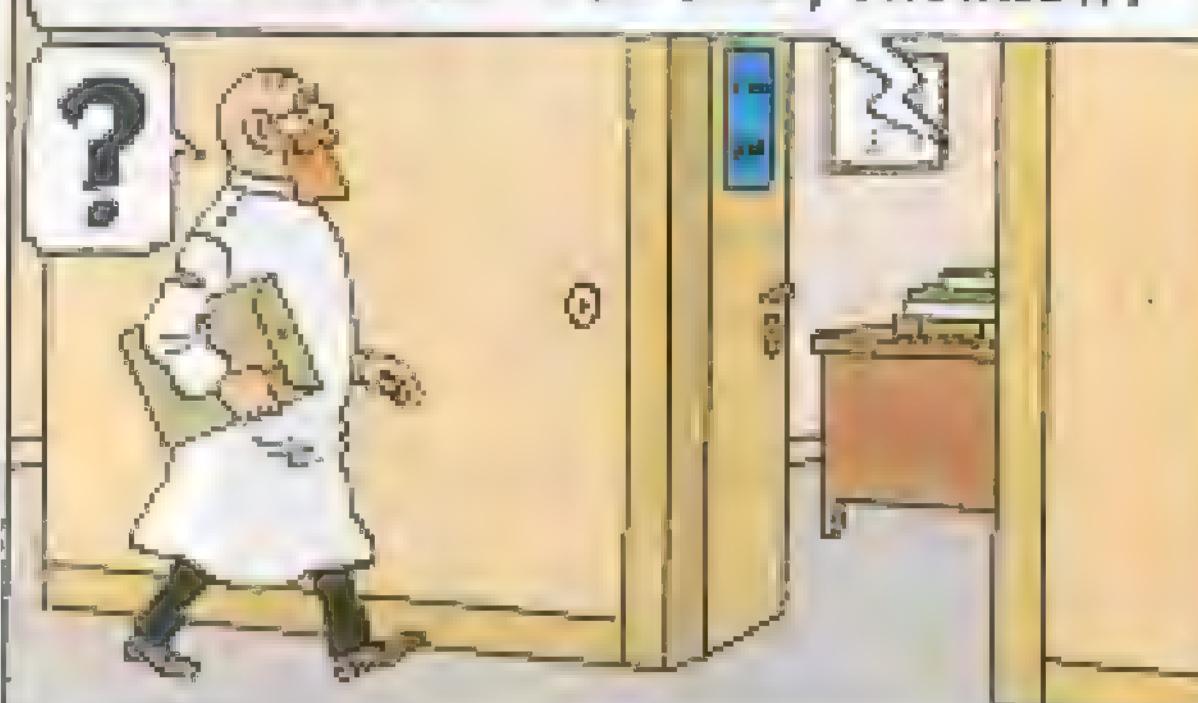
In here, perhaps?



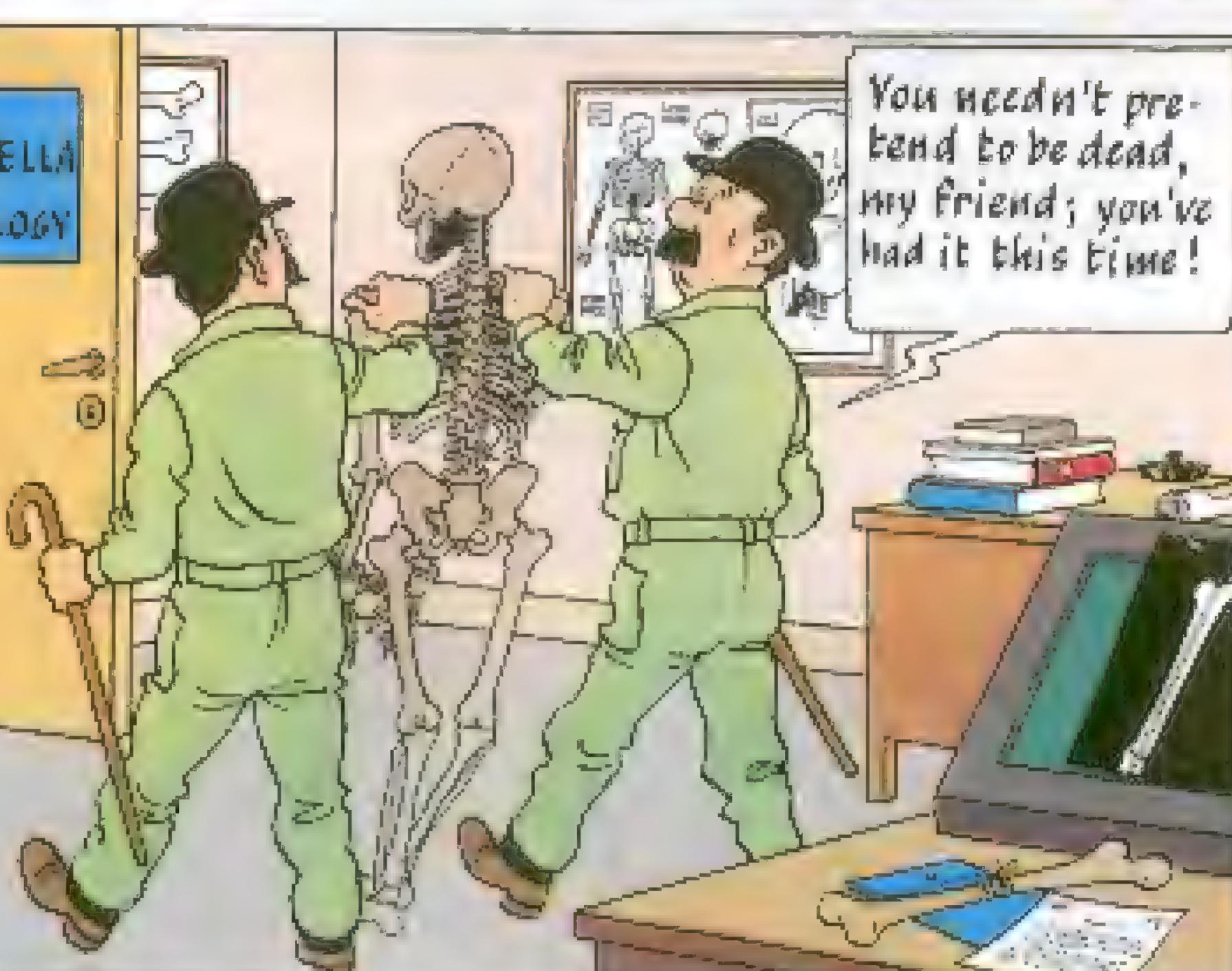
Hands up, I said! Oh, so you won't!
... Well, in that case I'll... I'll...
I'll...



Very well... But make one false move
and I'll shoot! Understand?...
Put the handcuffs on him, Thomson.



Now, get going!... Quick march!...
You don't want to?... Passive resist-
ance, eh?... Grab him, Thomson!



O.K.! We'll have their rocket, now!

Meanwhile...

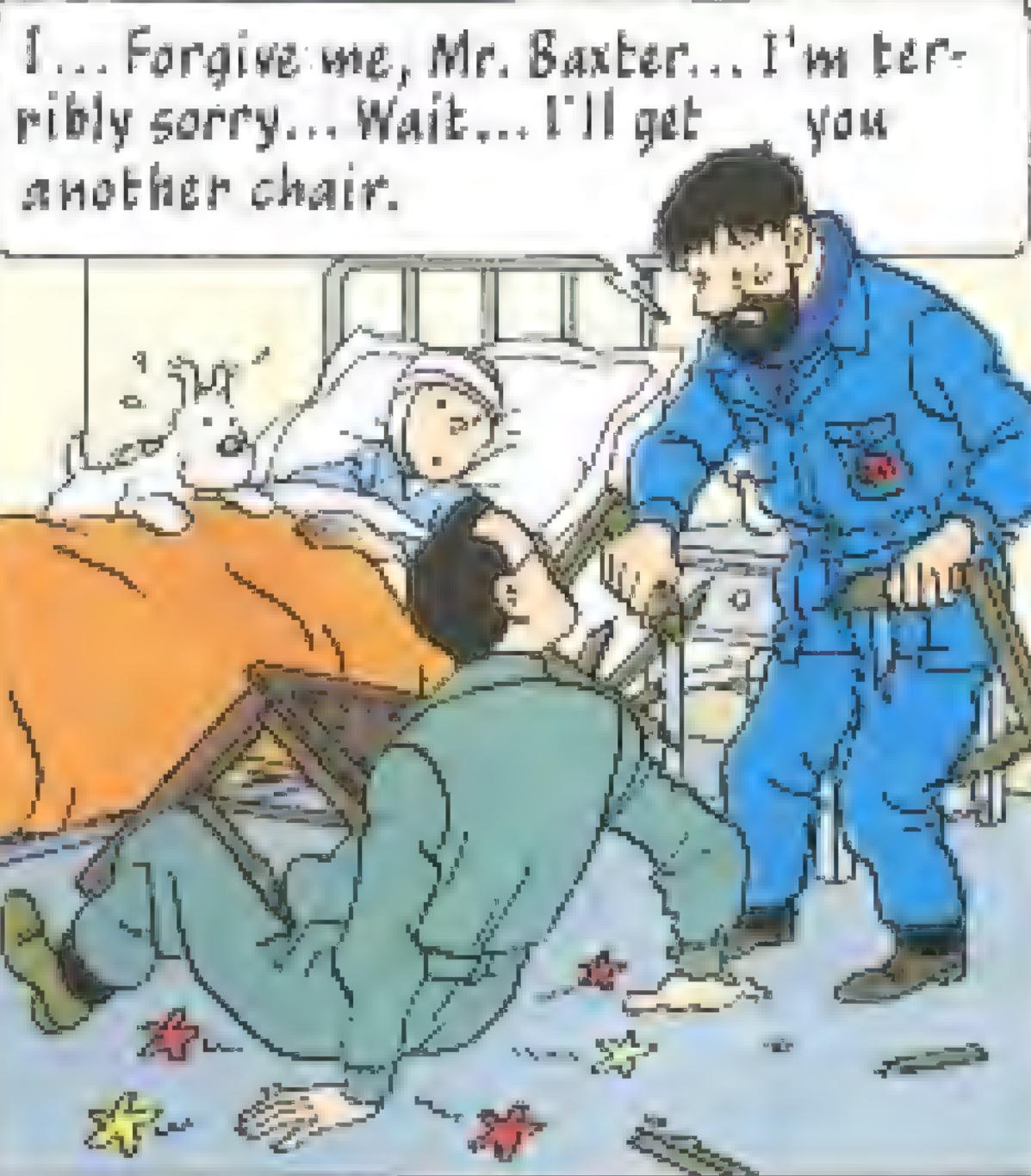
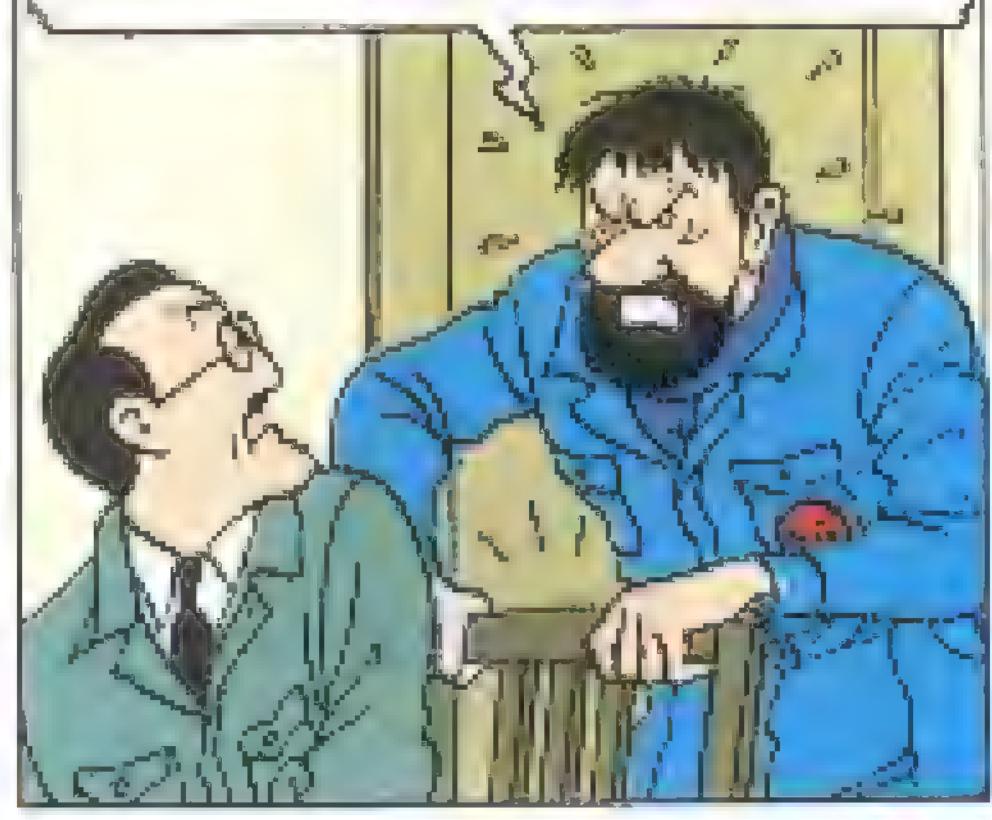
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!... The pirates!... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!... But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



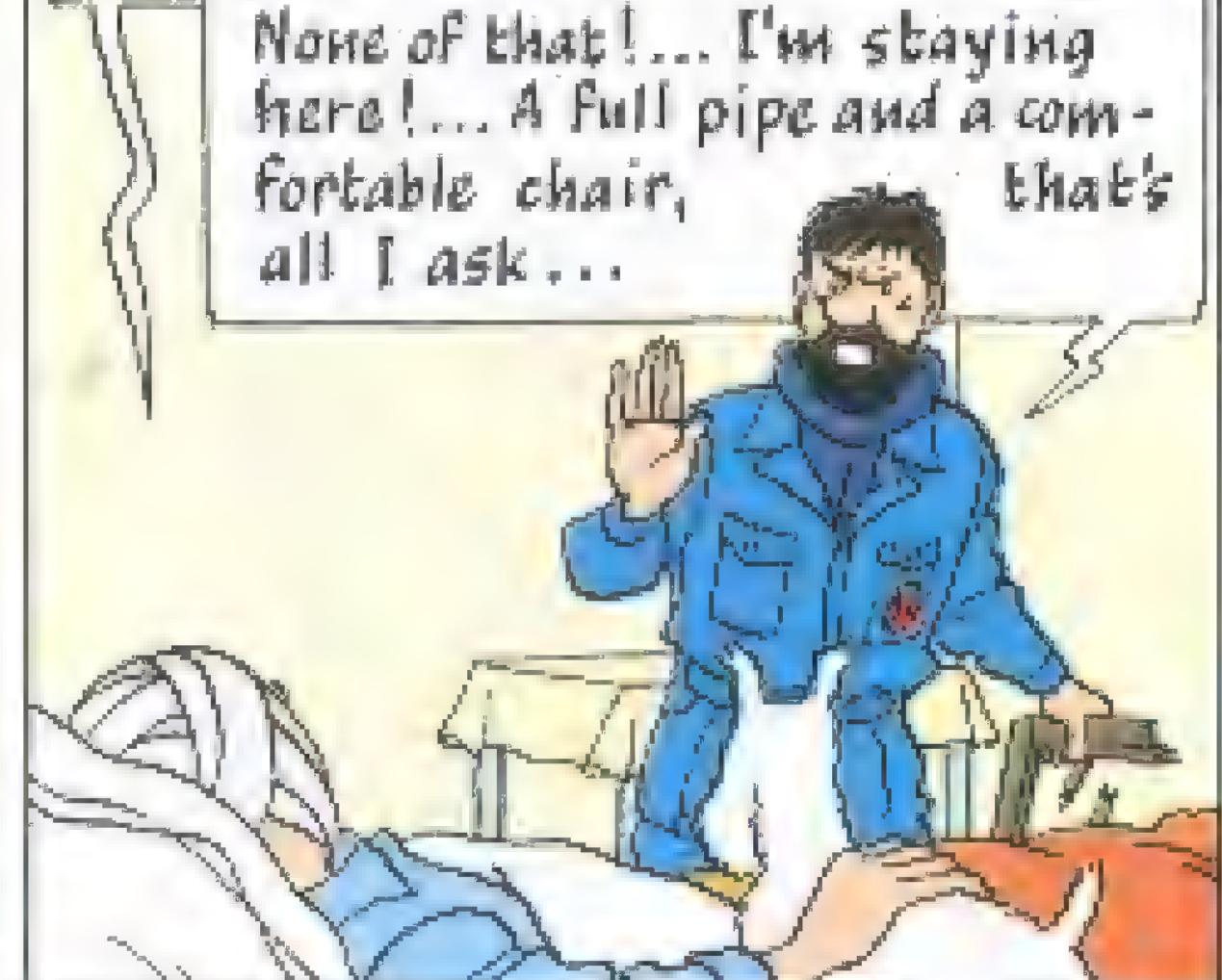
Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tin-tin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

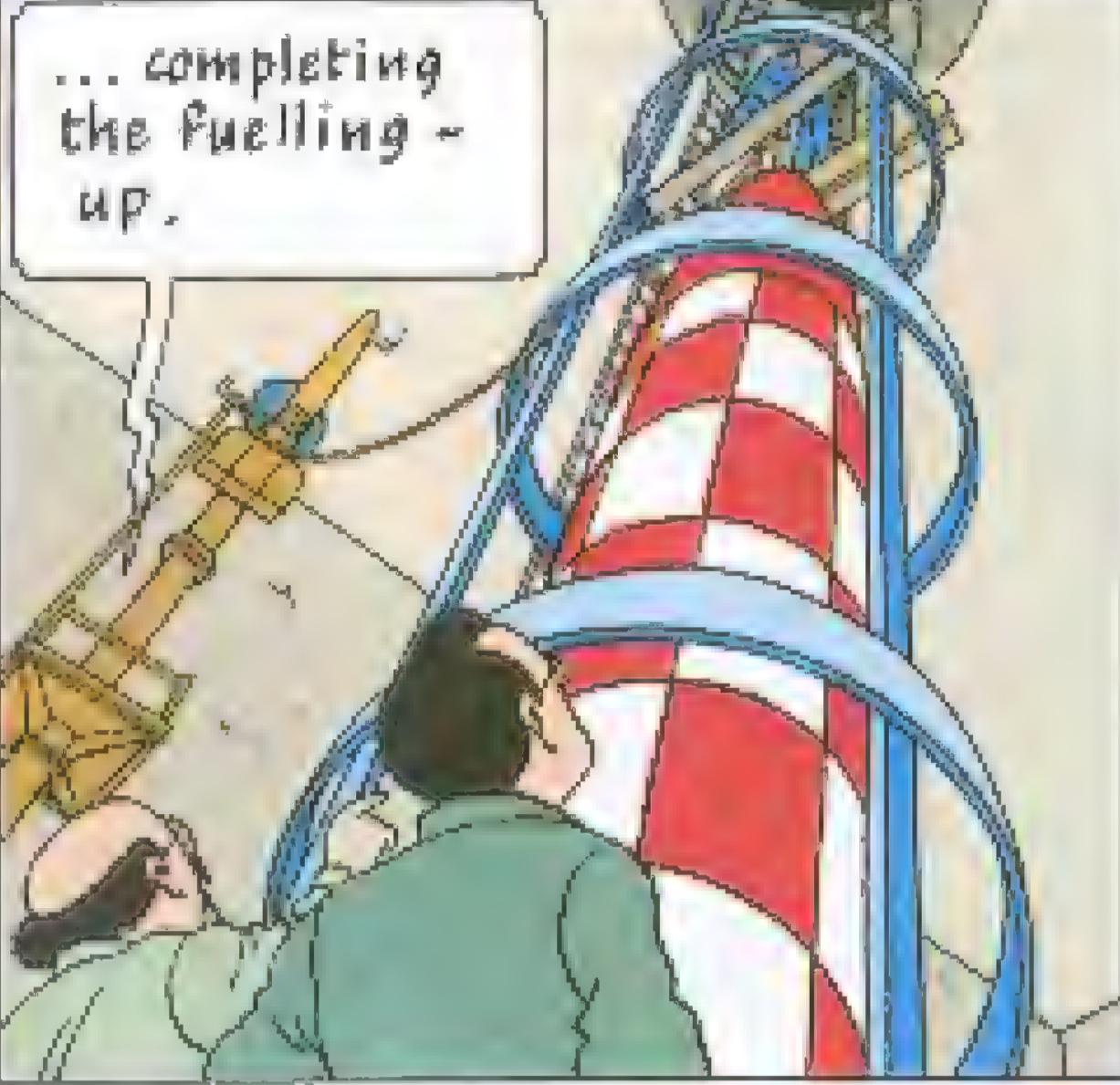
None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

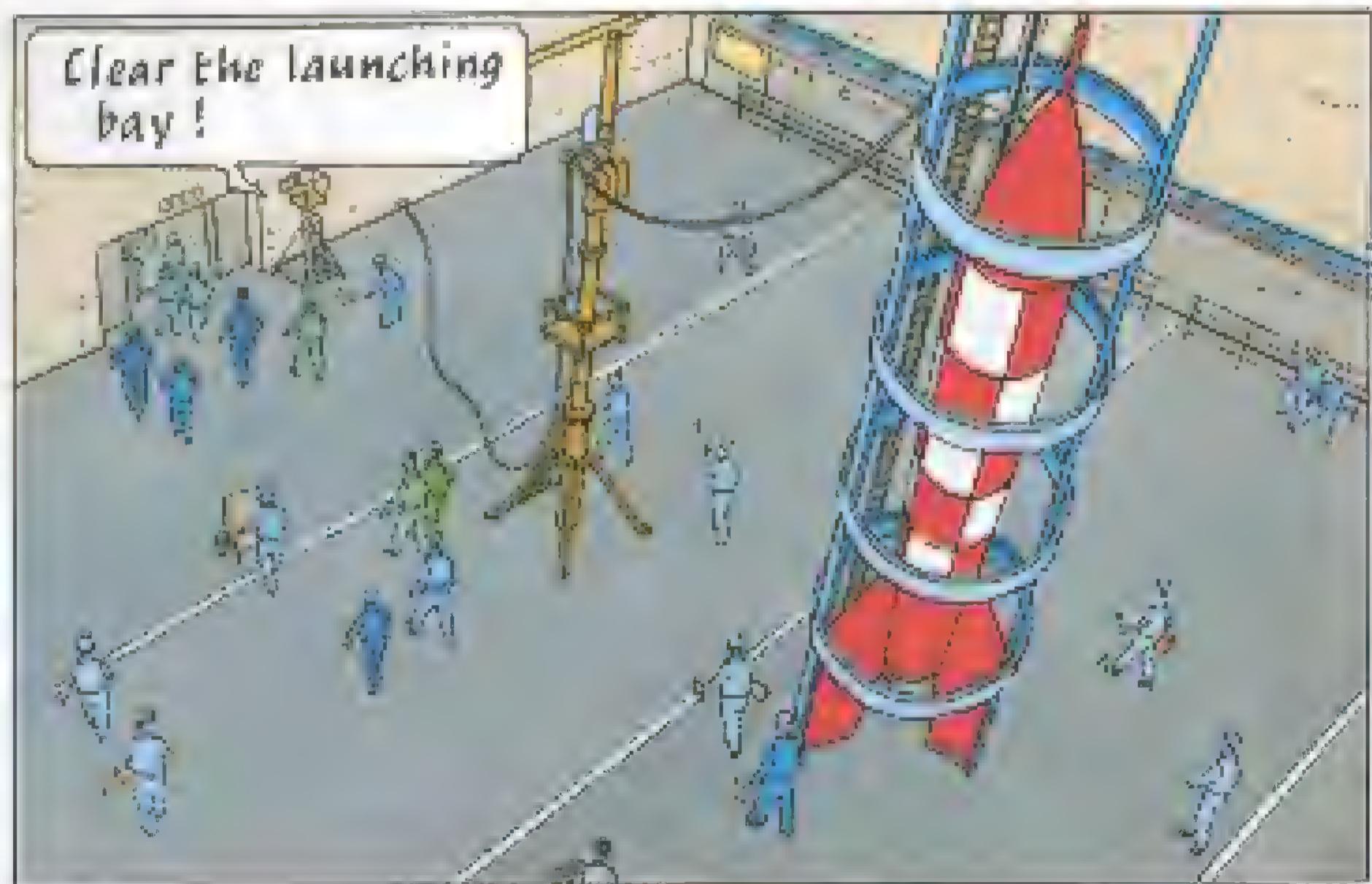
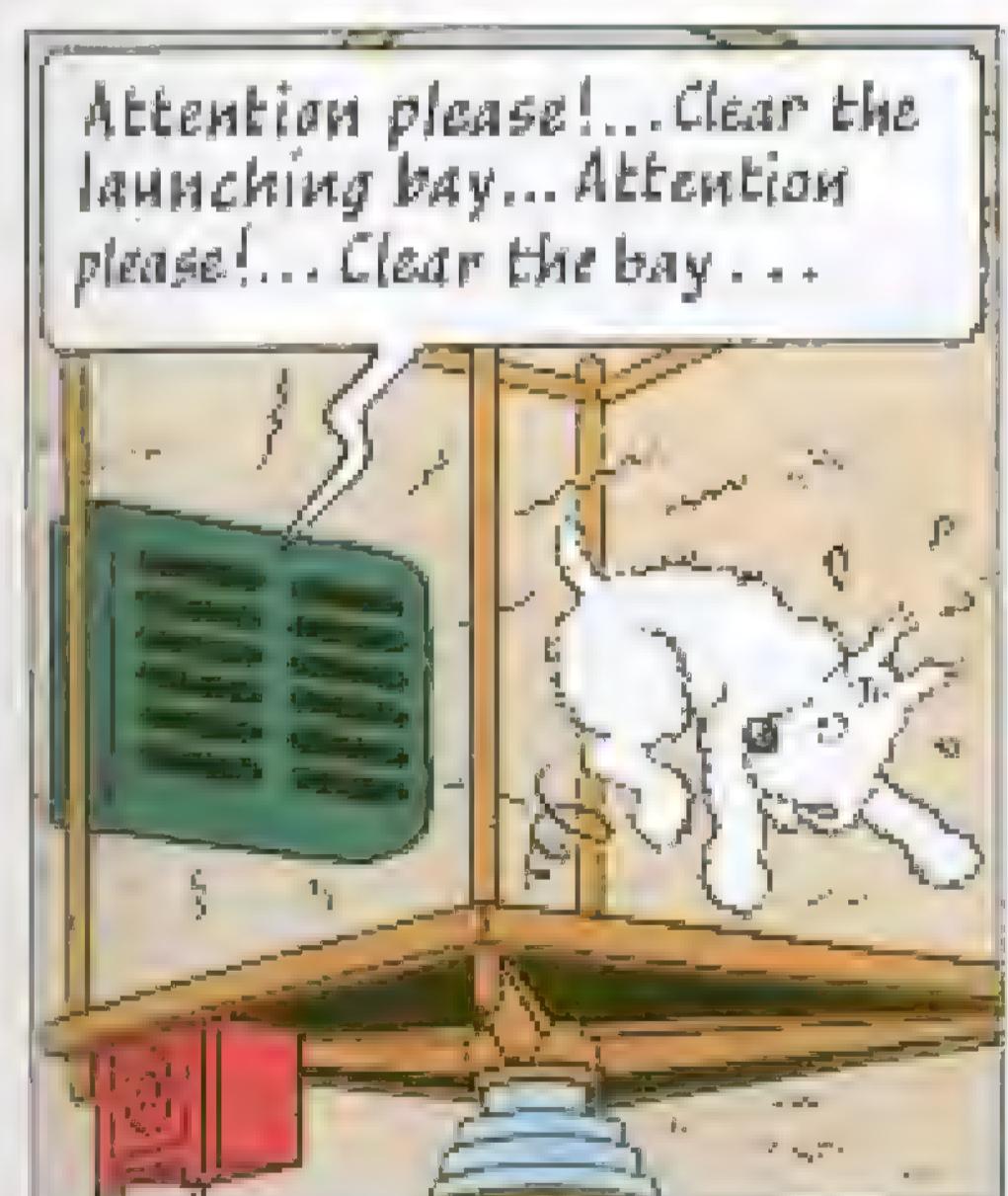
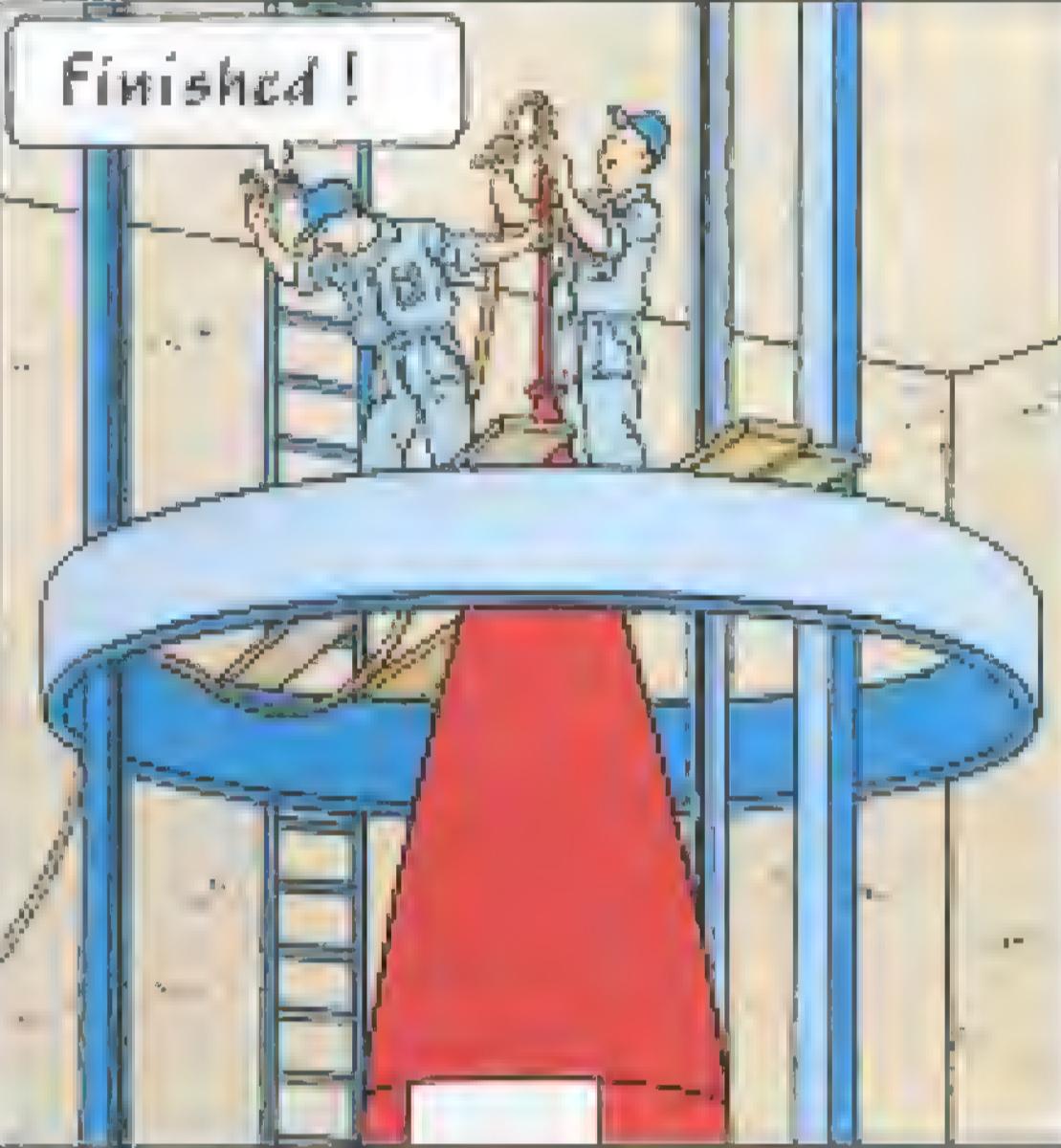
Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...



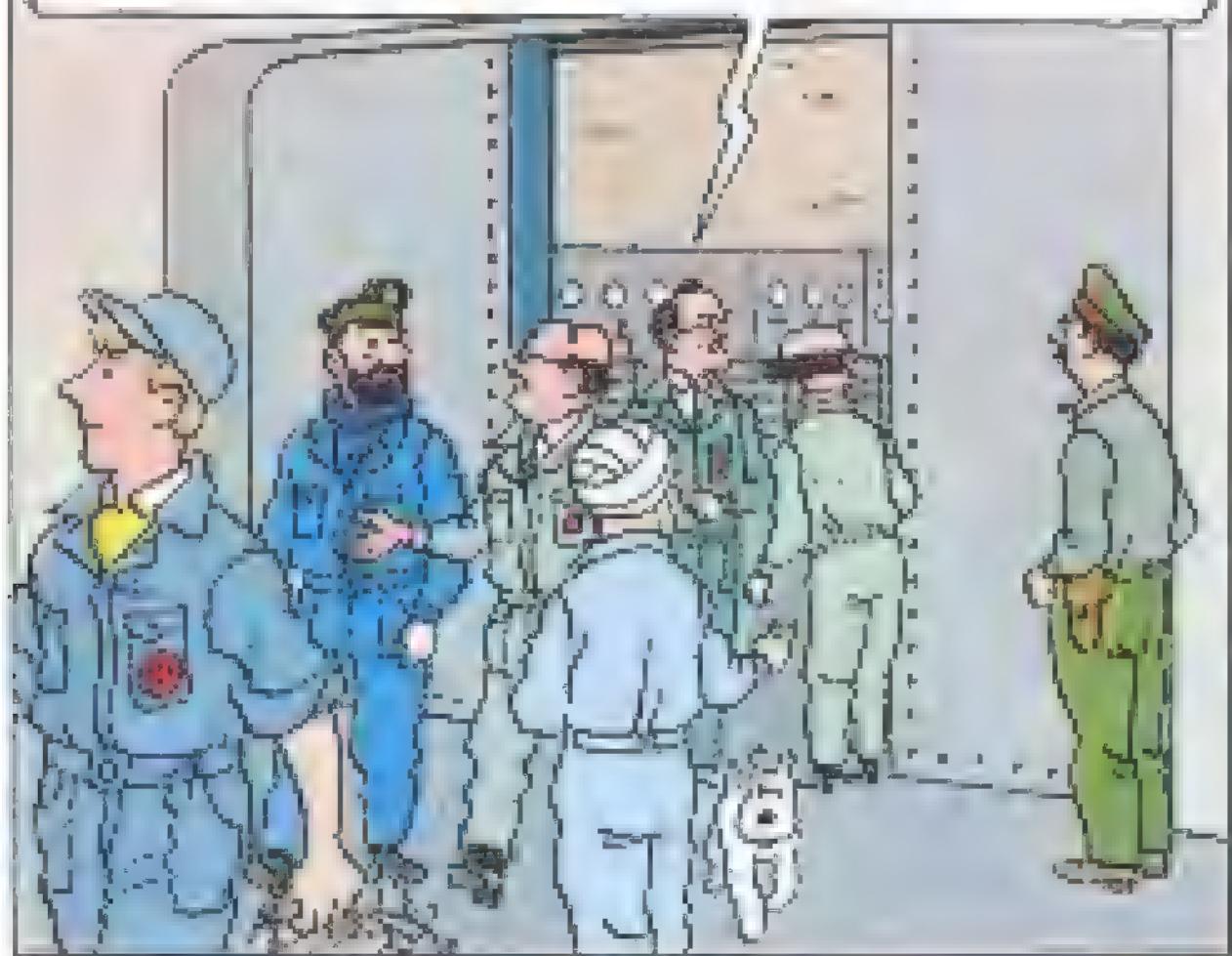
Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

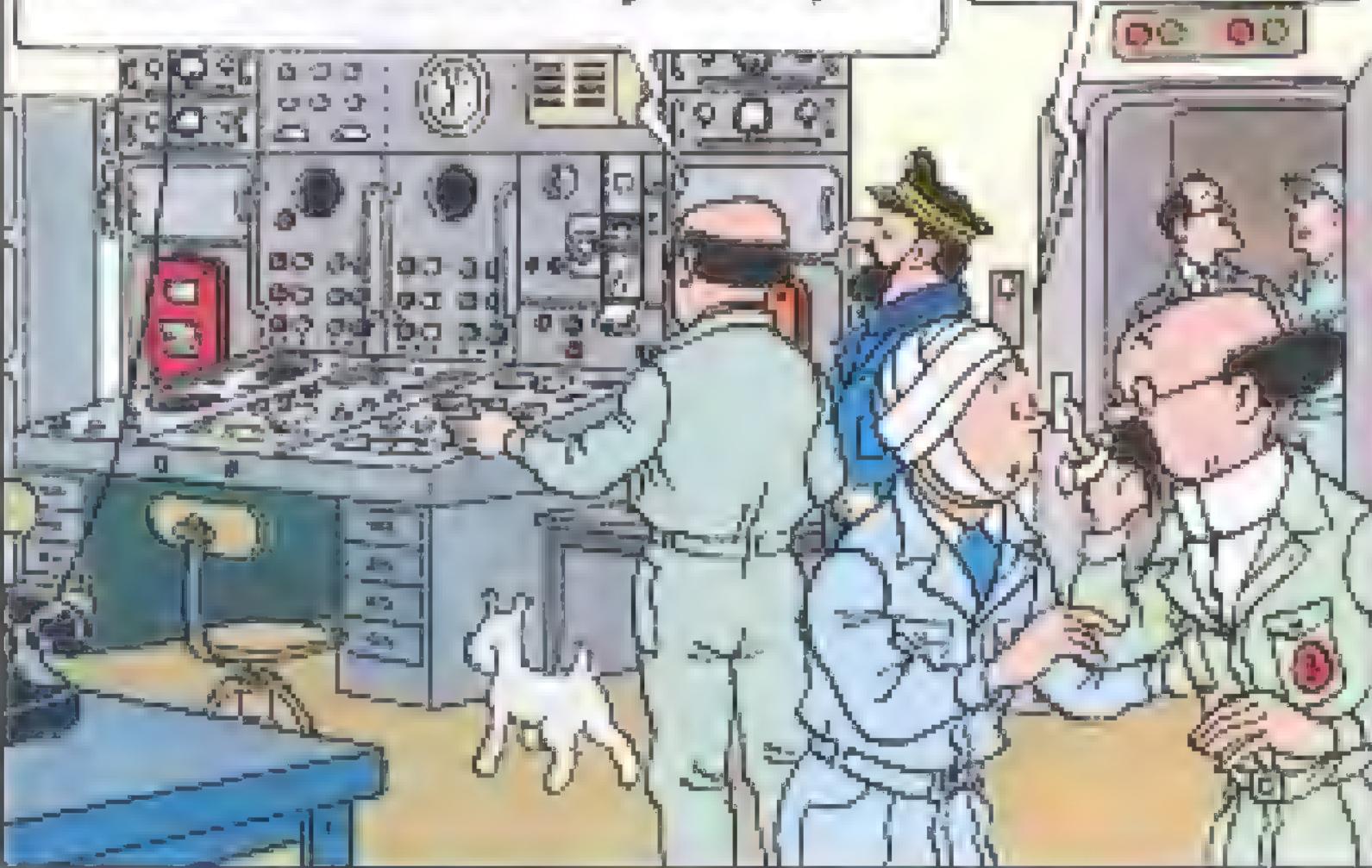
Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!



All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

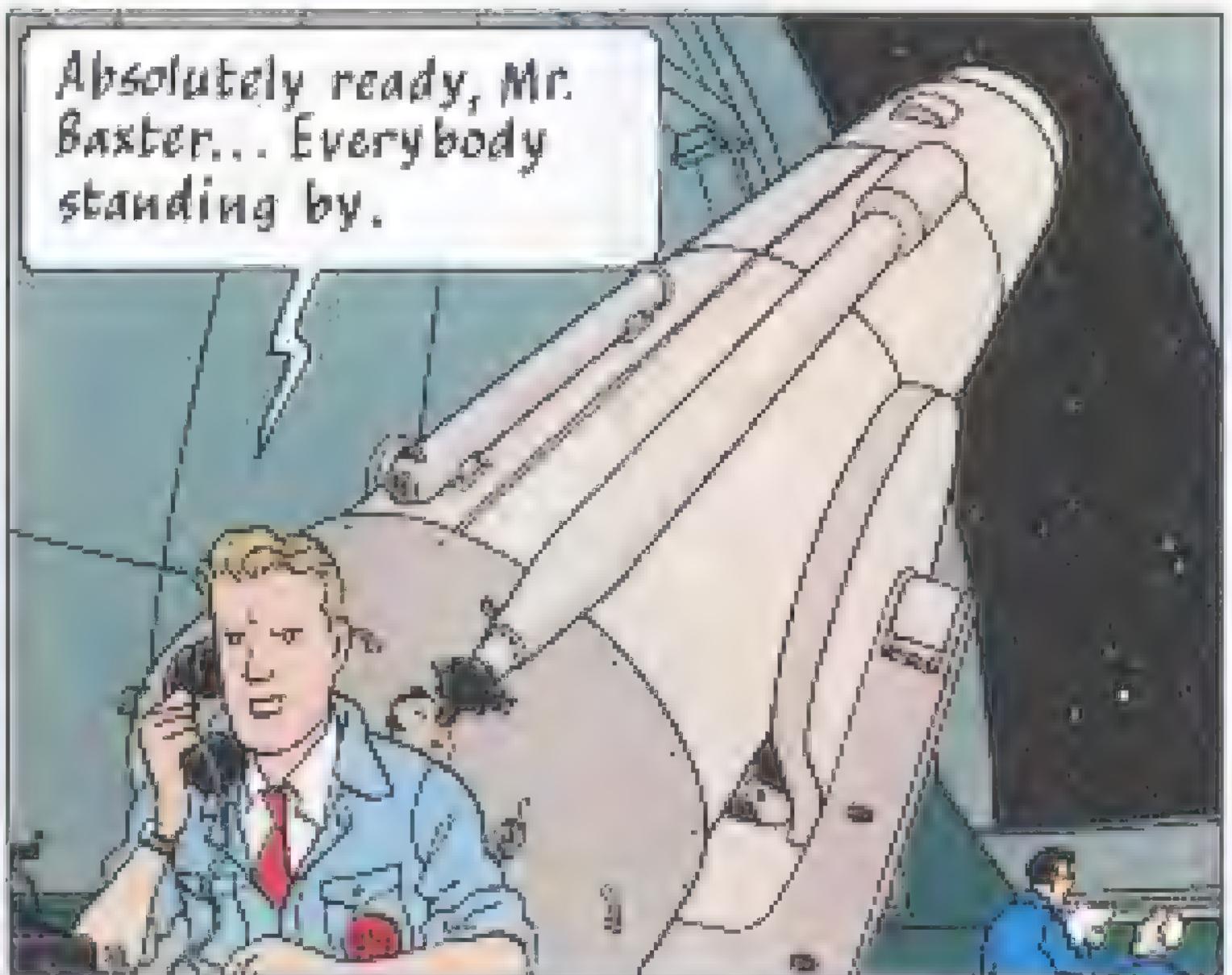
The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening ...



Hello? Observatory? ... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready ...



Well, now we can only wait for zero hour ... Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, professor? It wasn't here last night!

I... yes... I put it there... It's an idea of Tintin's.

Oh, just a small detail...



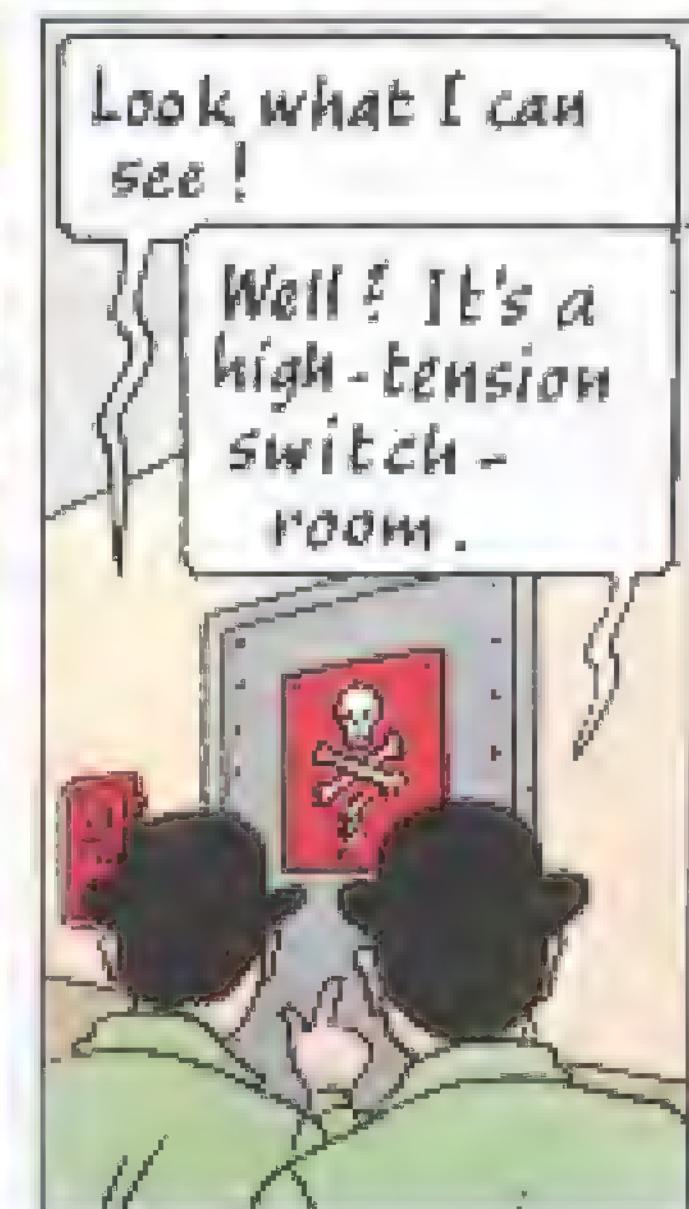
Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room.



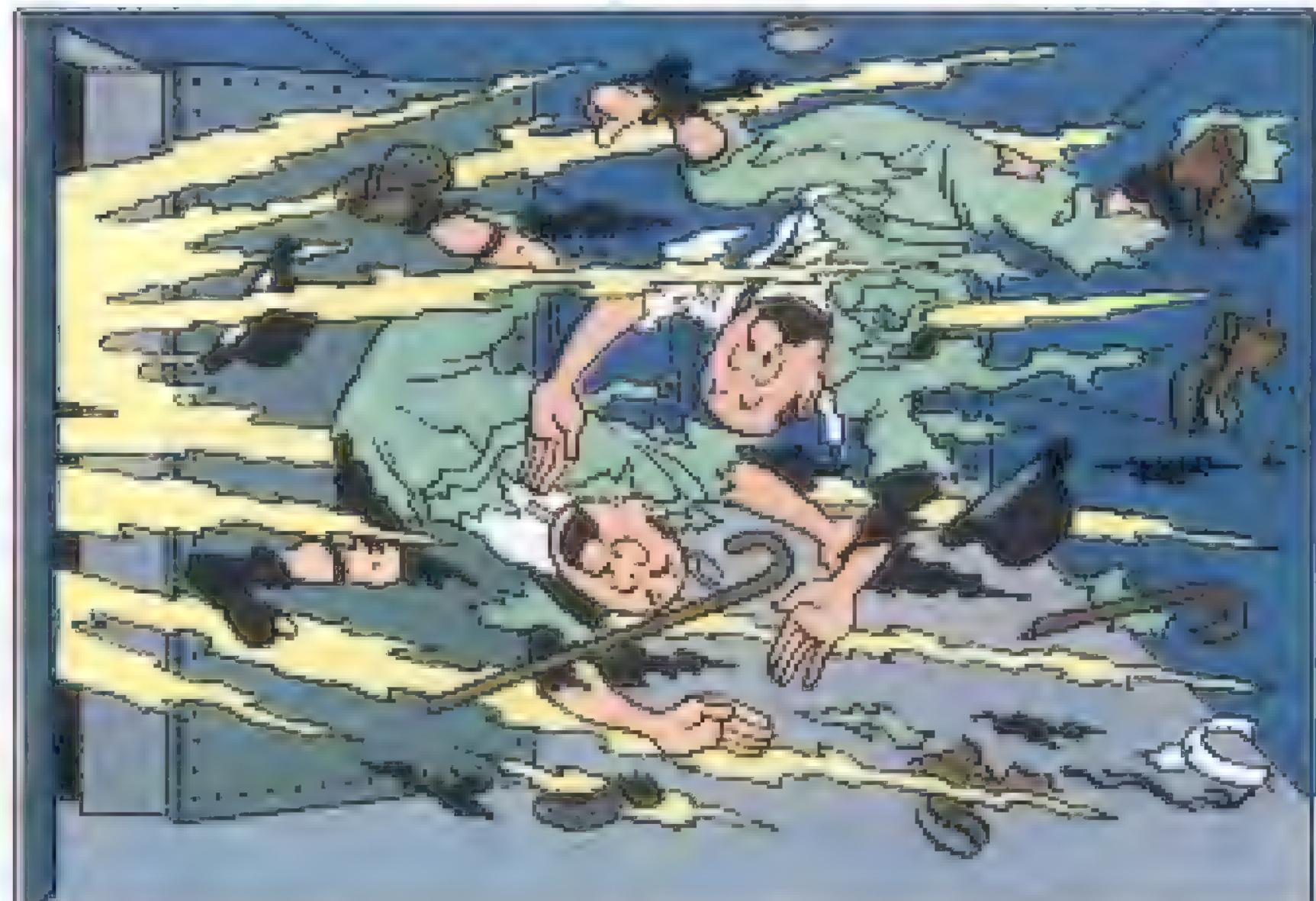
It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.



All the same, be careful.

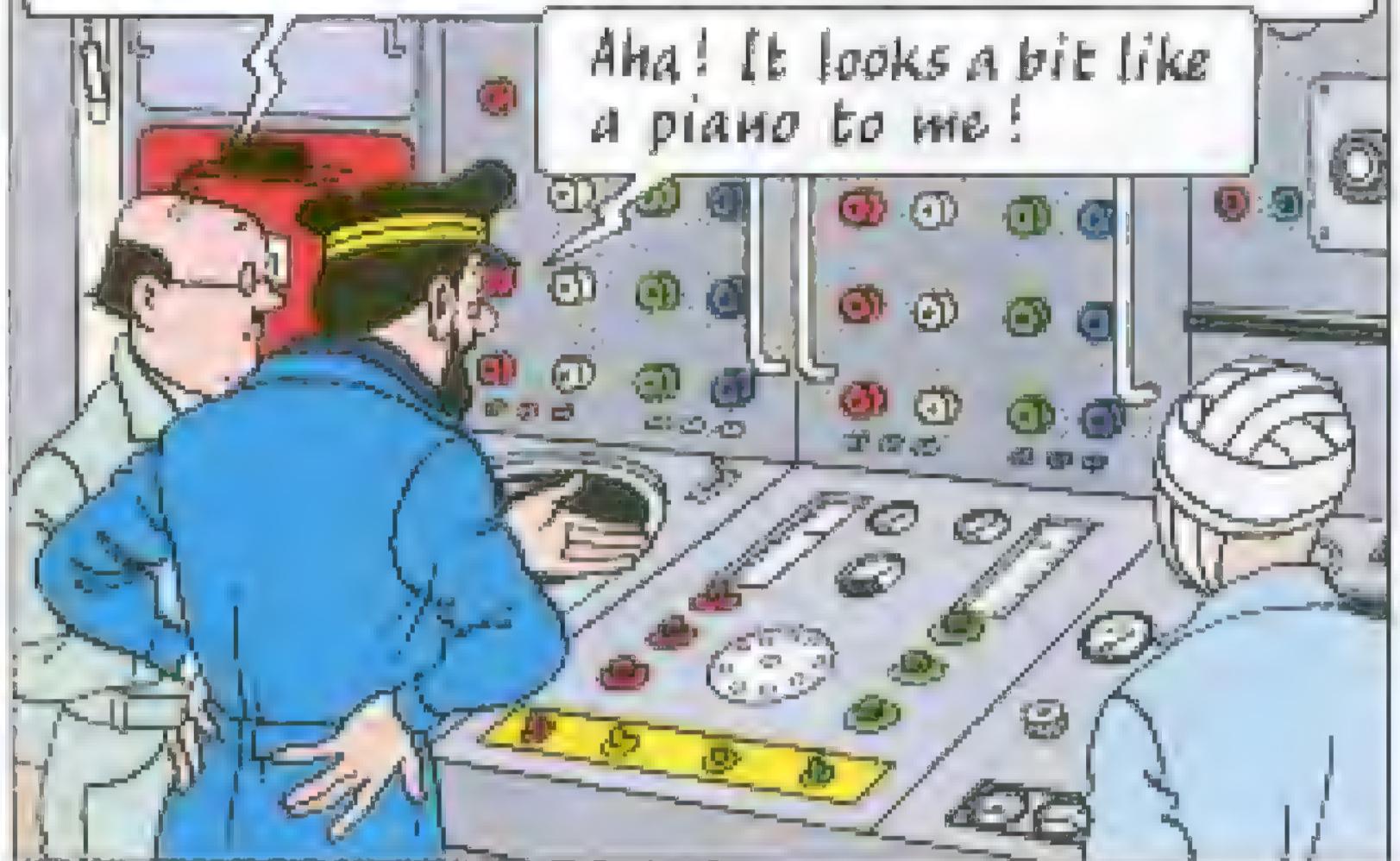


I'm not a child, am I? ... Anyway, I...



This is the control panel with all the instruments for guiding the rocket.

Aha! It looks a bit like a piano to me!



And here is the celebrated vocalist, Bianca Castafiore of La Scala, Milan, to sing you the famous jewel song from "Faust". "Ah, my beauty past compare: these jewels bright I wear"



AH THESE JEWELS

Sh! Quiet!... Isn't that the alarm siren?



And now the great virtuoso Haddockskoff...

Pom d' Pom d' Pom d' Pompity d' Pom d'



Congratulations Captain! You have remarkable talent... But we've other things to think of besides chamber music!



In a few minutes, gentlemen, X-FLR 6 will begin its flight... I propose that the honour of launching the rocket should fall to our youngest colleague - Tintin ... You agree?



The left-hand lever controls the auxiliary engine - used only at the outset. The other controls the nuclear motor which takes over later.

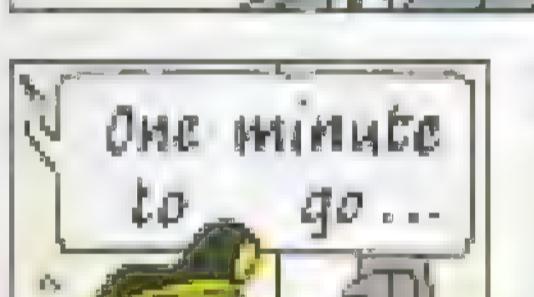


Attention please!... Observatory to Control Room. Stand by... Three minutes to go...

Action stations!



Two minutes to go...



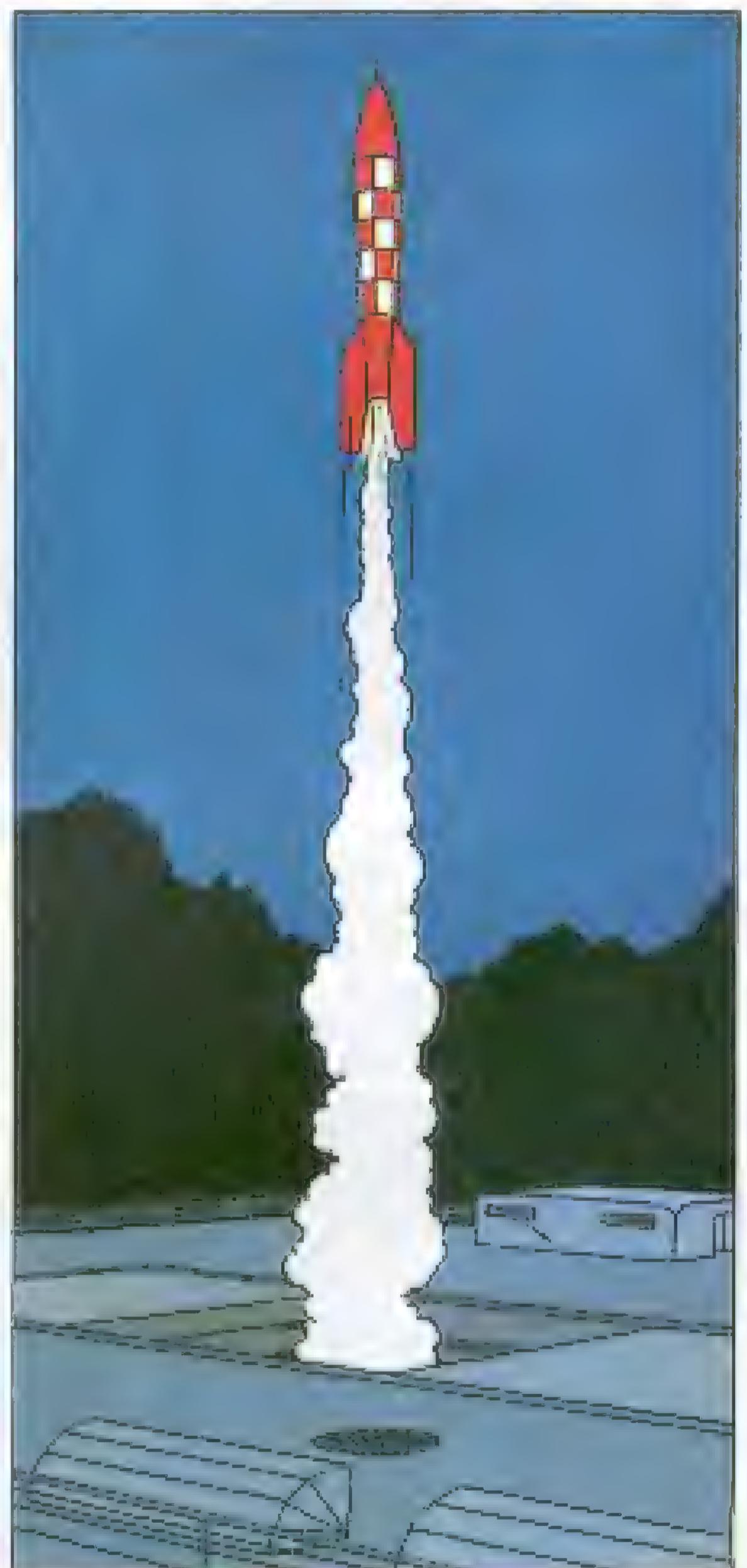
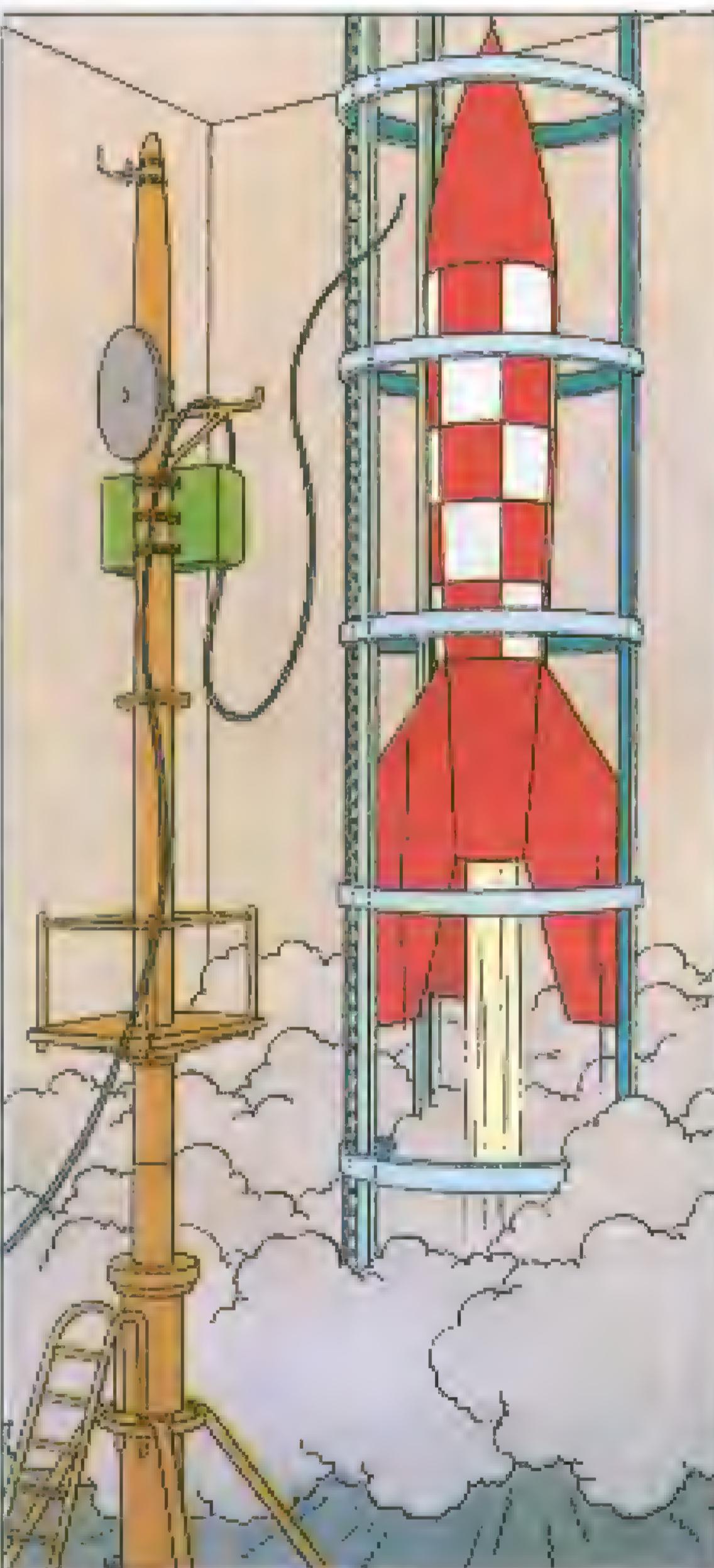
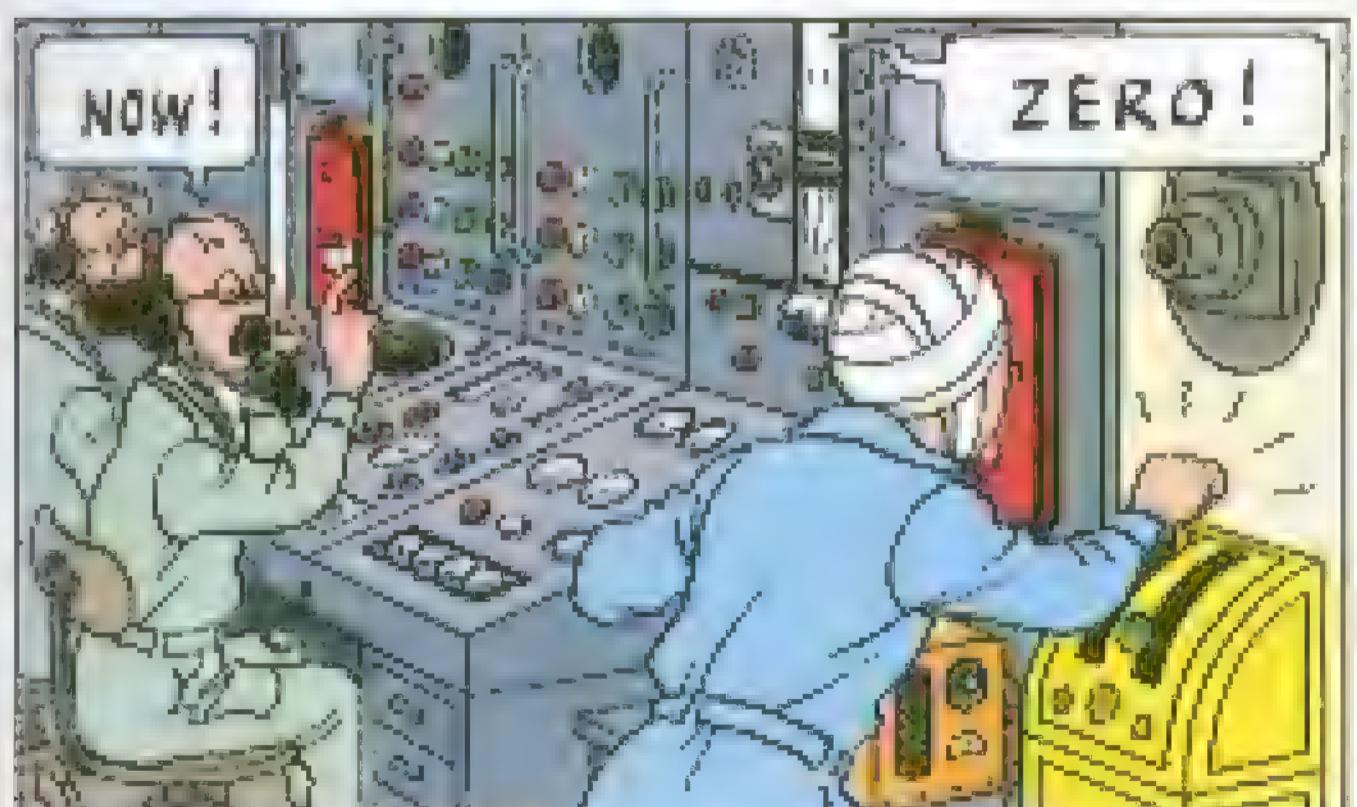
One minute to go...



Ten seconds... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

NOW!

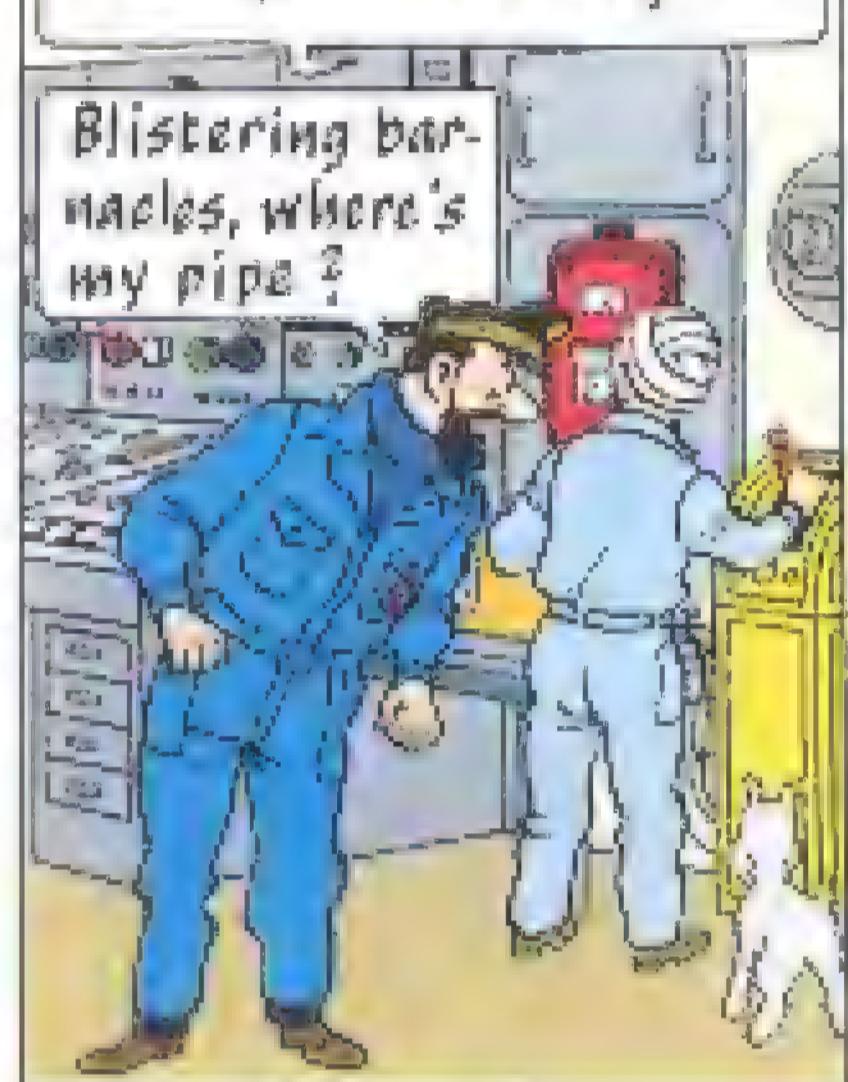
ZERO!



There she goes! For the first time in history man is sending a rocket to the Moon and back!



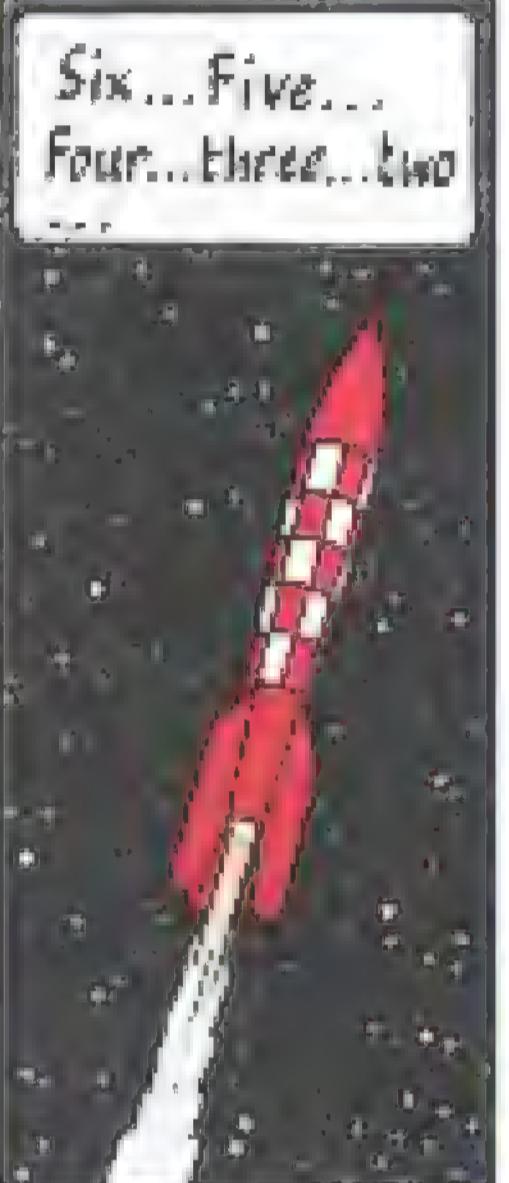
Twenty seconds to go...



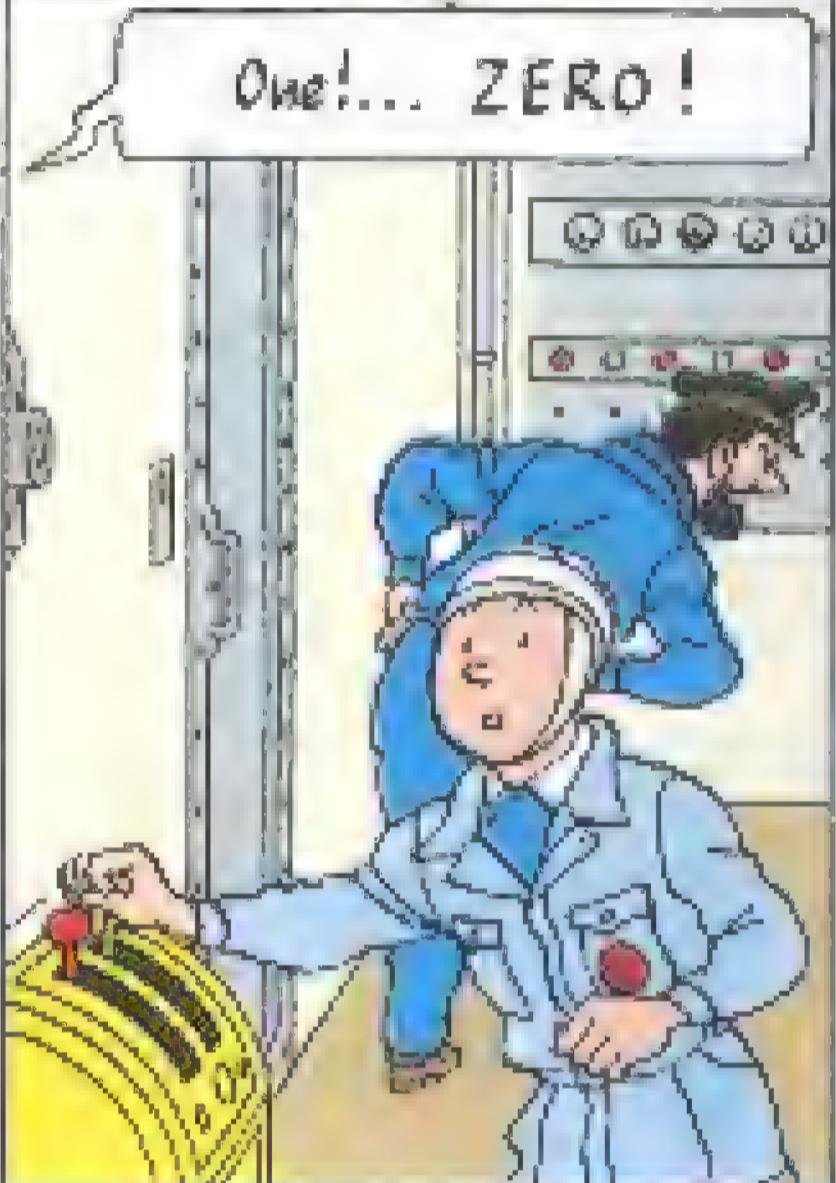
Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven...



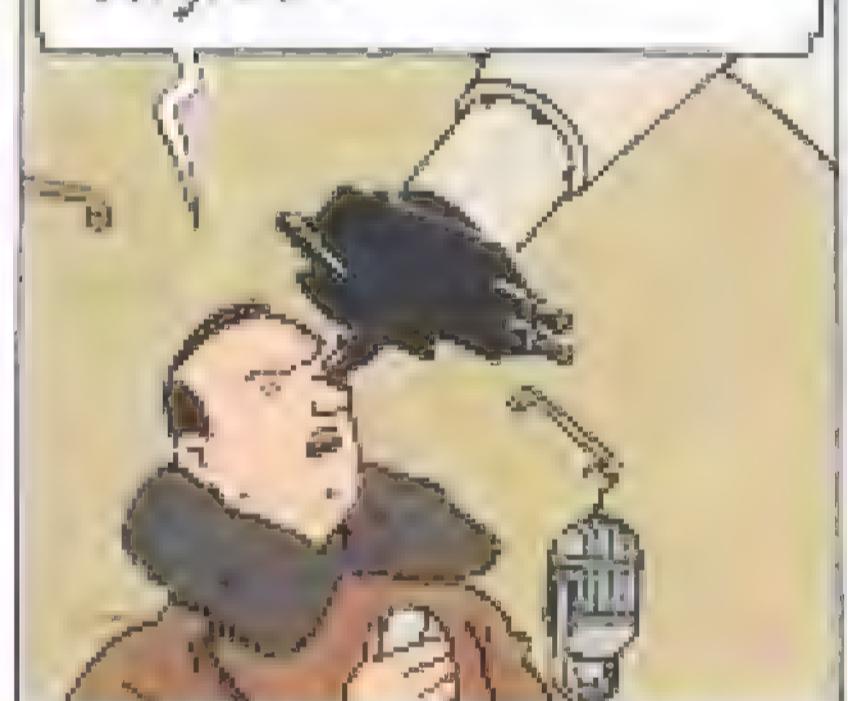
Six...Five... Four...three...two



One!... ZERO!



Observatory to Control Room... The nuclear motor has just taken over... All going well. Cut the auxiliary engine.



Your pipe? What would I want with your pipe? ... I'm sorry but I haven't time to worry about your pipe now!



Observatory to Control Room... How's the radar working?



Meanwhile, many thousands of miles away...

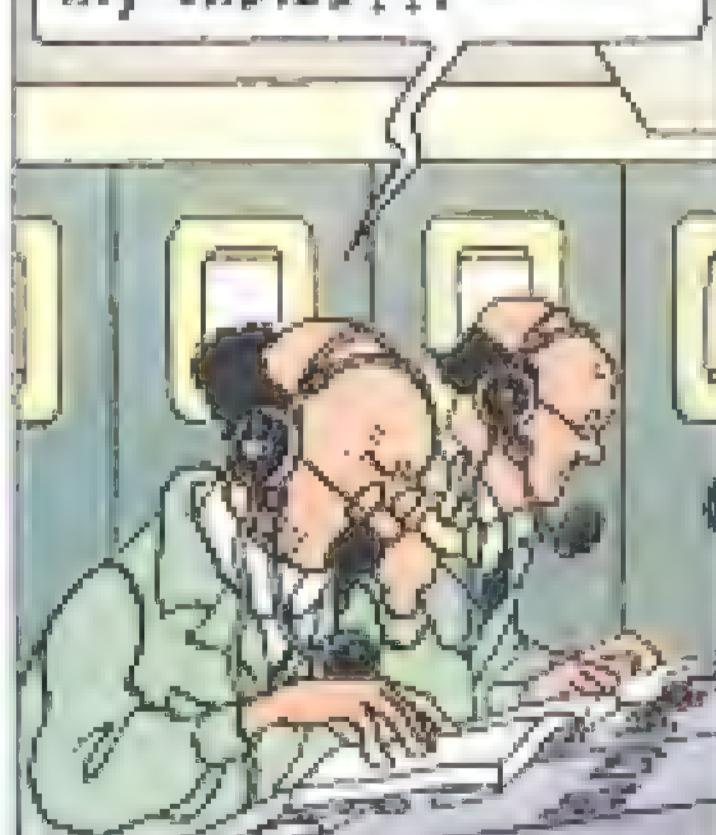


Observatory to Control Room... Correction zero...zero...eight...six... Please repeat.

Zero...zero... eight...six... Correction made...

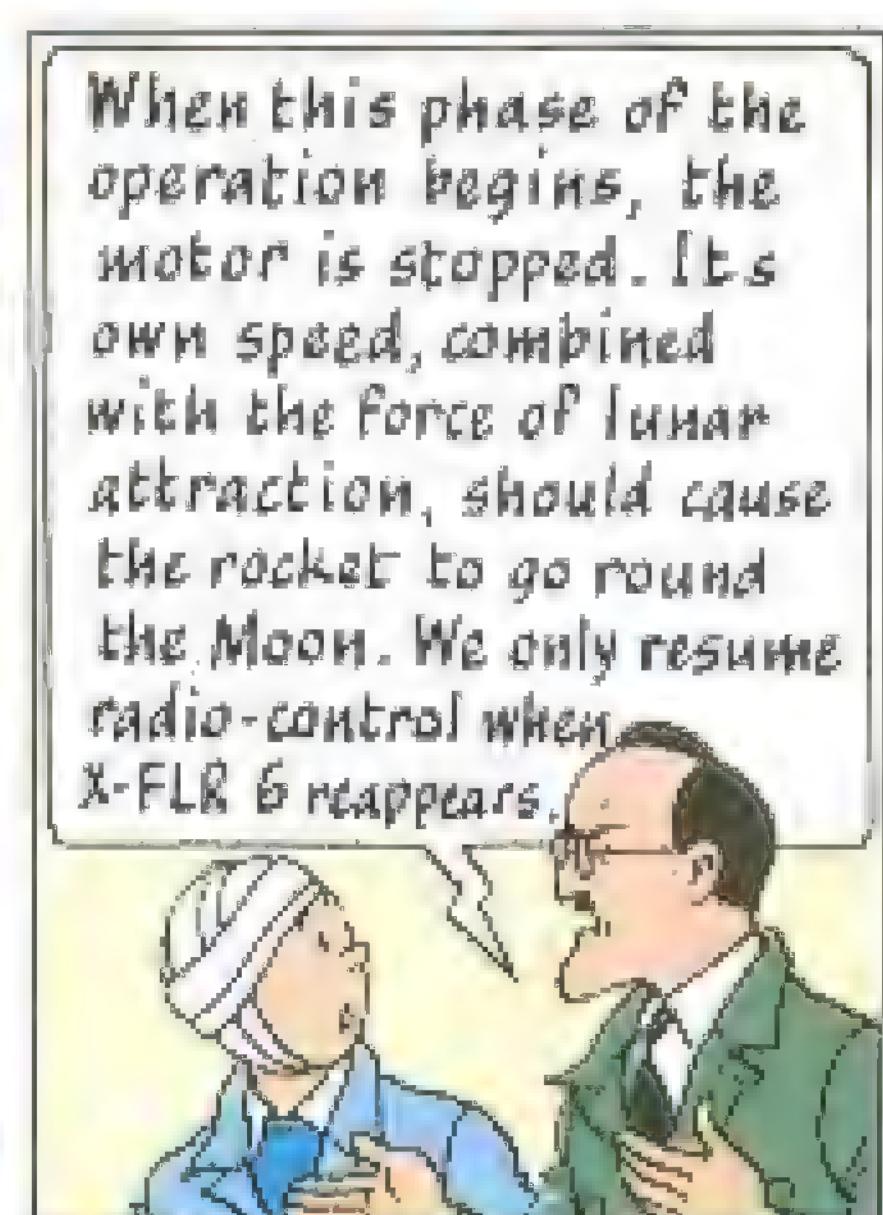
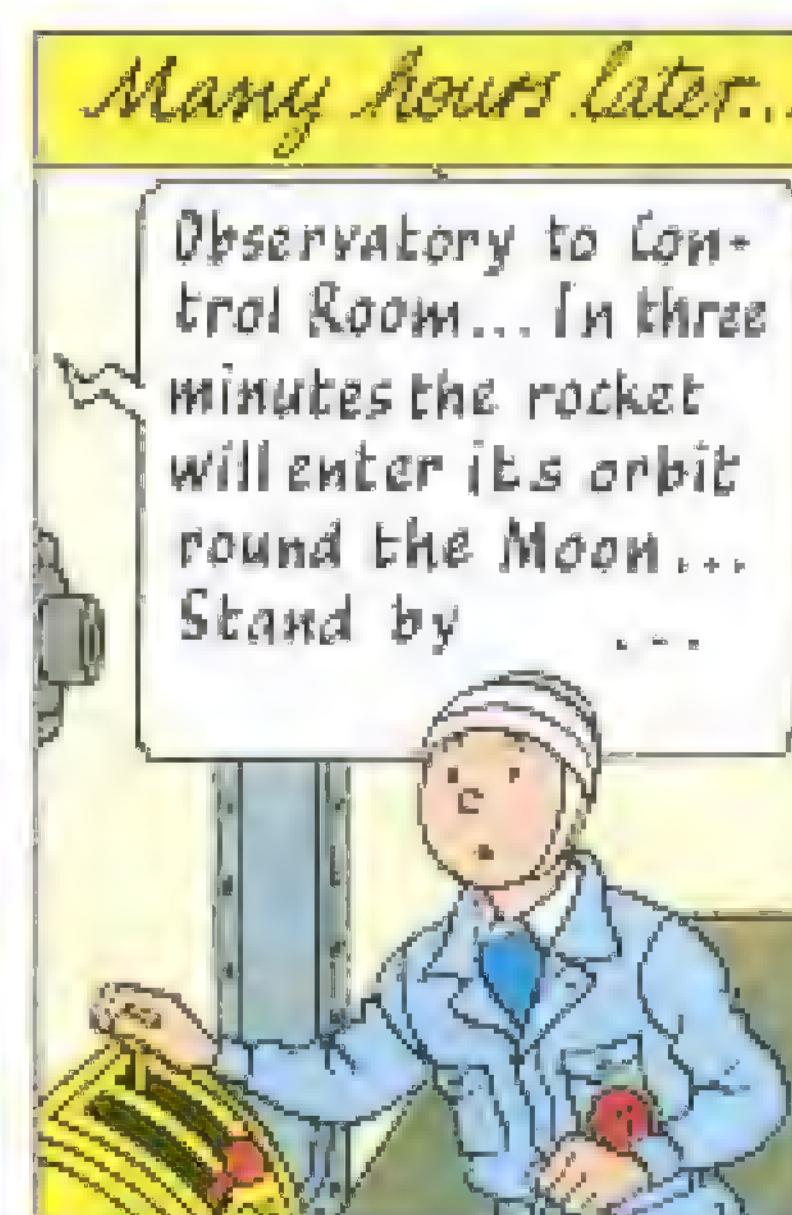
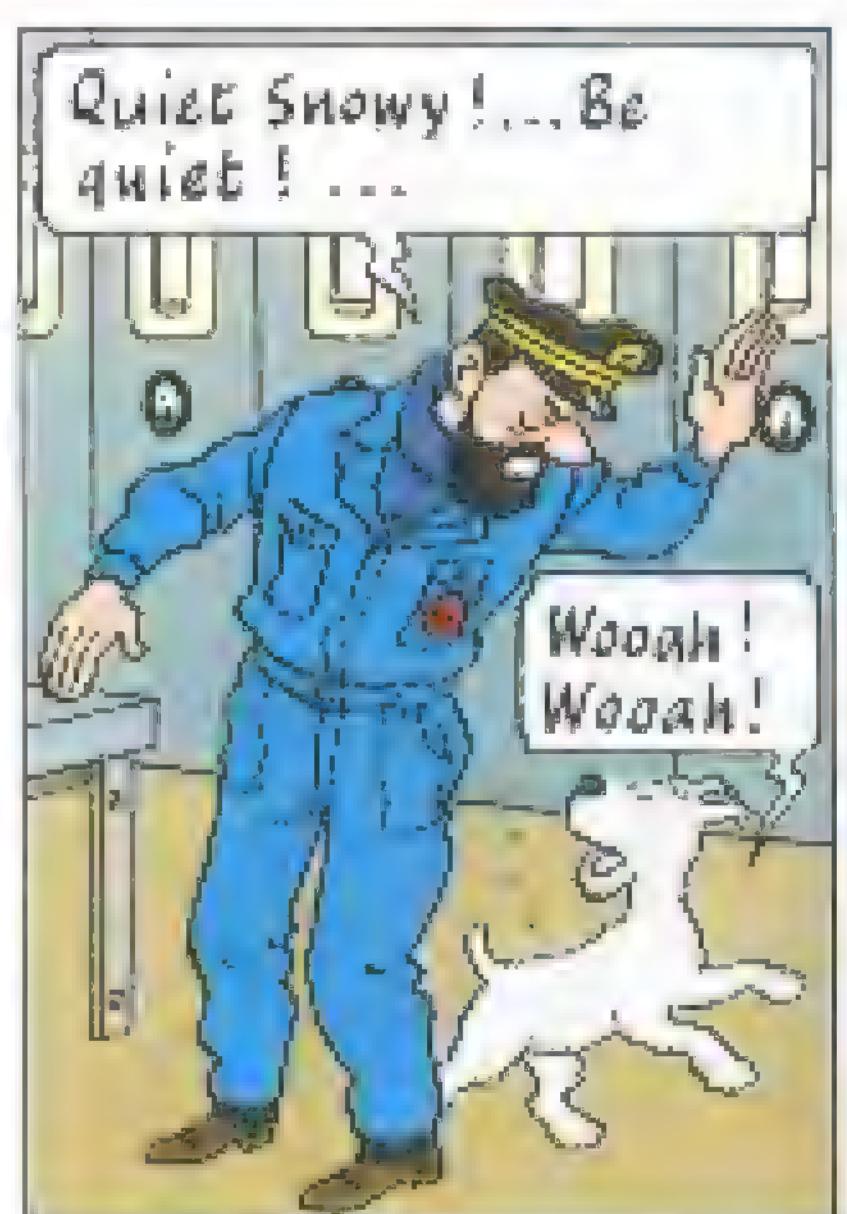
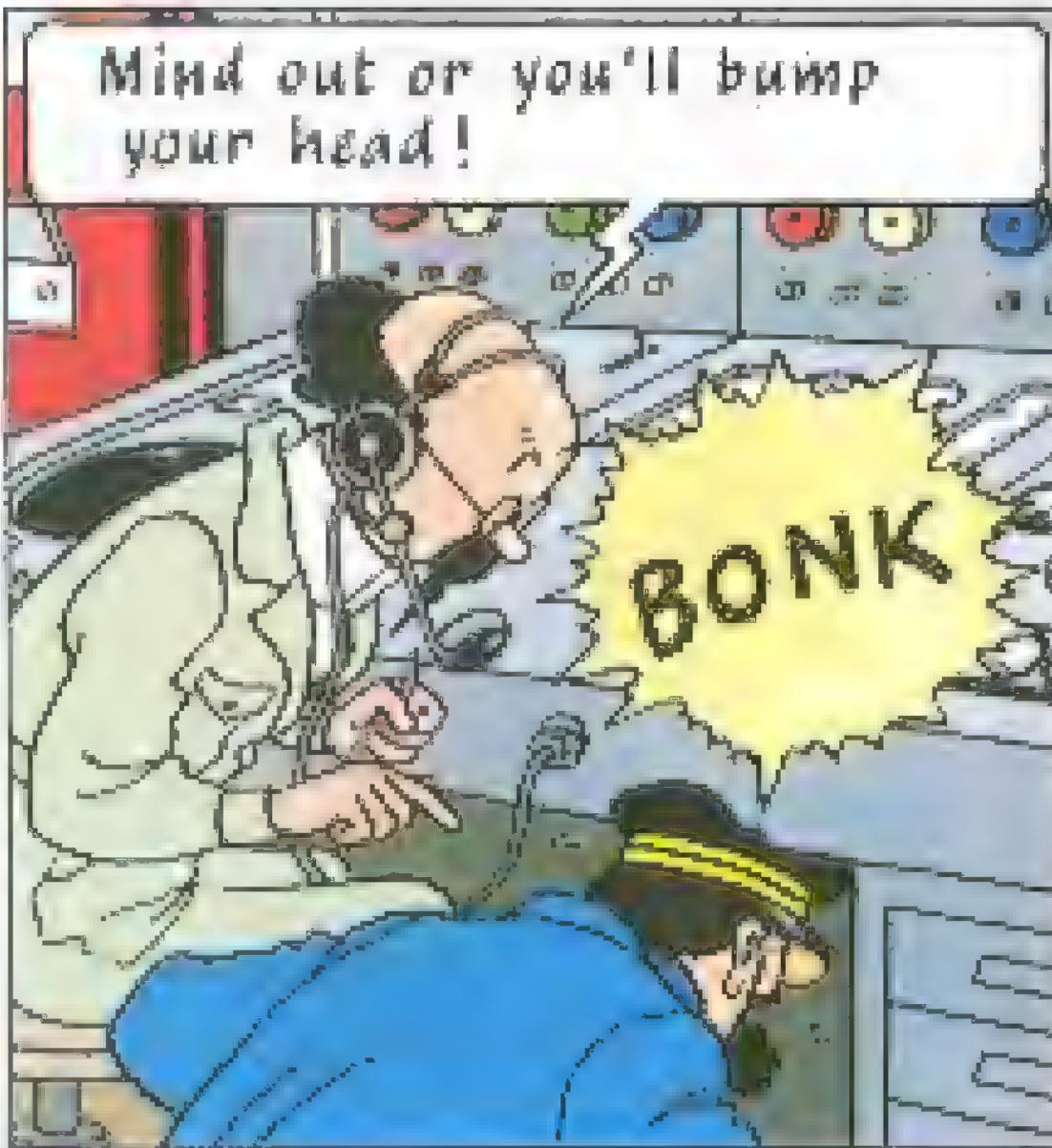
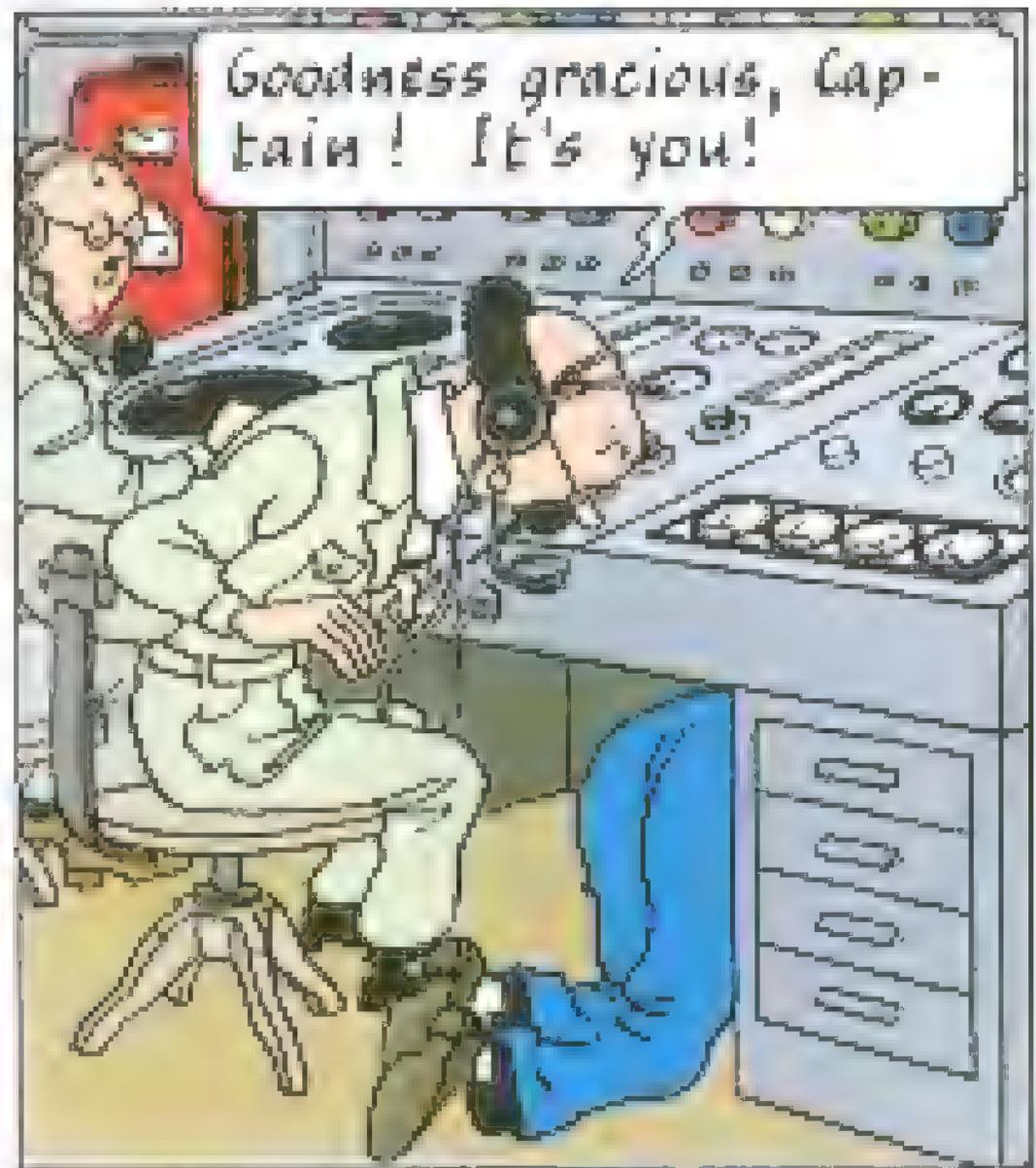


A trifling correction, I think. But I'd better just check with my tables...



OH!





Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff! Thanks to us!



Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will reappear... Stand by to resume radio-control...

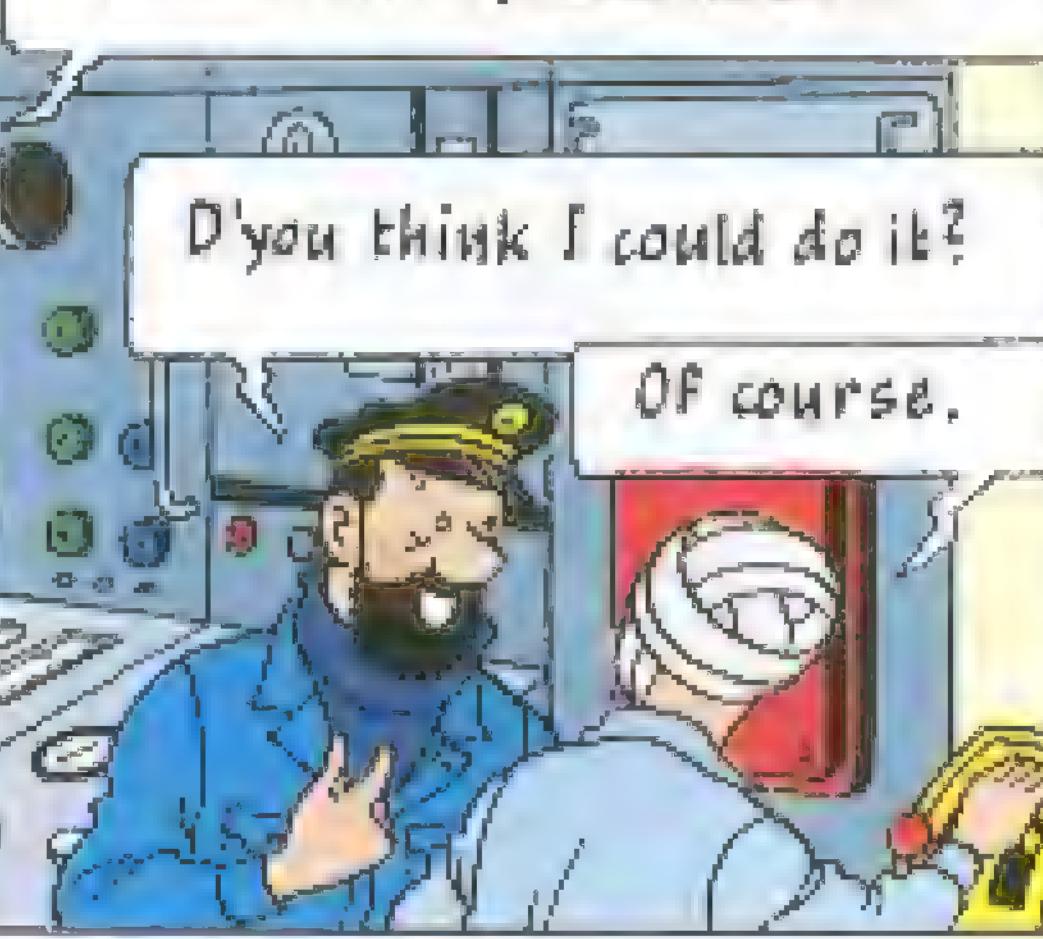


THERE SHE IS!



Yes indeed, there she is!

Observatory to Control Room... Stand by... Restart the nuclear motor in thirty seconds...



D'you think I could do it?

Of course.

Observatory to Control Room... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO!

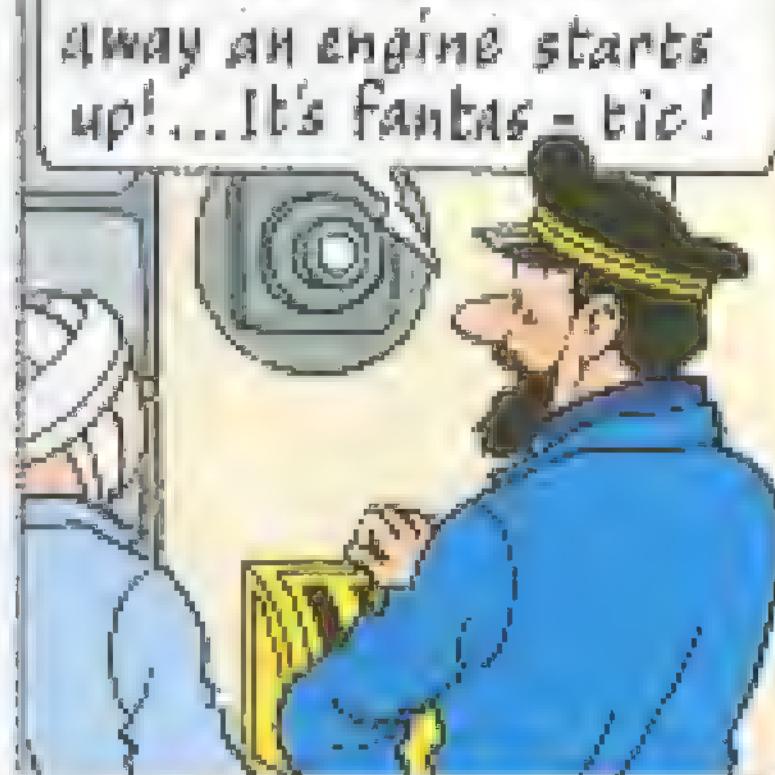


NOW!

Careful! Not so hard!

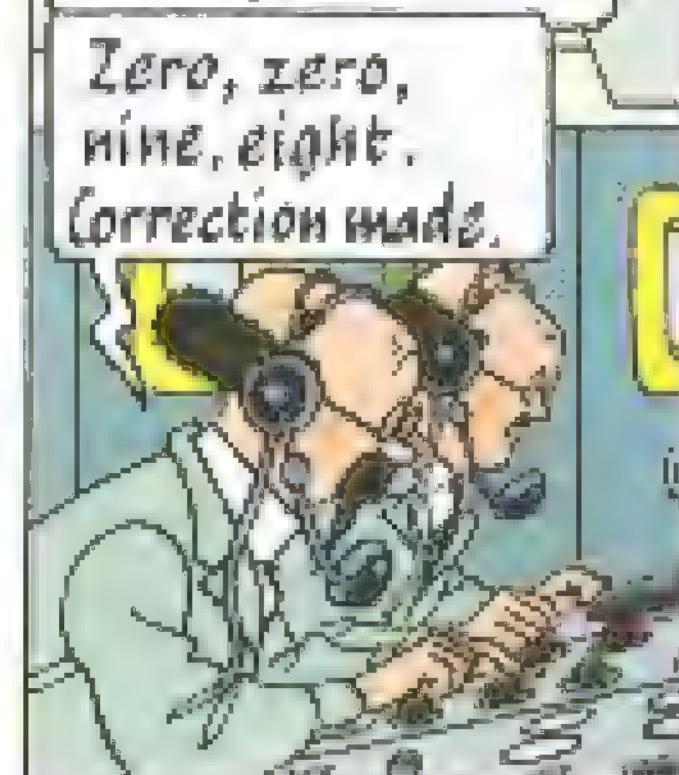


The wonders of modern science!... Just an ordinary lever, and click!... Hundreds of thousands of miles away an engine starts up!... It's fantas-tic!



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight. Correction made.



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

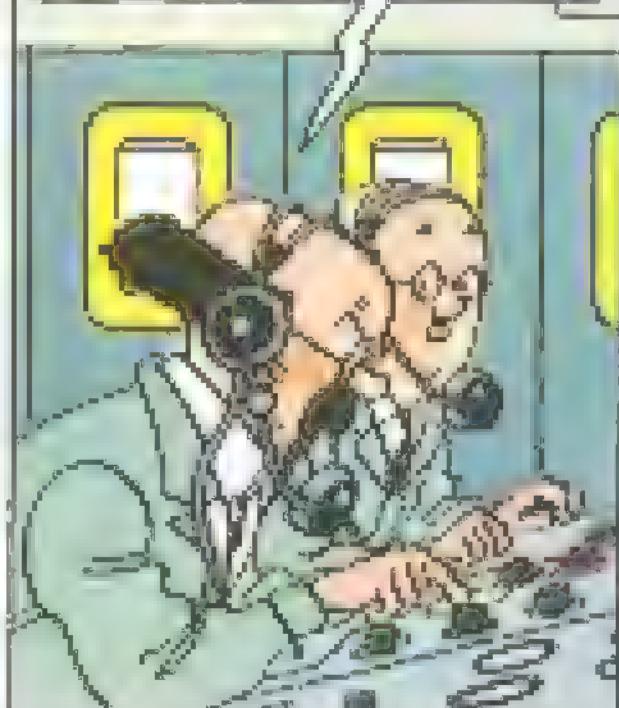
Three, two, seven, six... Correction made.



For heaven's sake make those corrections! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving!



I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly!... I'm not deaf, am I?



Is something wrong, Wolff?

The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...



Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time!

That's what I'm doing, confound it!



Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!



I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control!

But surely that's impossible!



I've got it! Tintin was right!... How lucky I listened to him!

What do you mean?



Hi, Professor! Mind your headphones!



New!...the fruit is ripe:
we have only to pluck
it!...In a few hours our
work will be complete.

Well done!

What are you doing, Professor?

No, Mr. Baxter, I'm not mad!
... But I don't want our
rocket, with all its secrets,
to fall into the hands of a
Foreign power.

For that's what is hap-
pening!... Why won't
X-FLR 6 obey us? Because
it has been intercepted
by a stronger radio-control
station than ours, on the
same wave-length!...
If we don't intervene,
there's no knowing who
may lay hands on our
rocket!

As sure as my name's
Cuthbert Calculus, that's
not going to happen.
There is a way: Tintin
suggested it. A device to
destroy the rocket in
flight-and I installed it last
night. Mr. Baxter, we must
blow up X-FLR 6!

Surely you
can't mean that?

Observatory to Control
Room...The rocket is com-
pletely beyond our radio control.

You hear that Mr. Baxter. What do you say?

All right!

Control Room to Observatory...
X-FLR 6 has been captured by
an enemy radio-control station
... We are going to blow her up!

Thank you,
Mr. Baxter.

Be brave, Cuthbert!... Now you
must destroy your whole
life's work!... There!



Calling Observatory... All well?...
Has she exploded?

Exploded?... No!... On the con-
trary, she's getting further
and further away.



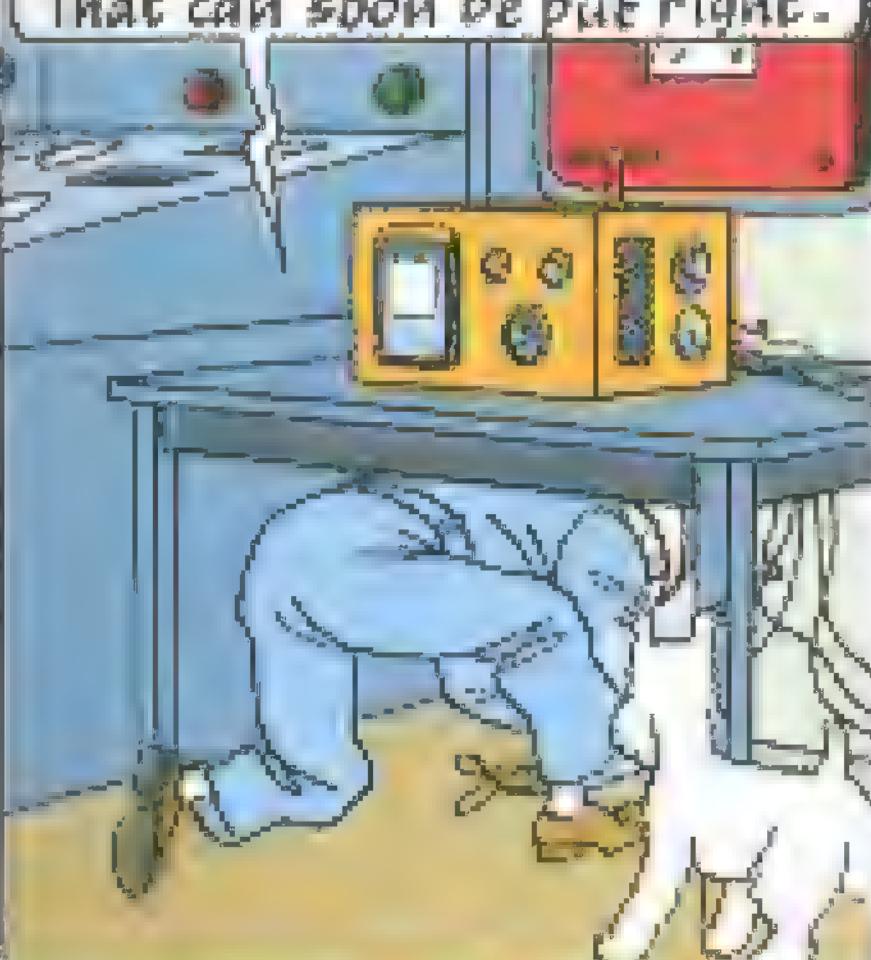
Oh misery!... Misery!... All is
lost!... Our secrets, our dis-
coveries, lost!... Everything
will drop into Foreign hands!...
This is appalling!

Here, calm yourself, Pro-
fessor!... Cuthbert, I im-
plore you!

And the photographs!... The
first photographs of the other
side of the Moon!... All lost!
... Oh, this is disaster!

OW!

Ah, I see what it is! Two
wires disconnected...
That can soon be put right.

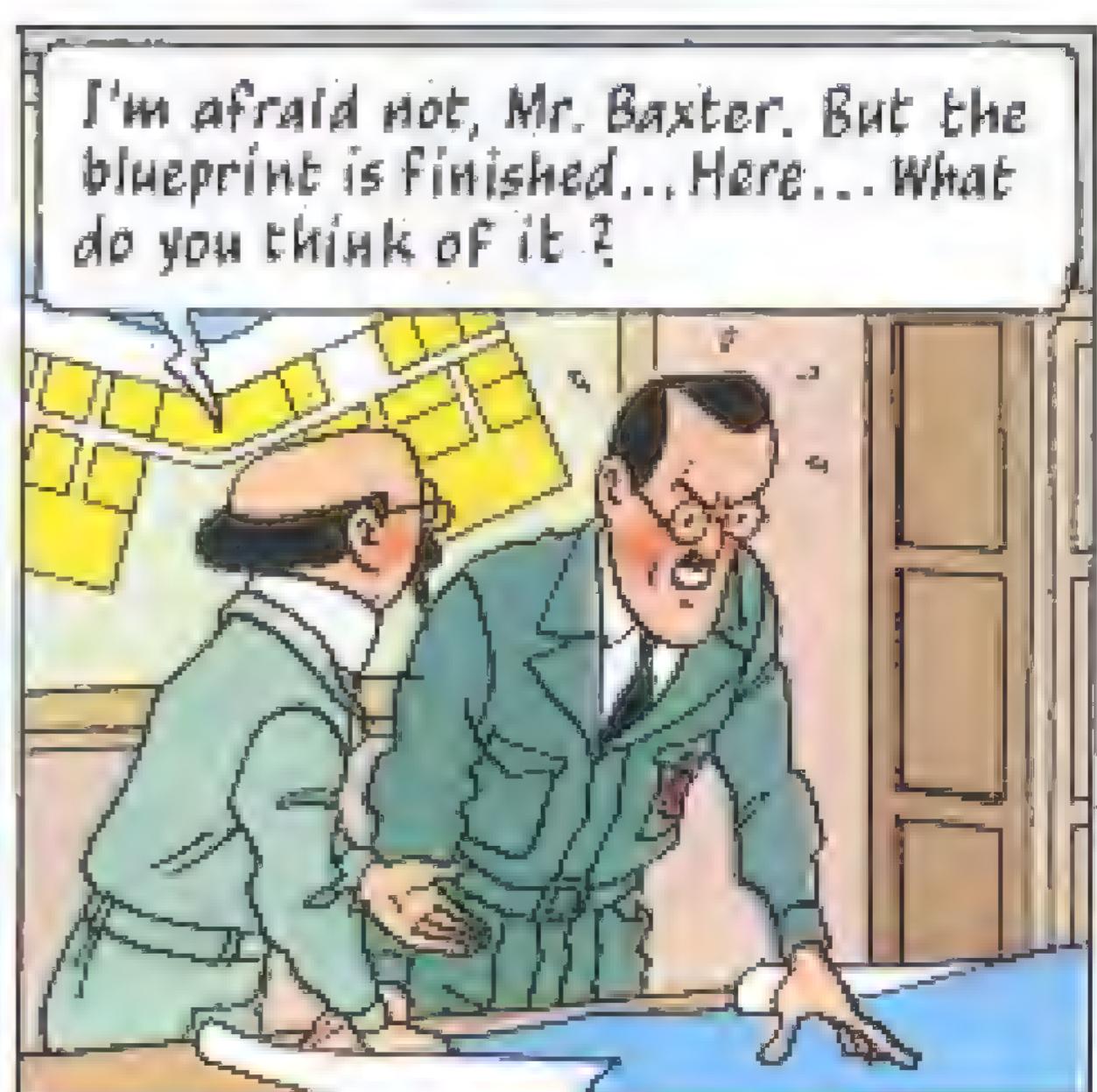
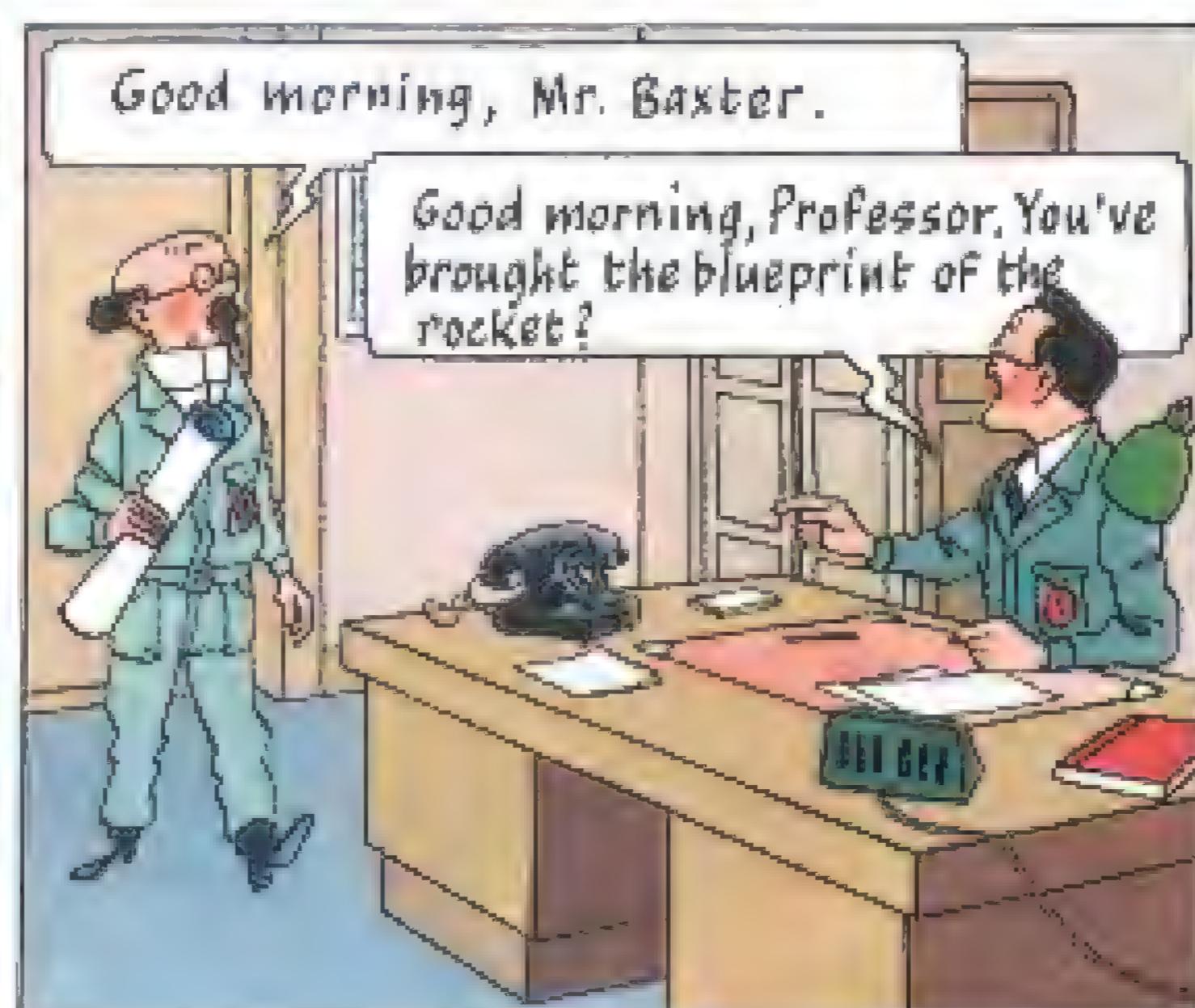
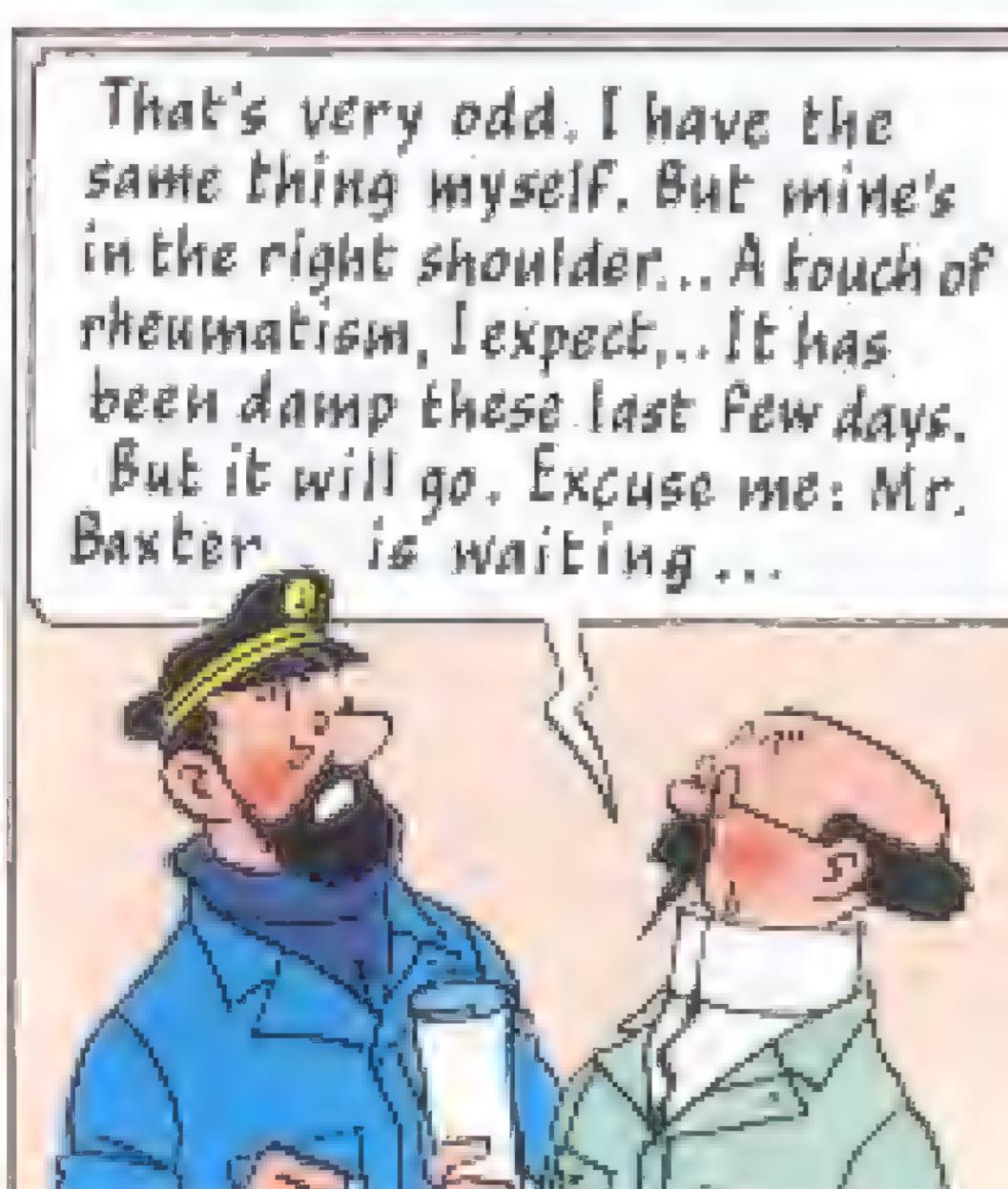
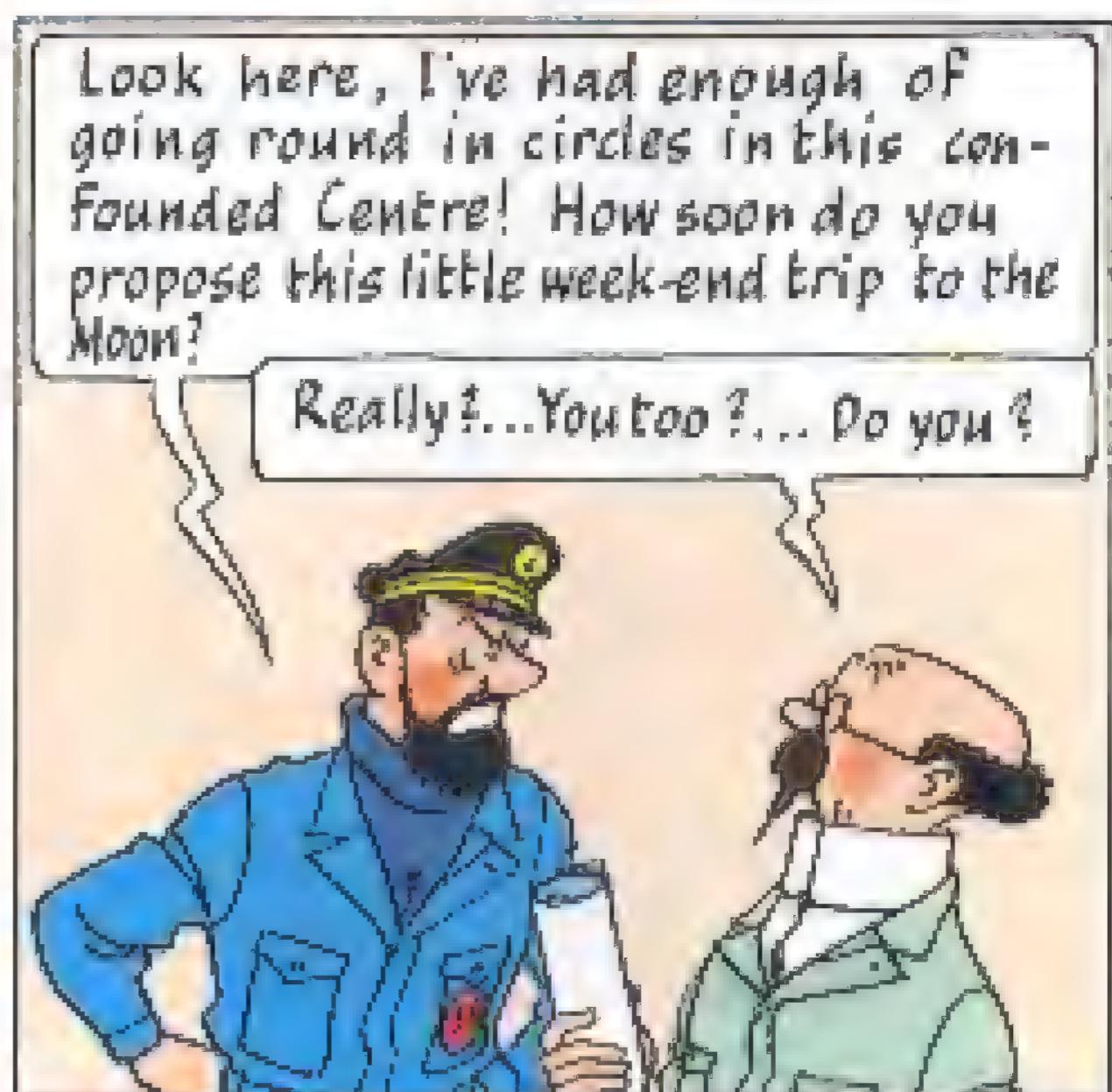
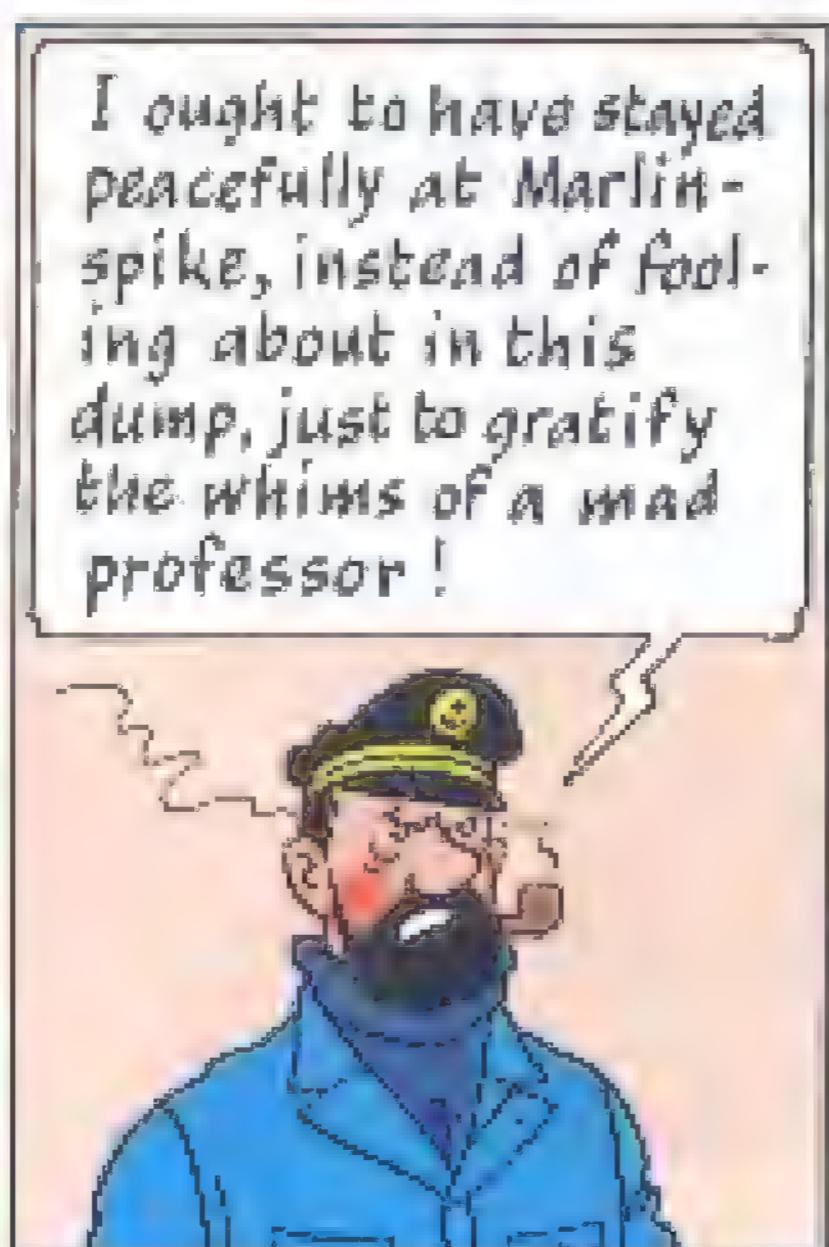
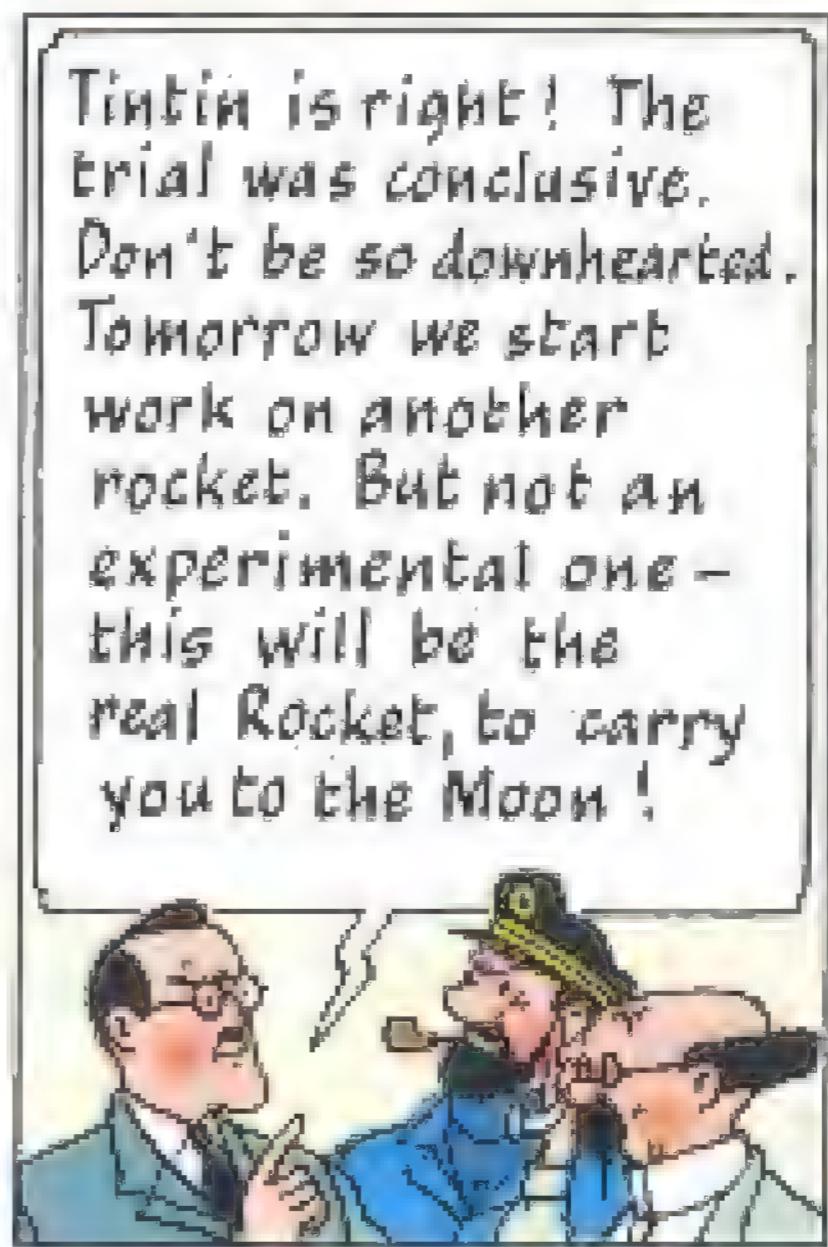
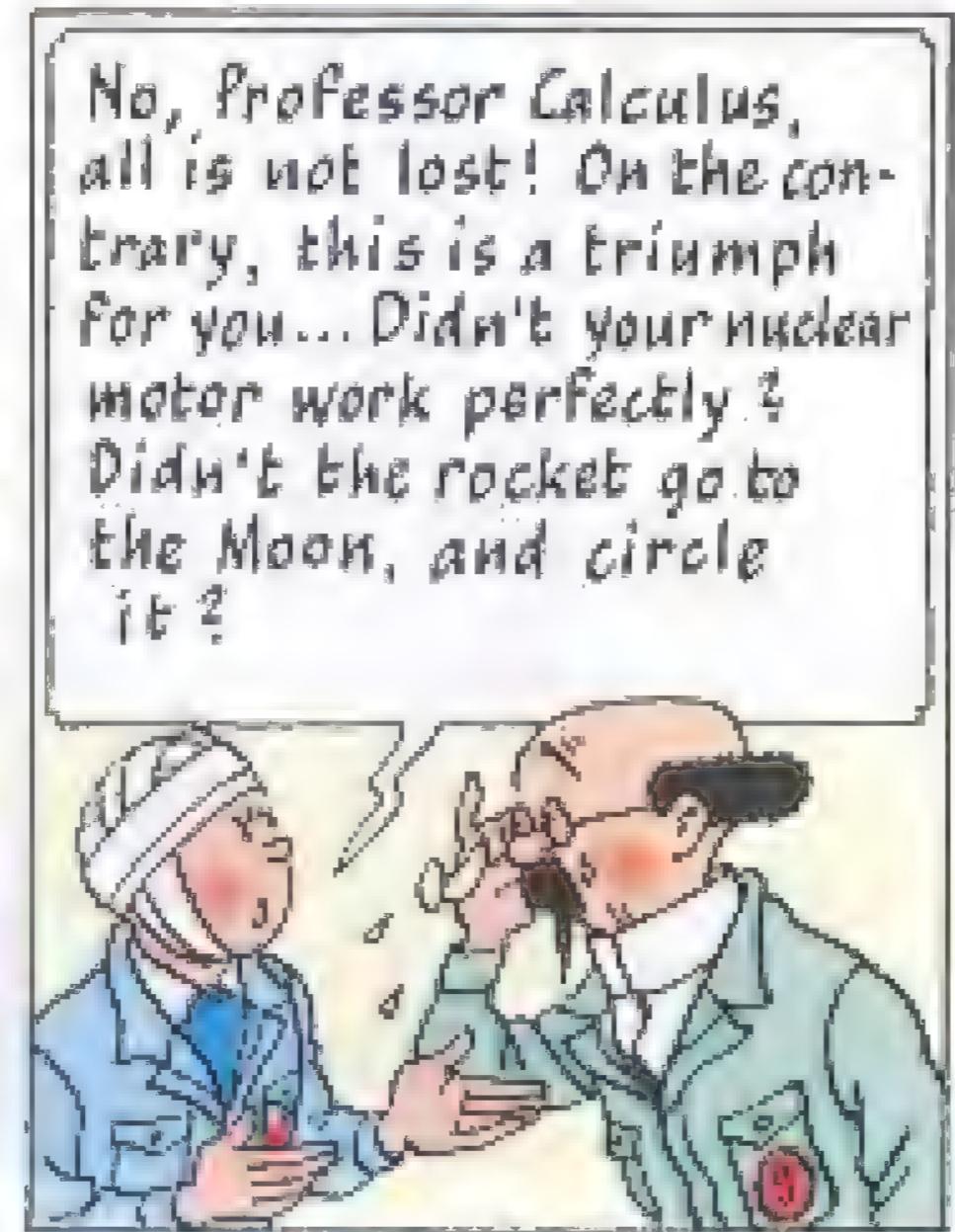
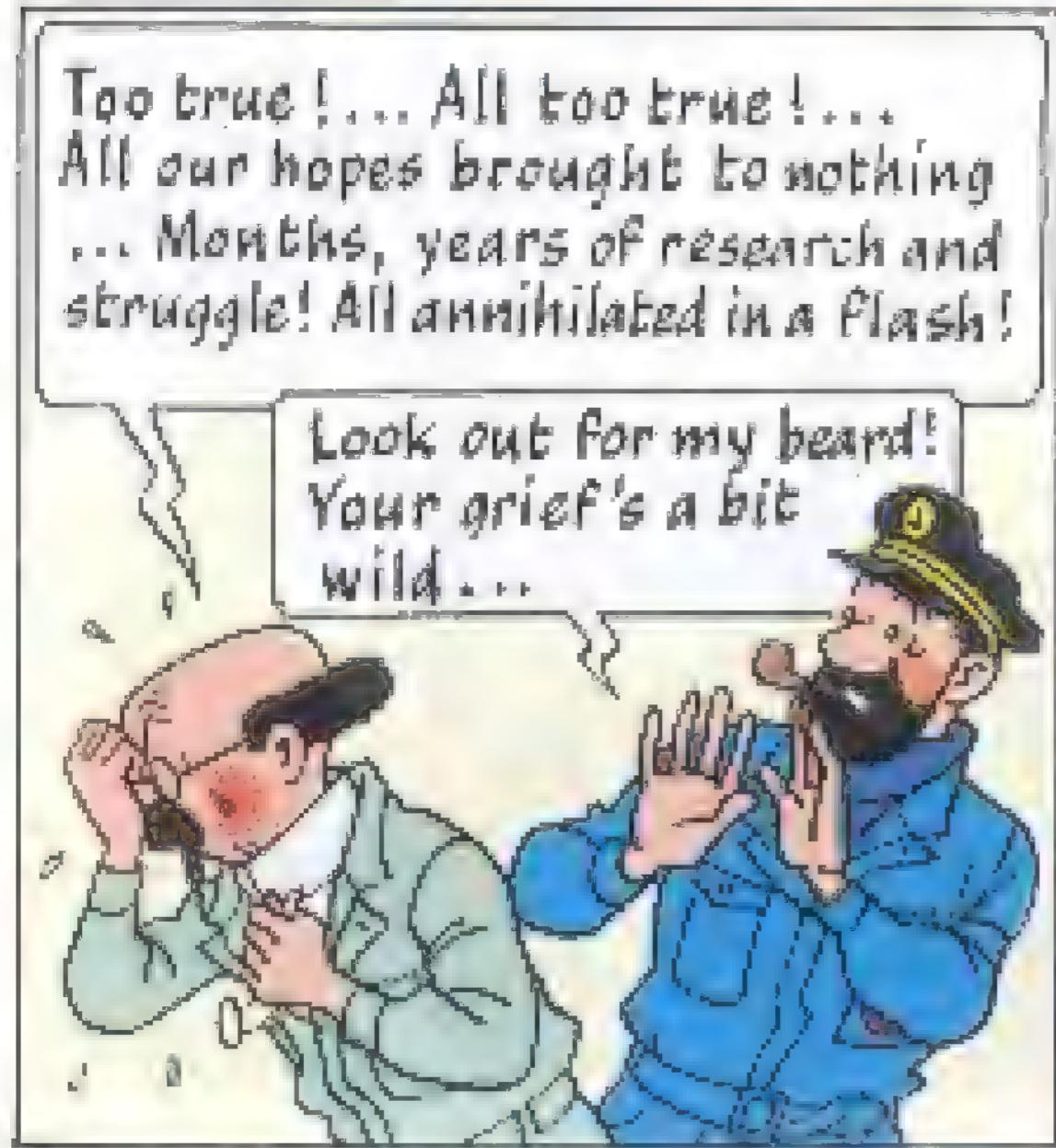
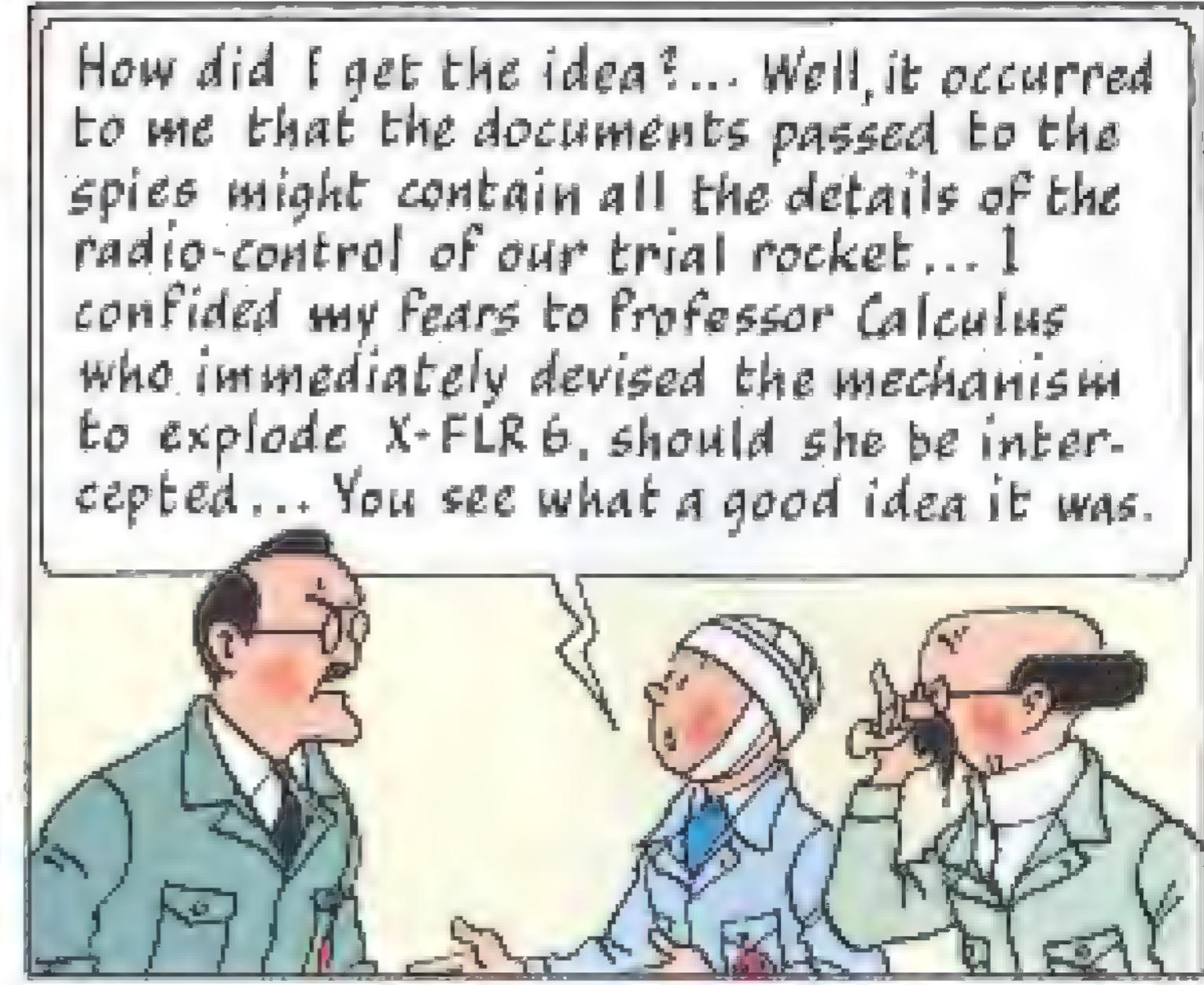
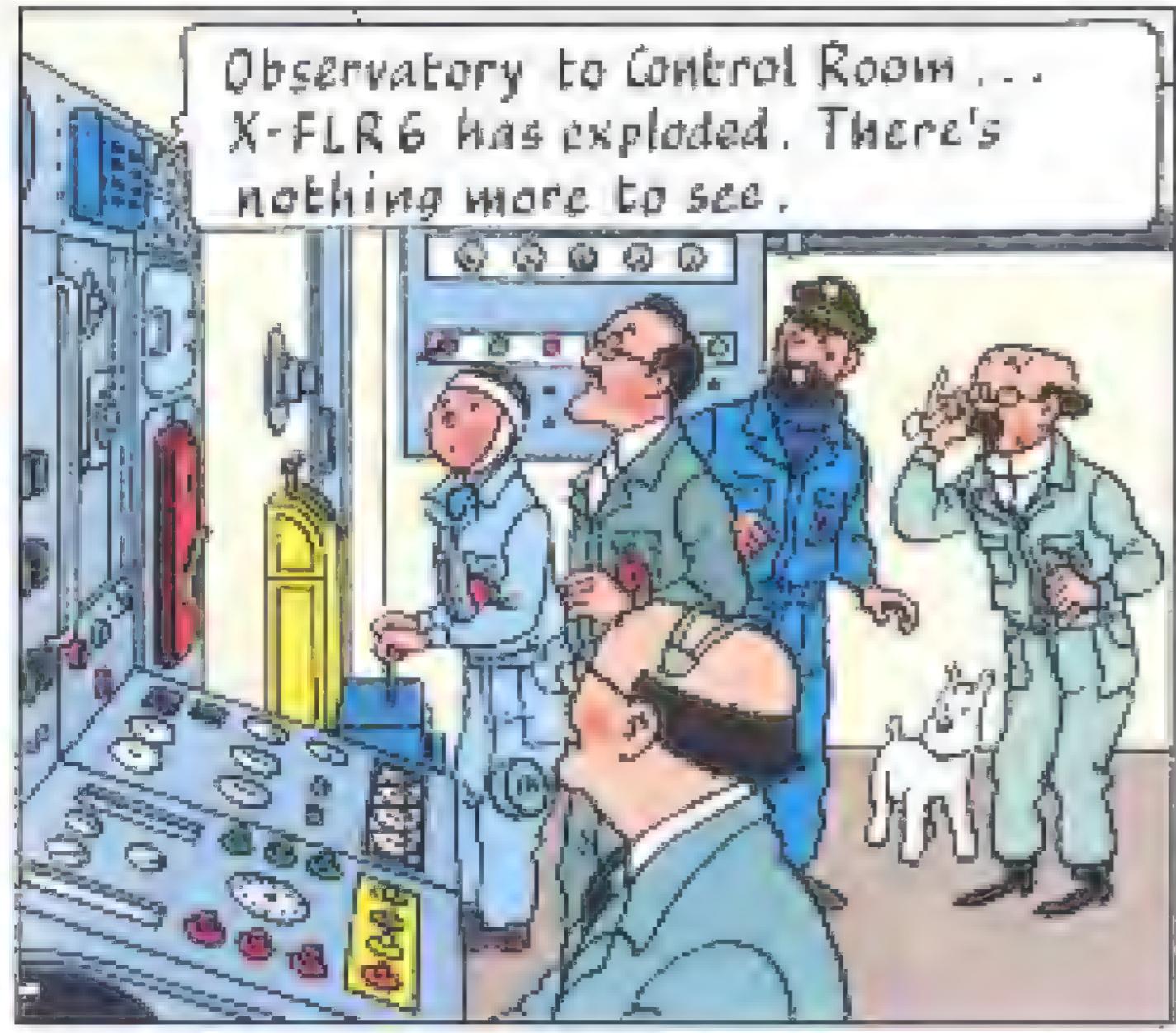


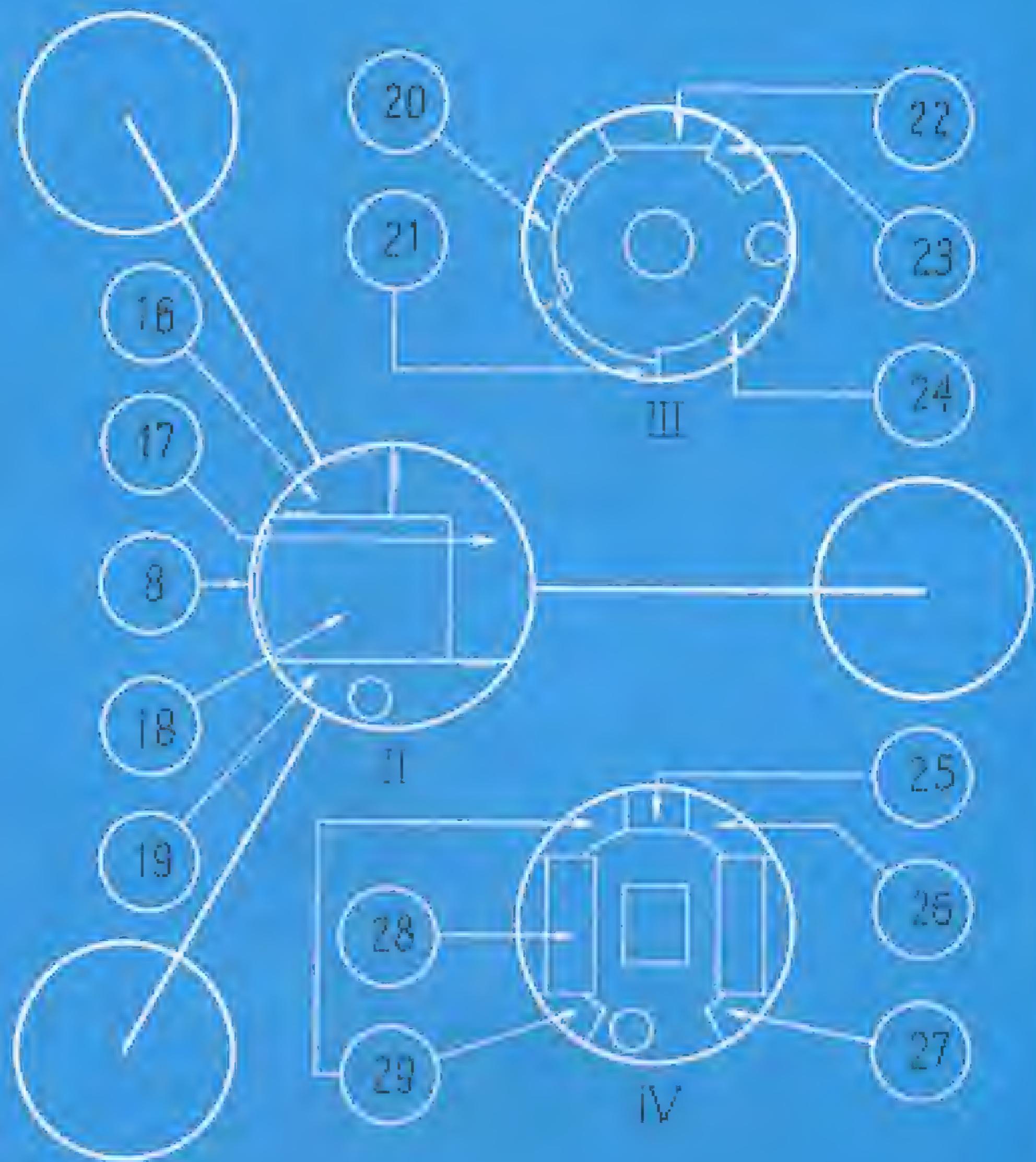
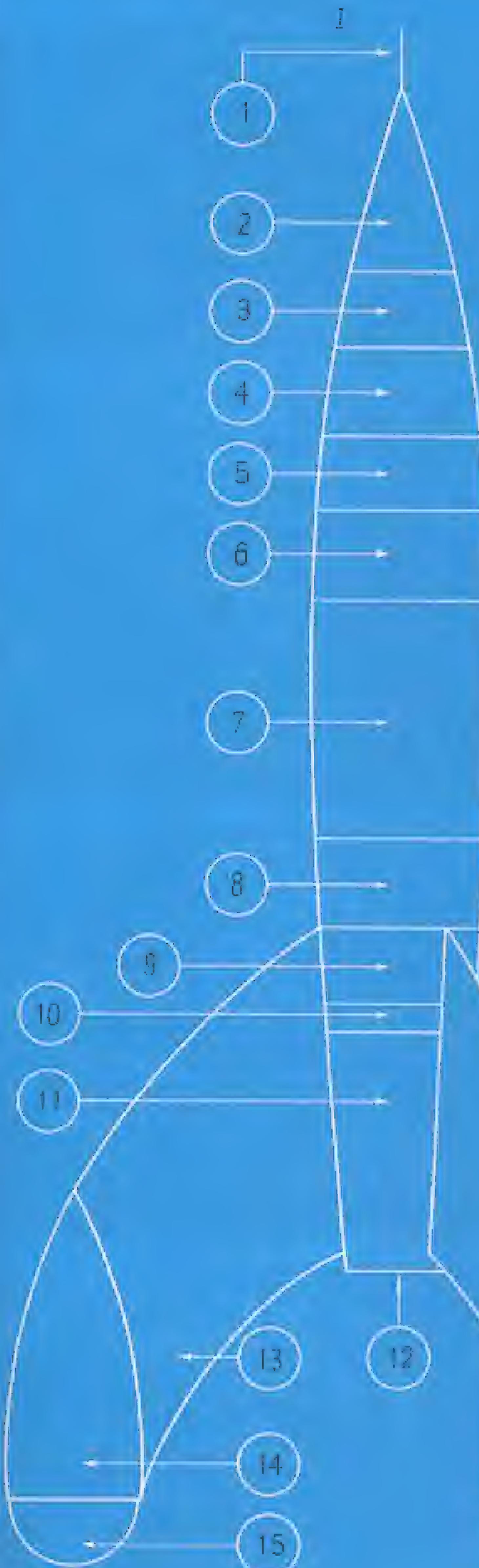
This time I think
it will work ...
There!



So sorry!... I
thought I was
tearing MY hair!







I. ROCKET

1. RADIO AND RADAR ANTENNA
2. CONTROL CABIN
3. LIVING QUARTERS
4. SERVICE SECTION
5. PROPELLANT TANK
6. PROPELLANT TANK
7. PROPELLANT TANK
8. COMMUNICATIONS ANTENNA
9. ANTI-RADIATION SHIELD
10. STABILIZING FIN
11. STABILIZING FIN
12. AIR-LOCK CONTROL ROOM
13. AIR-LOCK
14. AIR-LOCK
15. AIR-LOCK

II. AIR-LOCKS

16. PASSENGER AIR-LOCK
17. TRUNK CONTAINING EQUIPMENT
18. CARGO CARRYING AIR-LOCK
19. AIR-LOCK CONTROL ROOM

III. CONTROL CABIN

20. CONTROL DESK
21. AIR-REFRIGERATION PLANT
22. WORK TABLE
23. AIR-VENTILATION EQUIPMENT
24. SLEEPING BAGS

IV. LIVING QUARTERS

25. ELECTRIC LAMPS
26. DOME GLASS
27. AIR PURIFIER
28. BUNKER
29. LOCKERS

Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

Tomorrow, if you agree.

Right!... I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful.
Thank you!

Here he comes again!

Goodbye,
Mr. Baxter.



Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

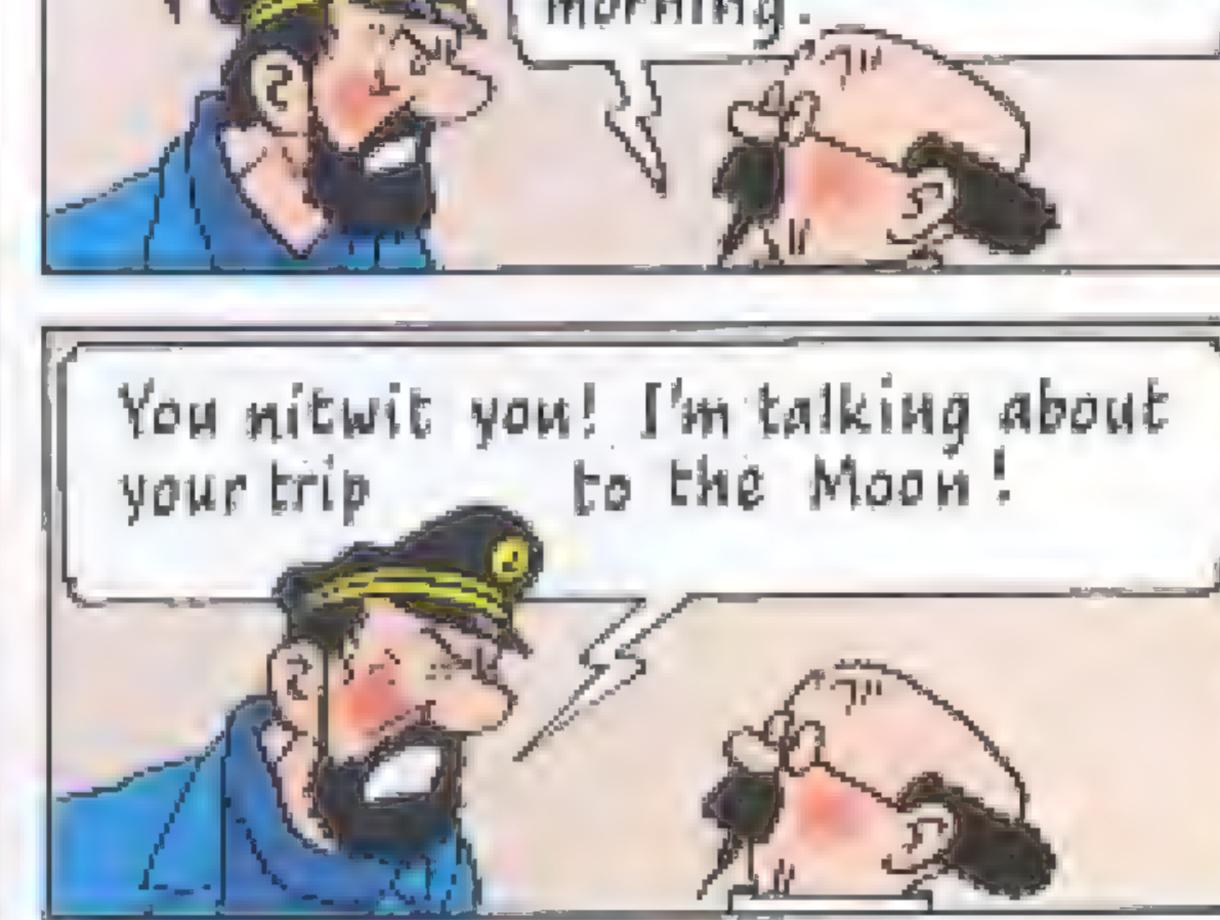
Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.

Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon...

Rubbed in night and morning.

Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to

my eyes in work.



Some months later...

Hello... Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space-suit trials... Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig... Yes, I'll keep you informed.



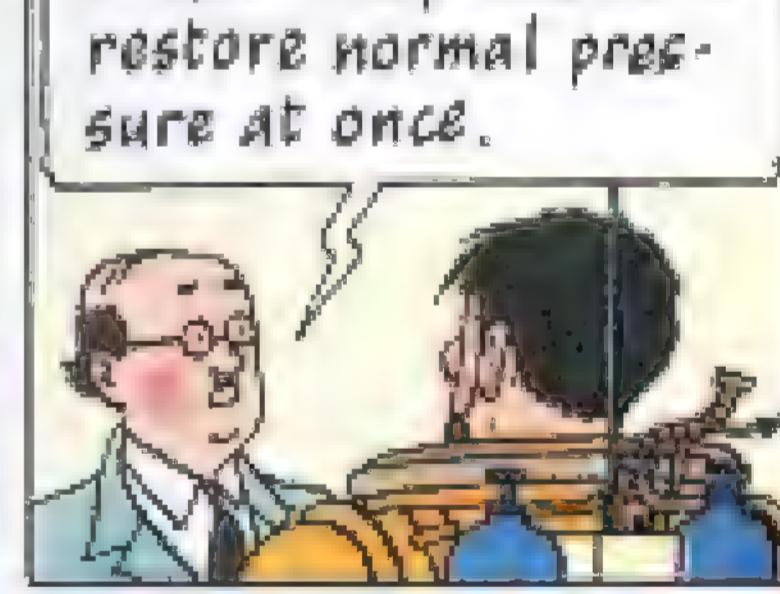
I say!... Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on.



Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.



First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once.



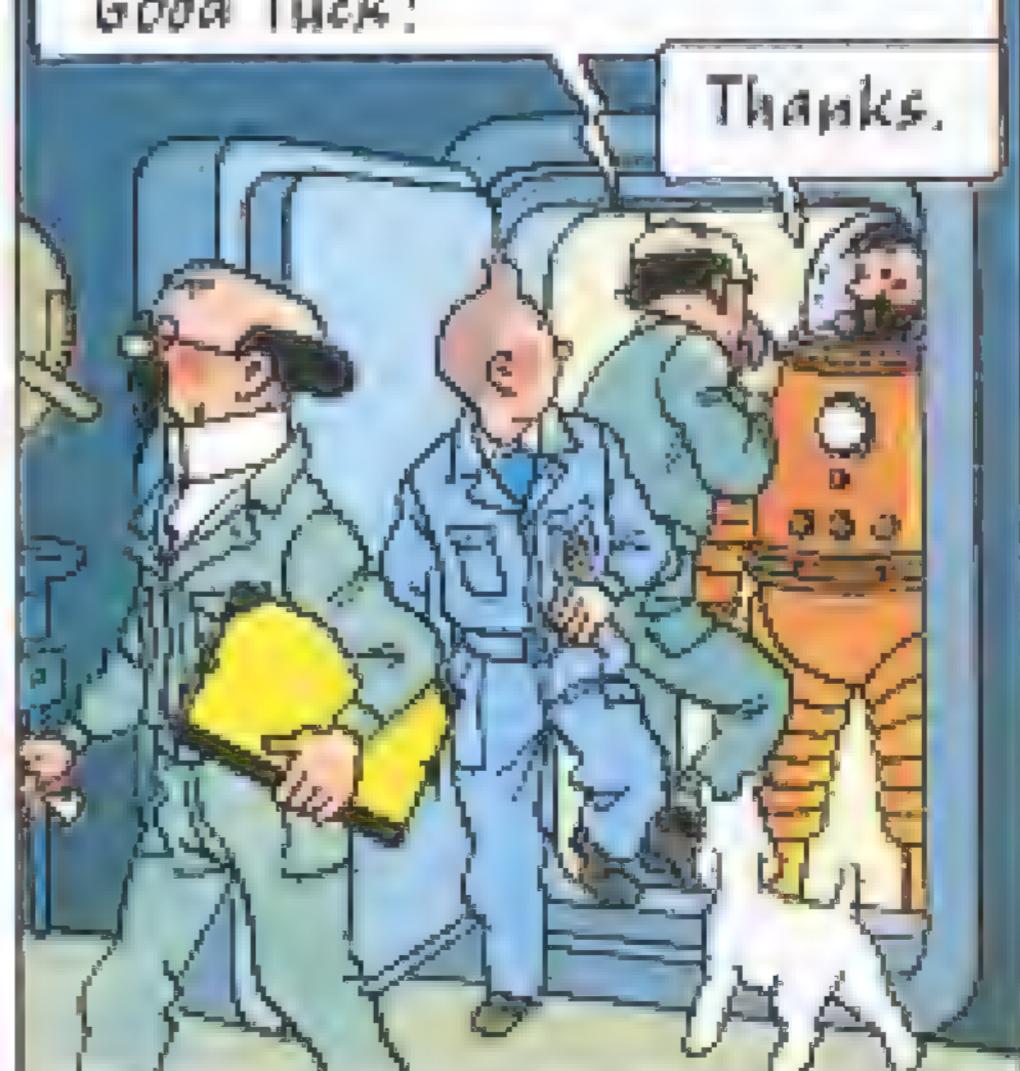
Here's your helmet.



Testing the radio... Hello... Can you hear me, Captain?



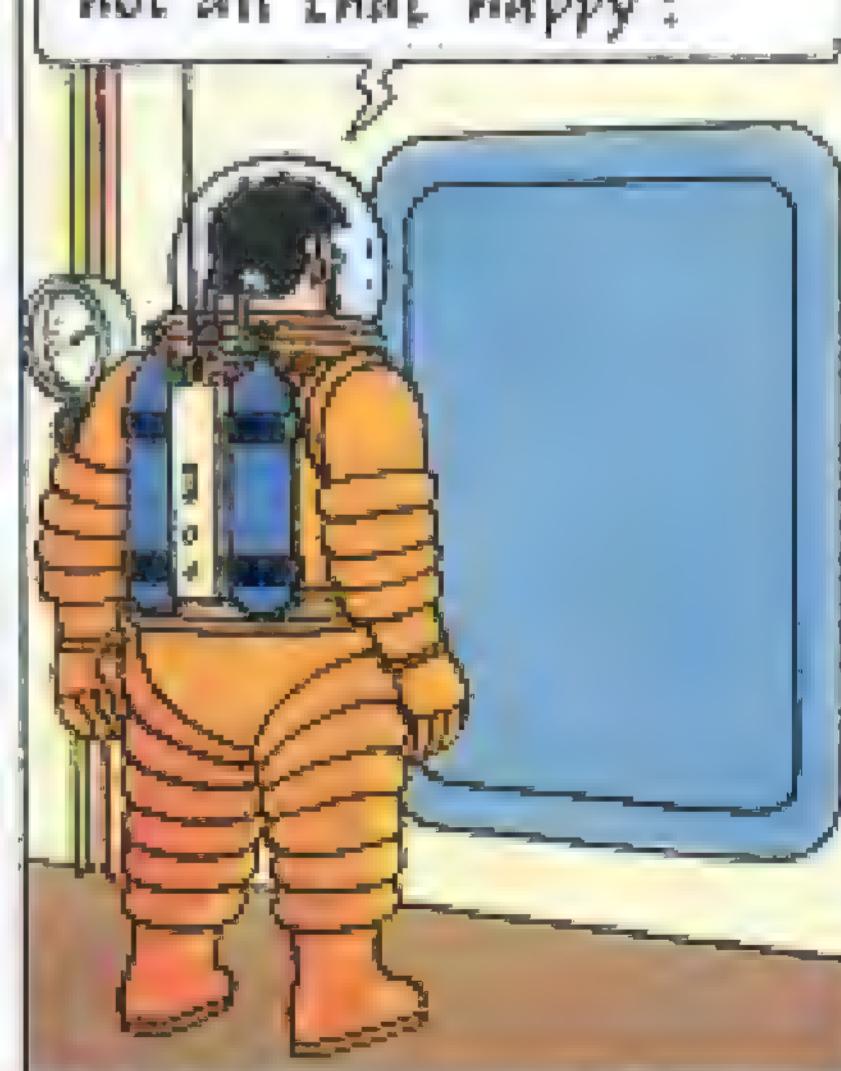
Good!... Goodbye for now. Good luck!

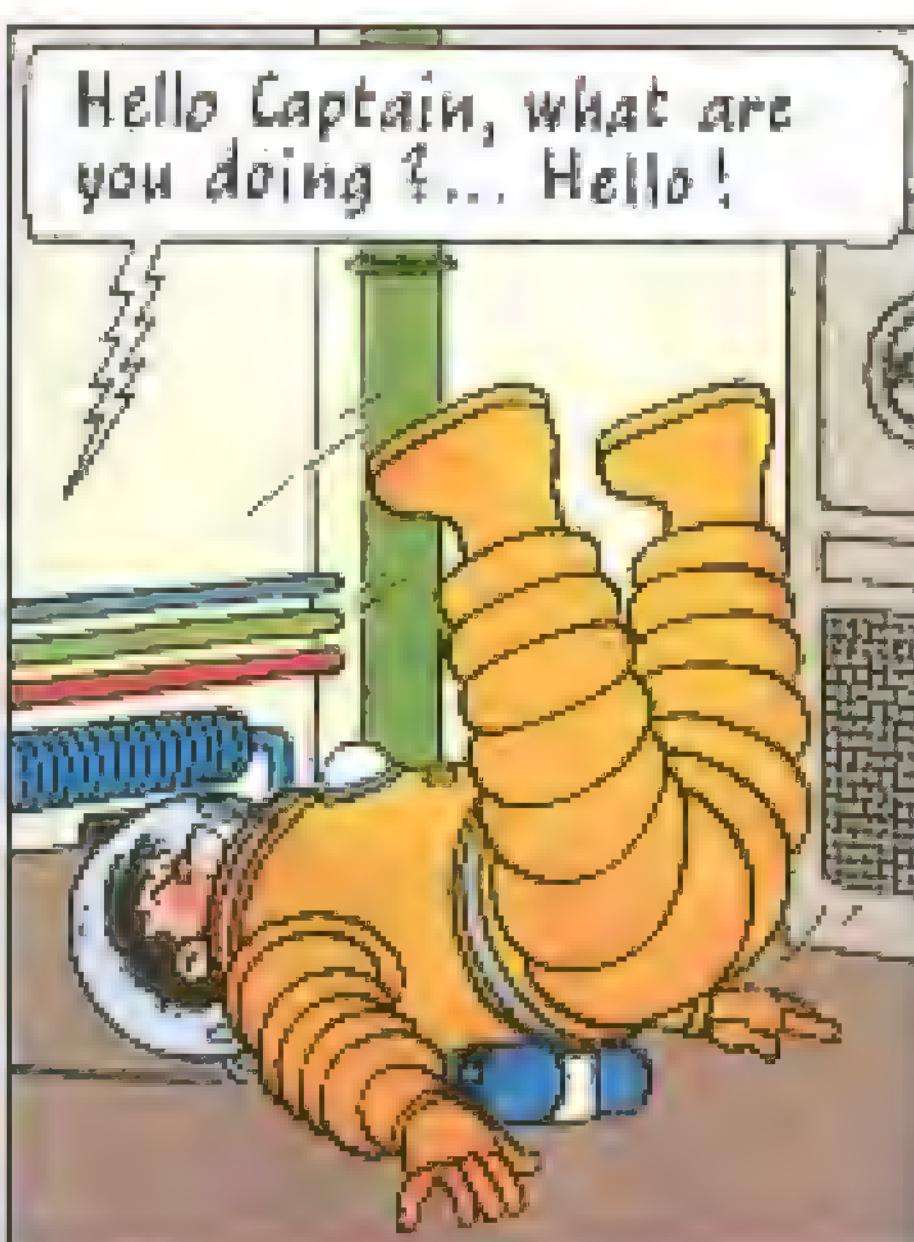
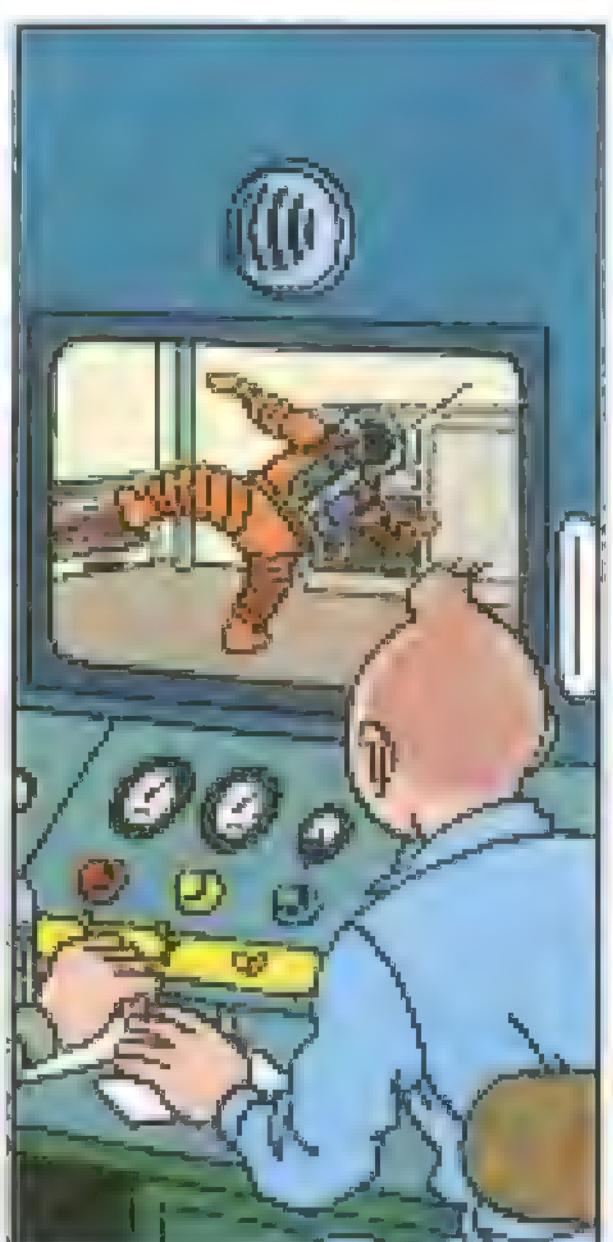
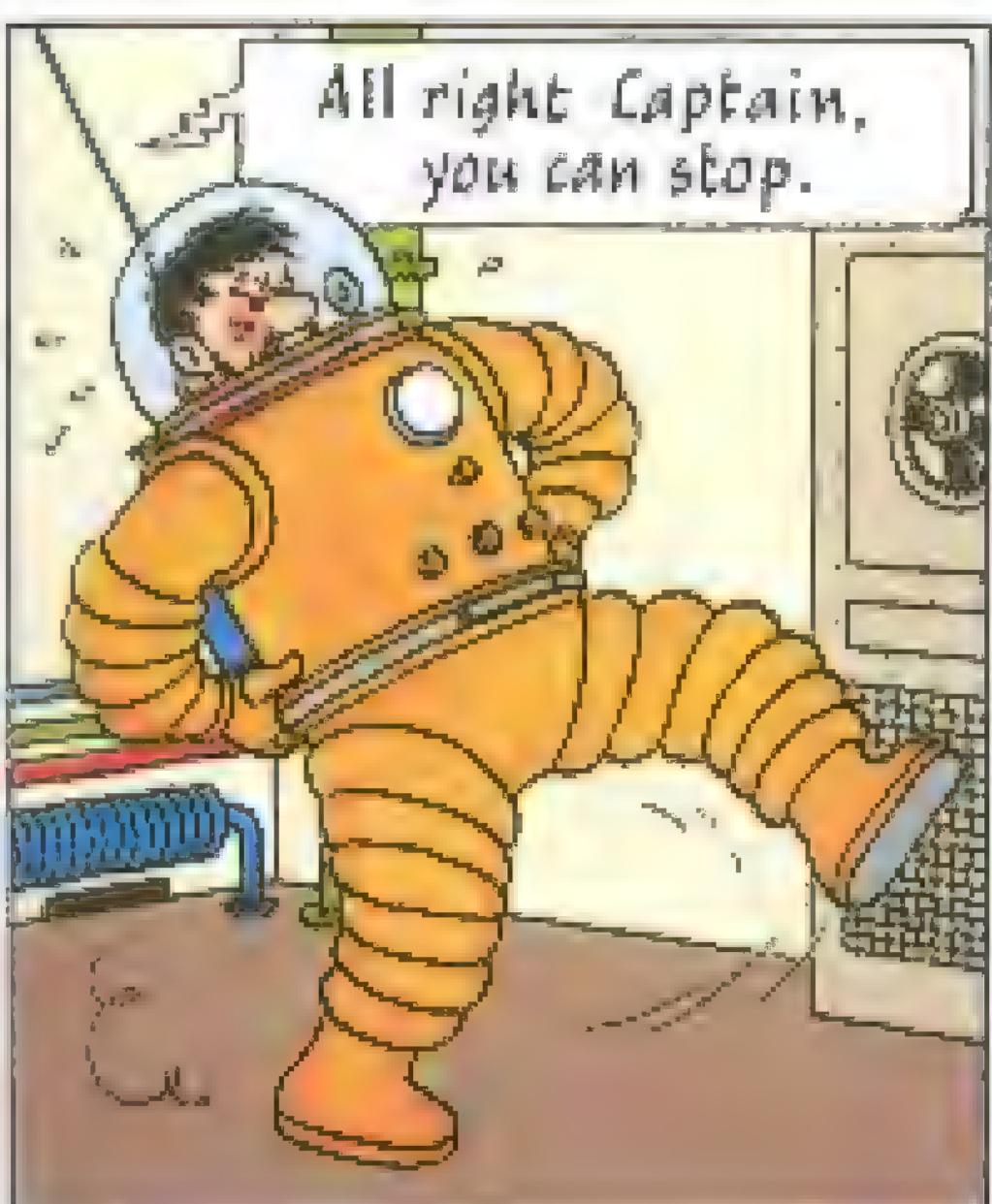
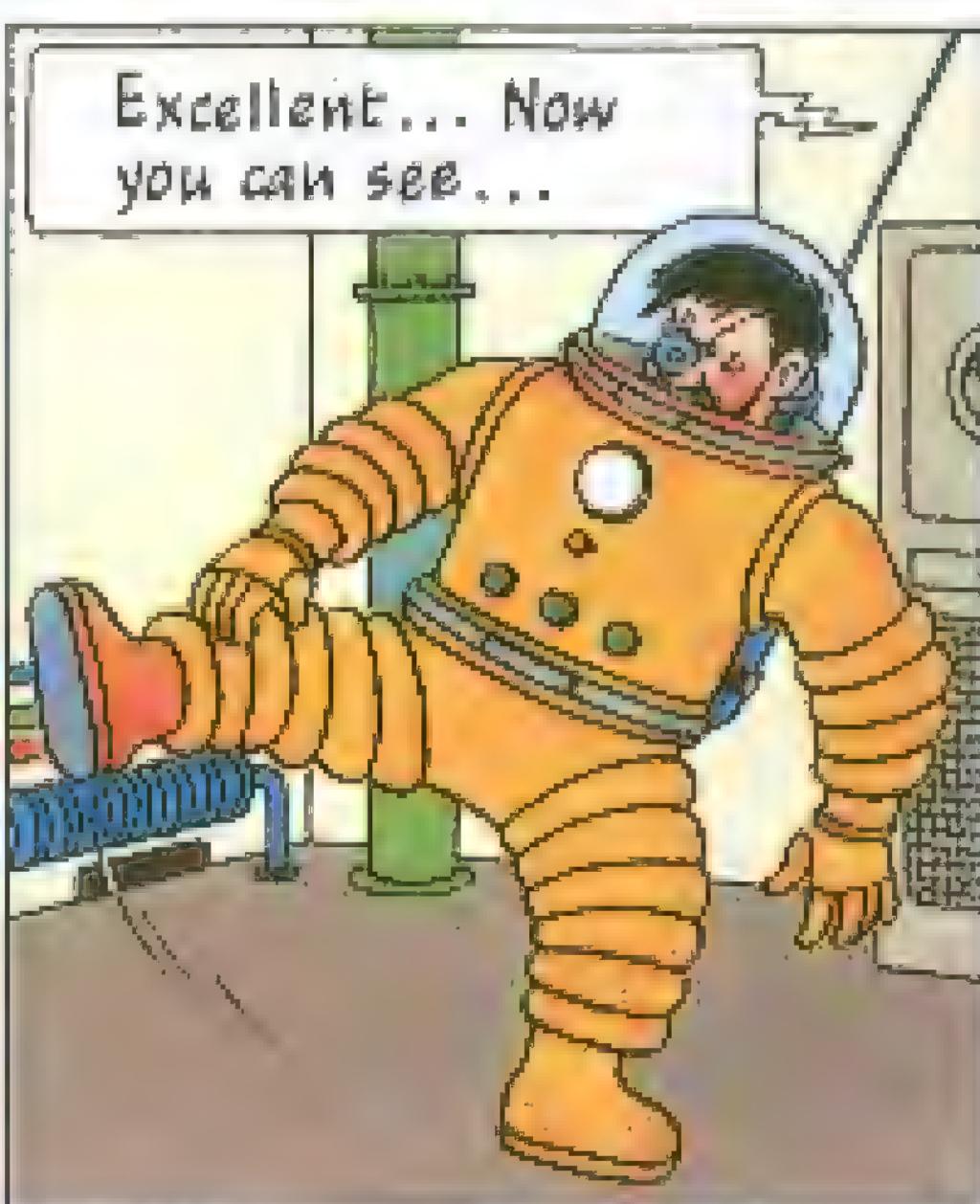
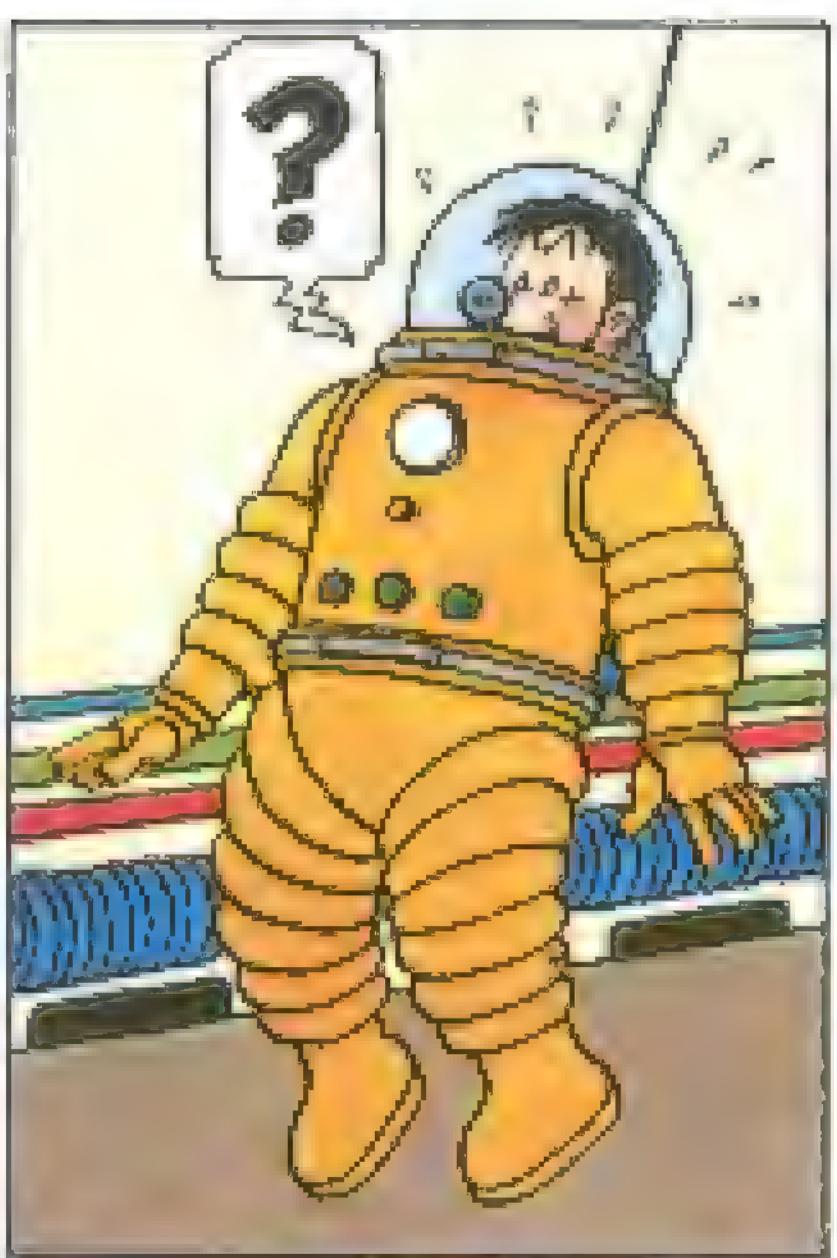
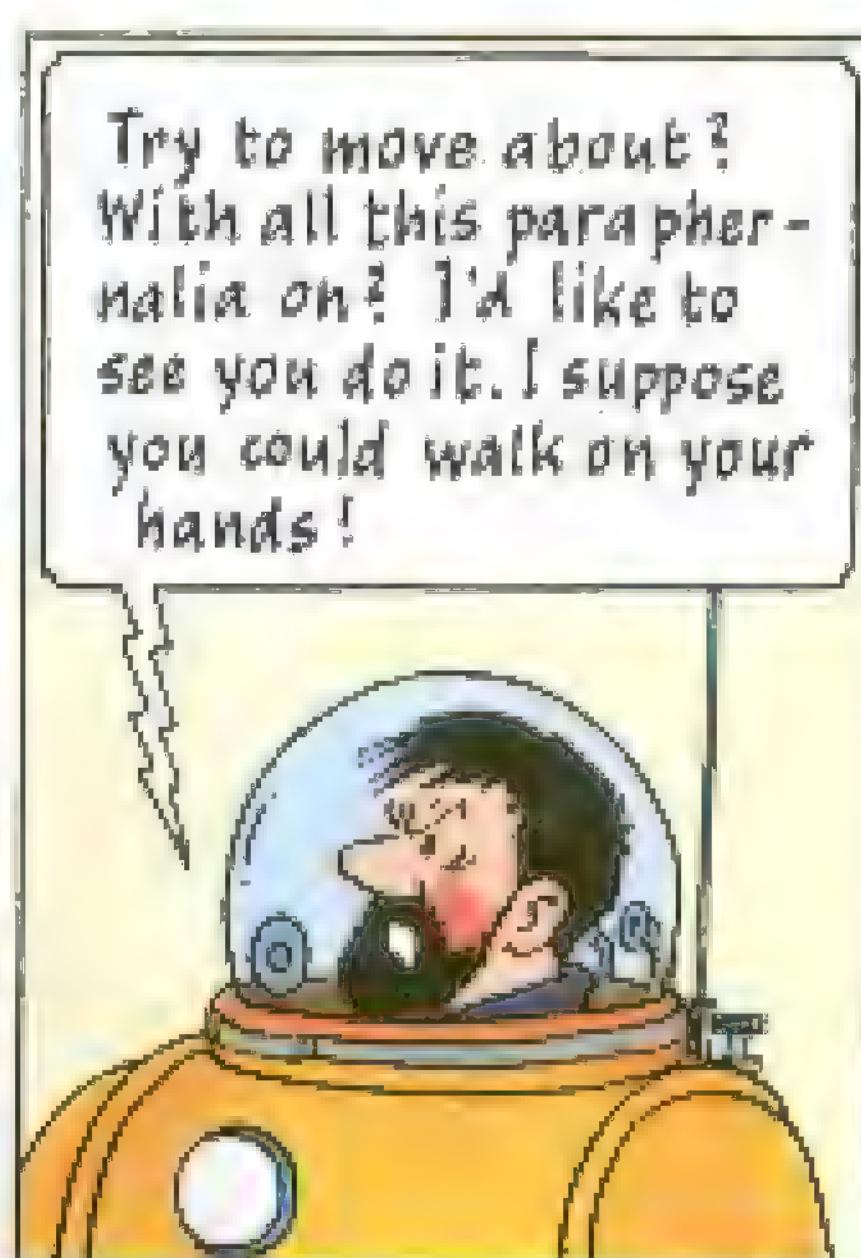
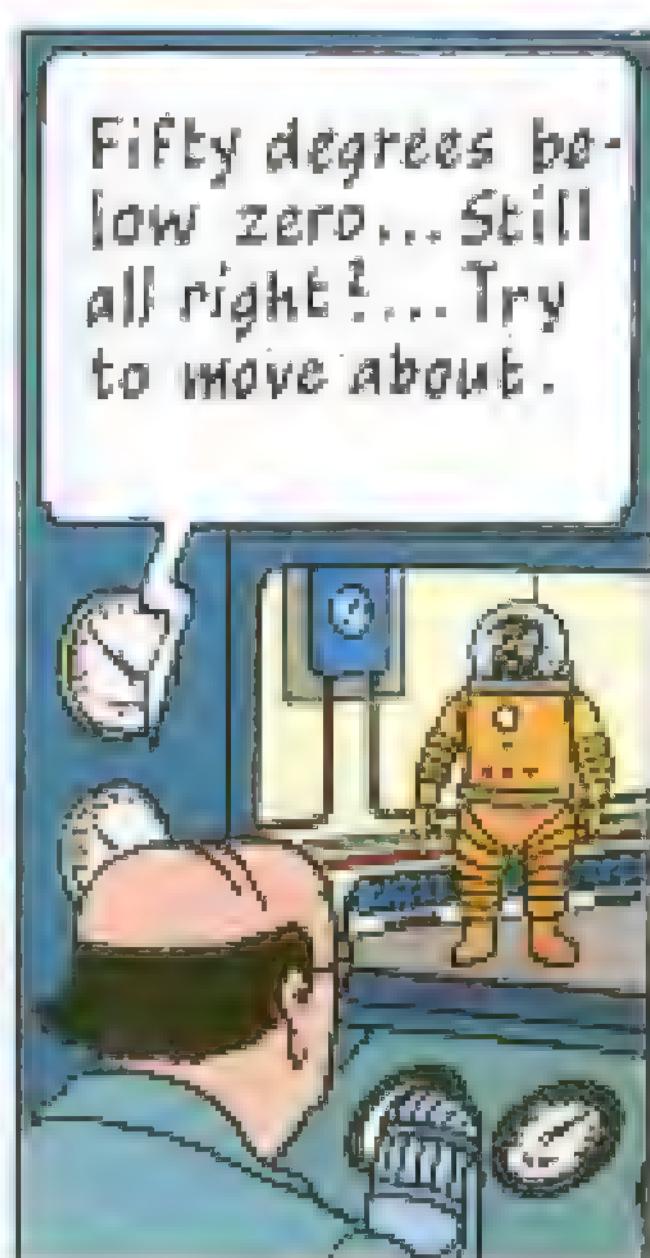
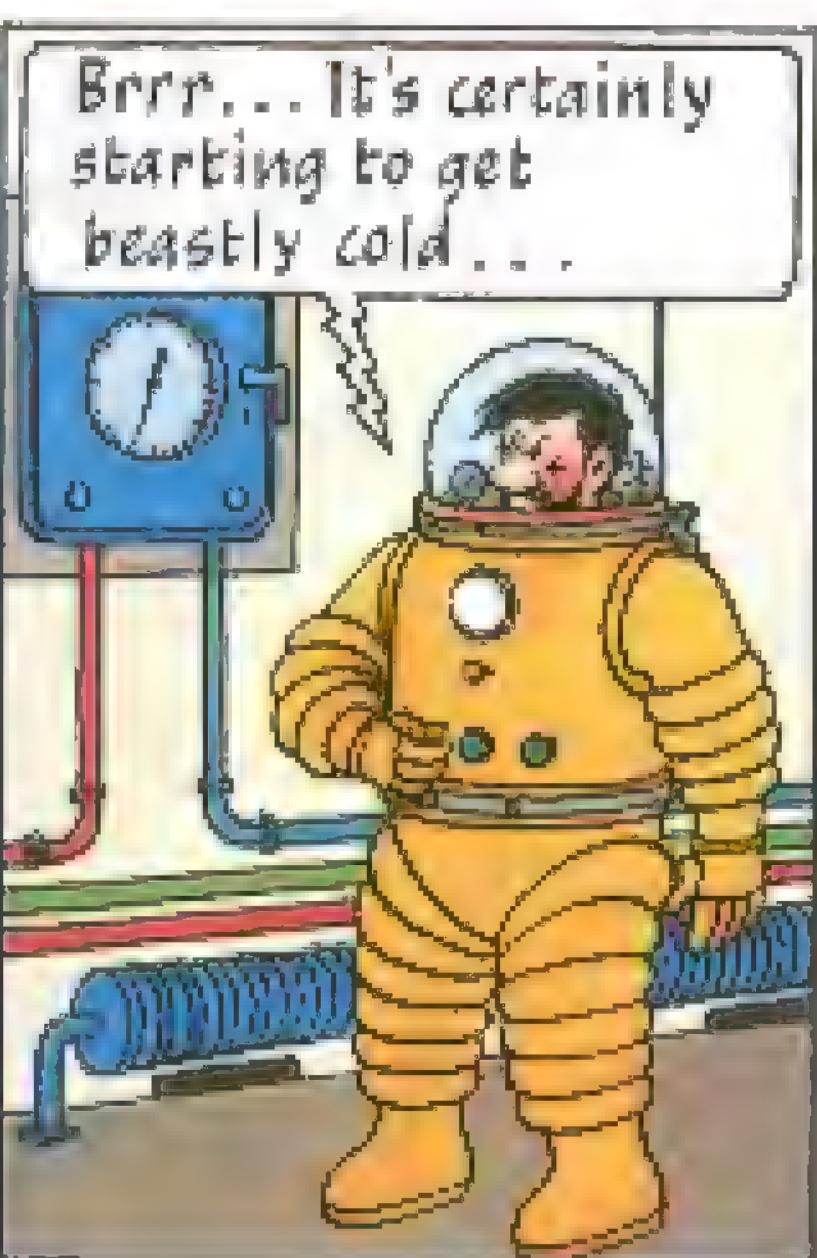
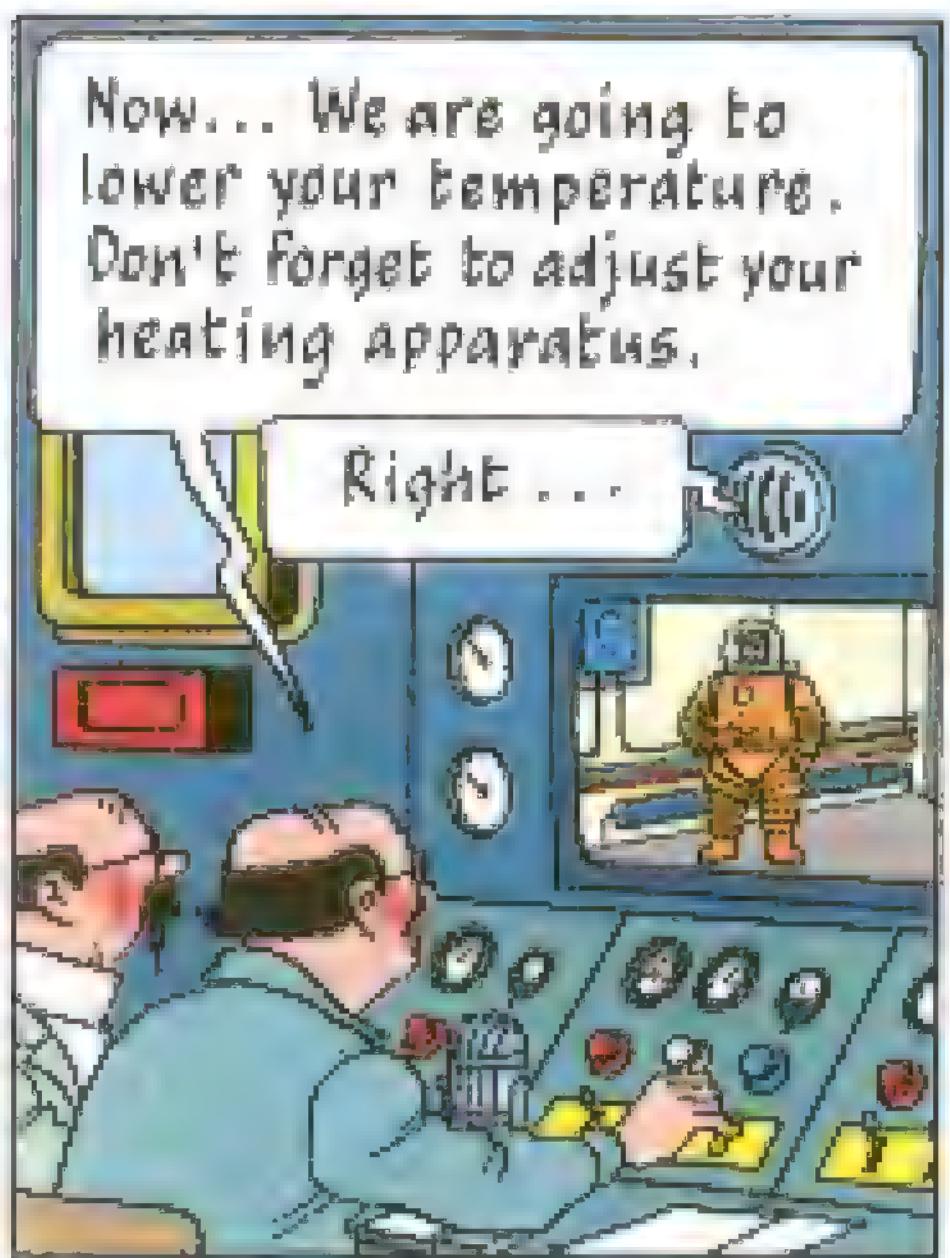
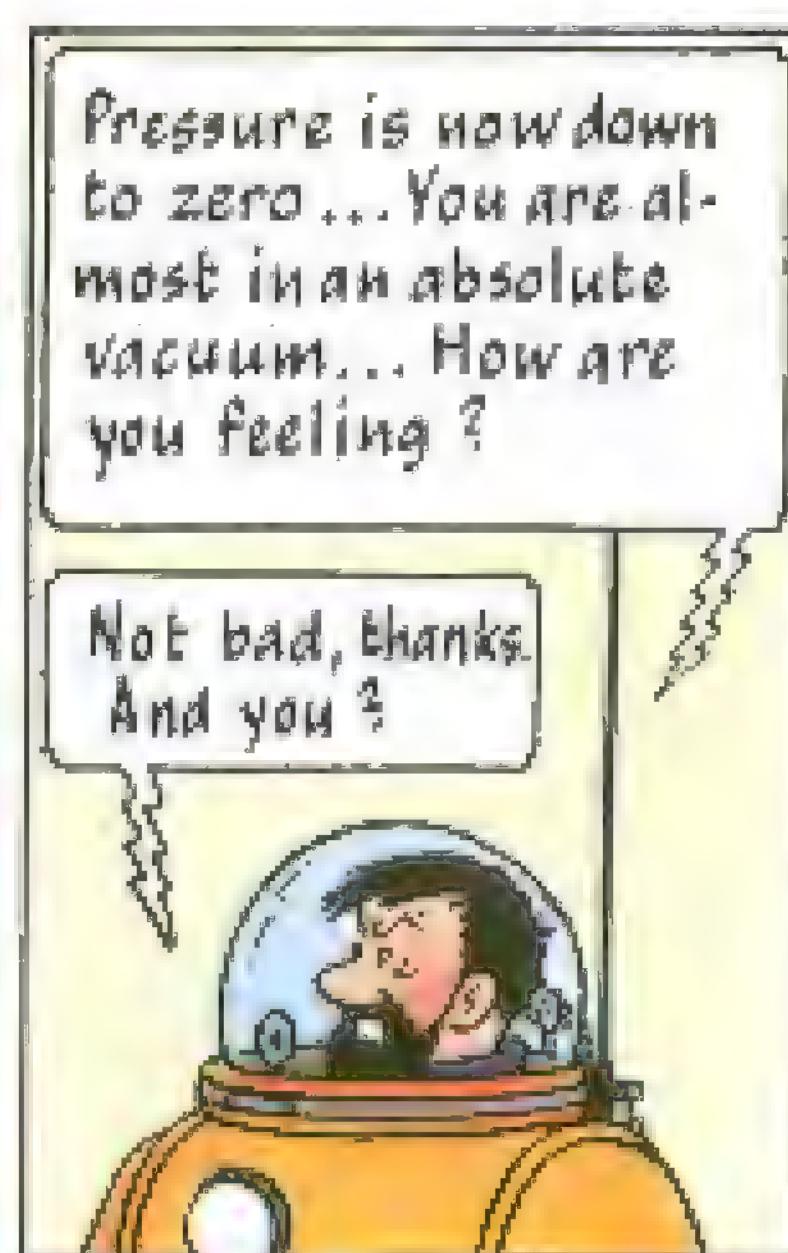
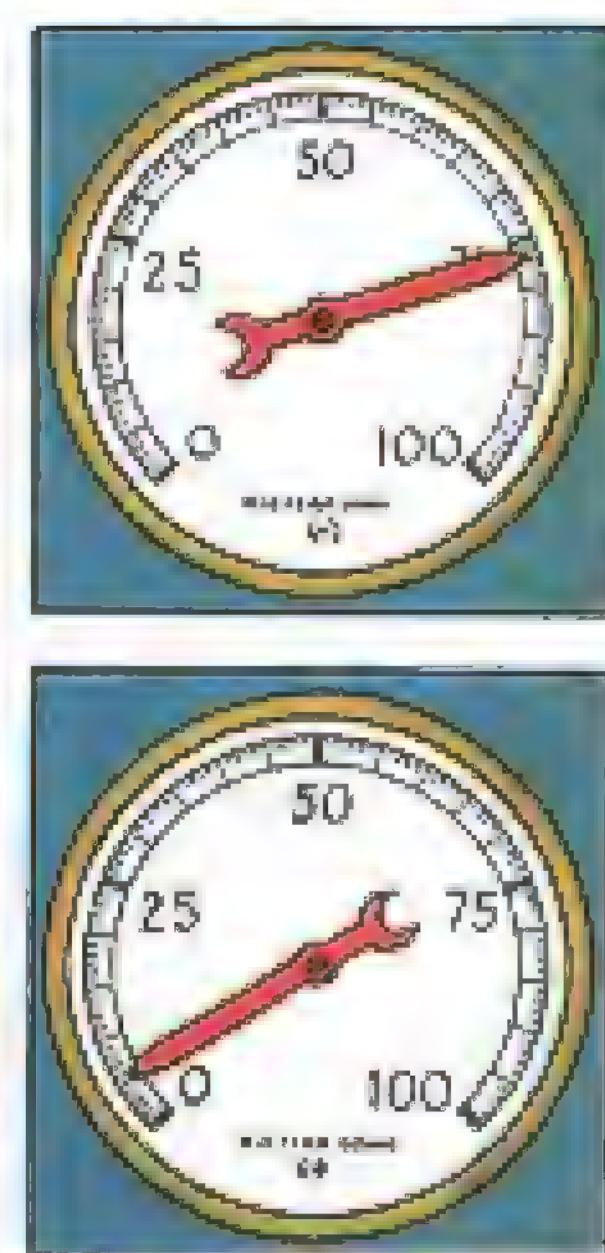
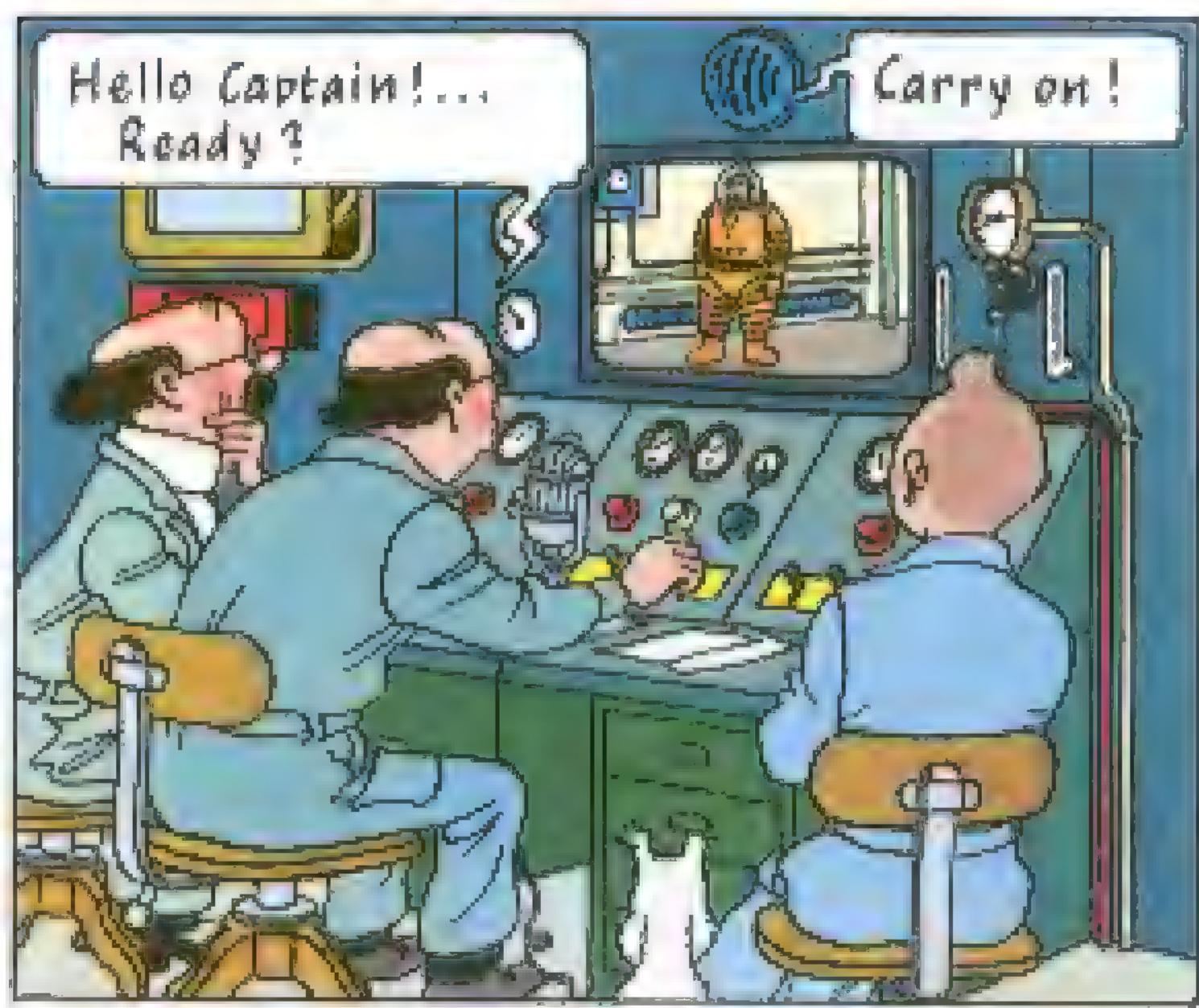


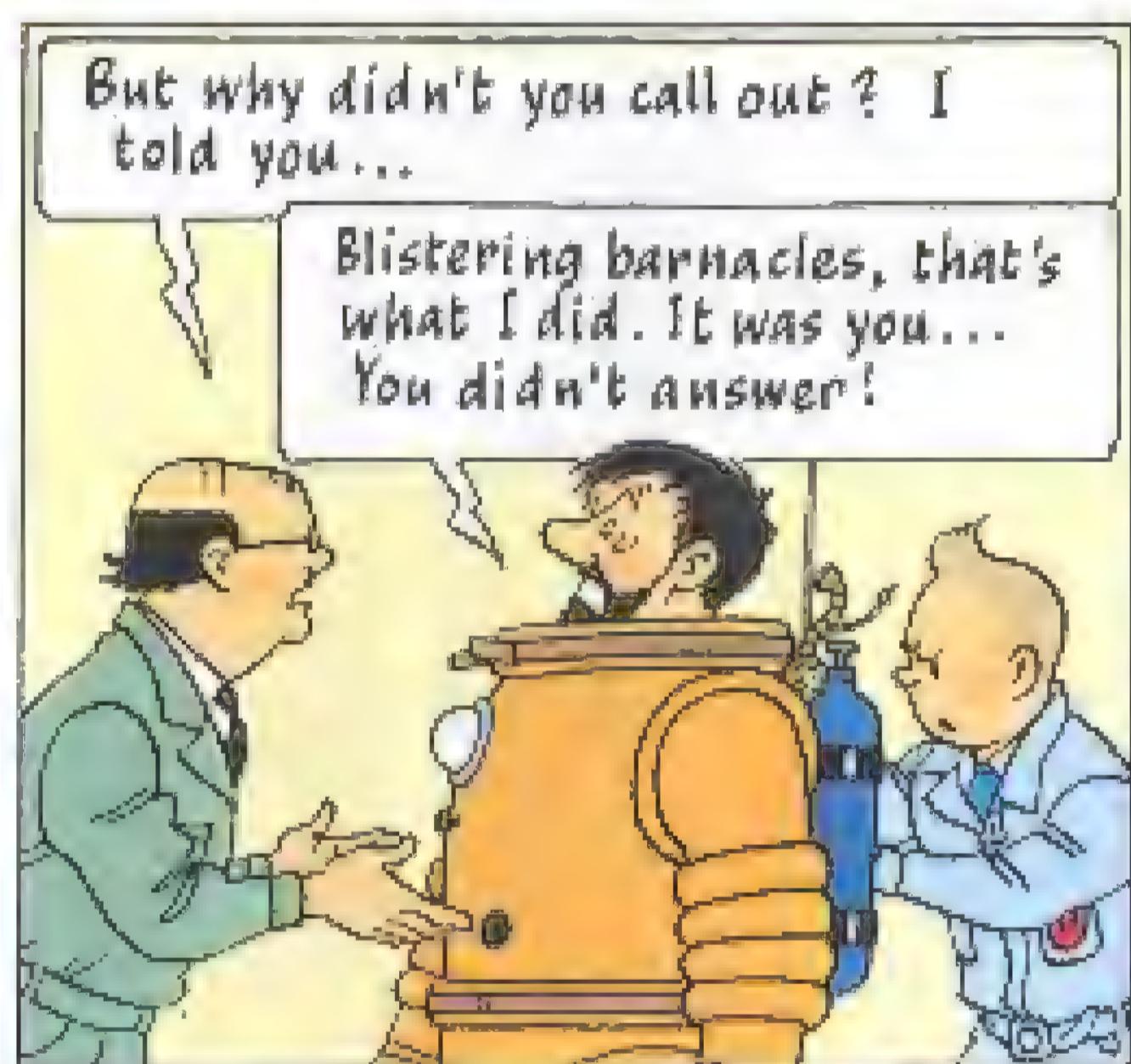
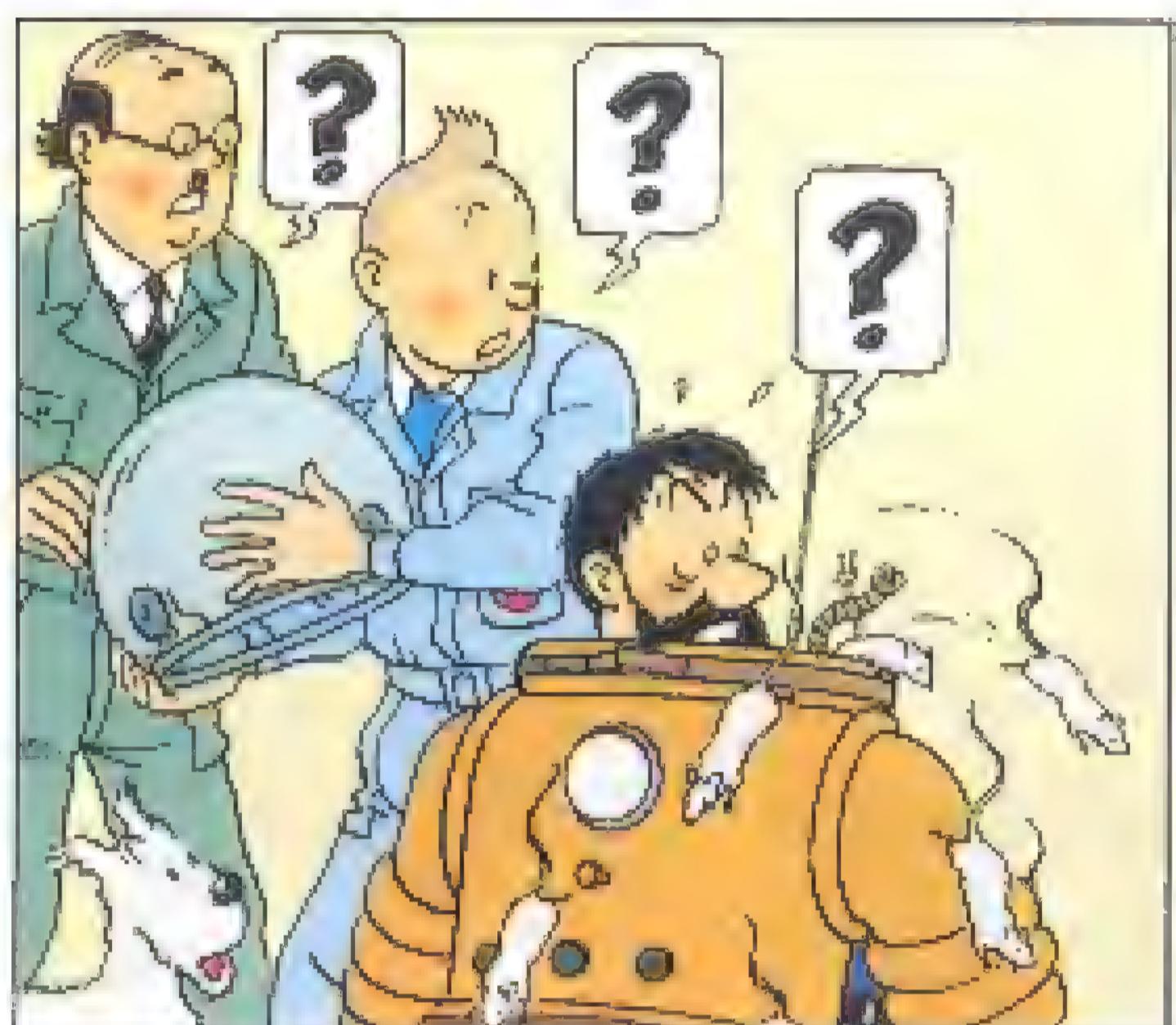
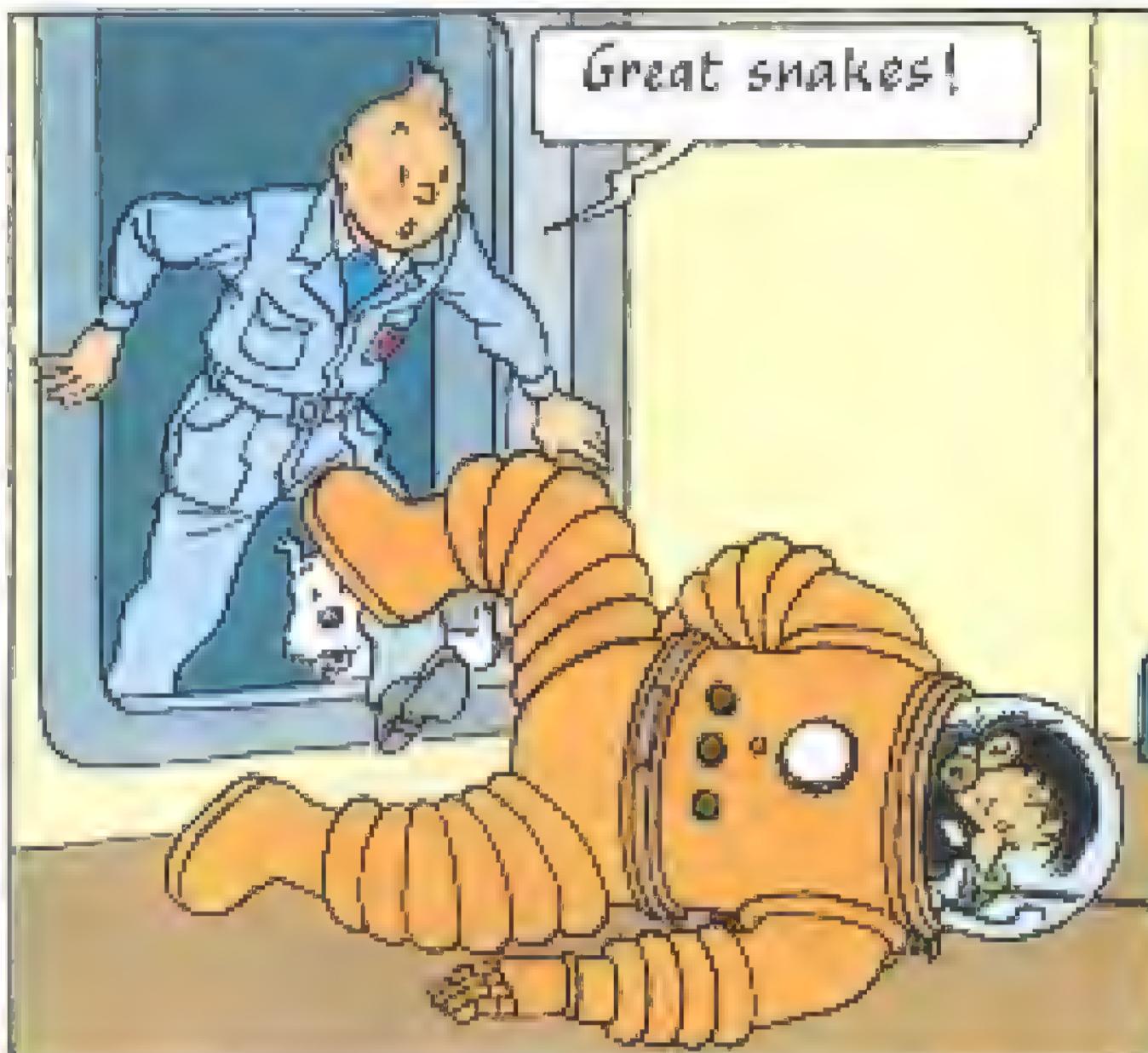
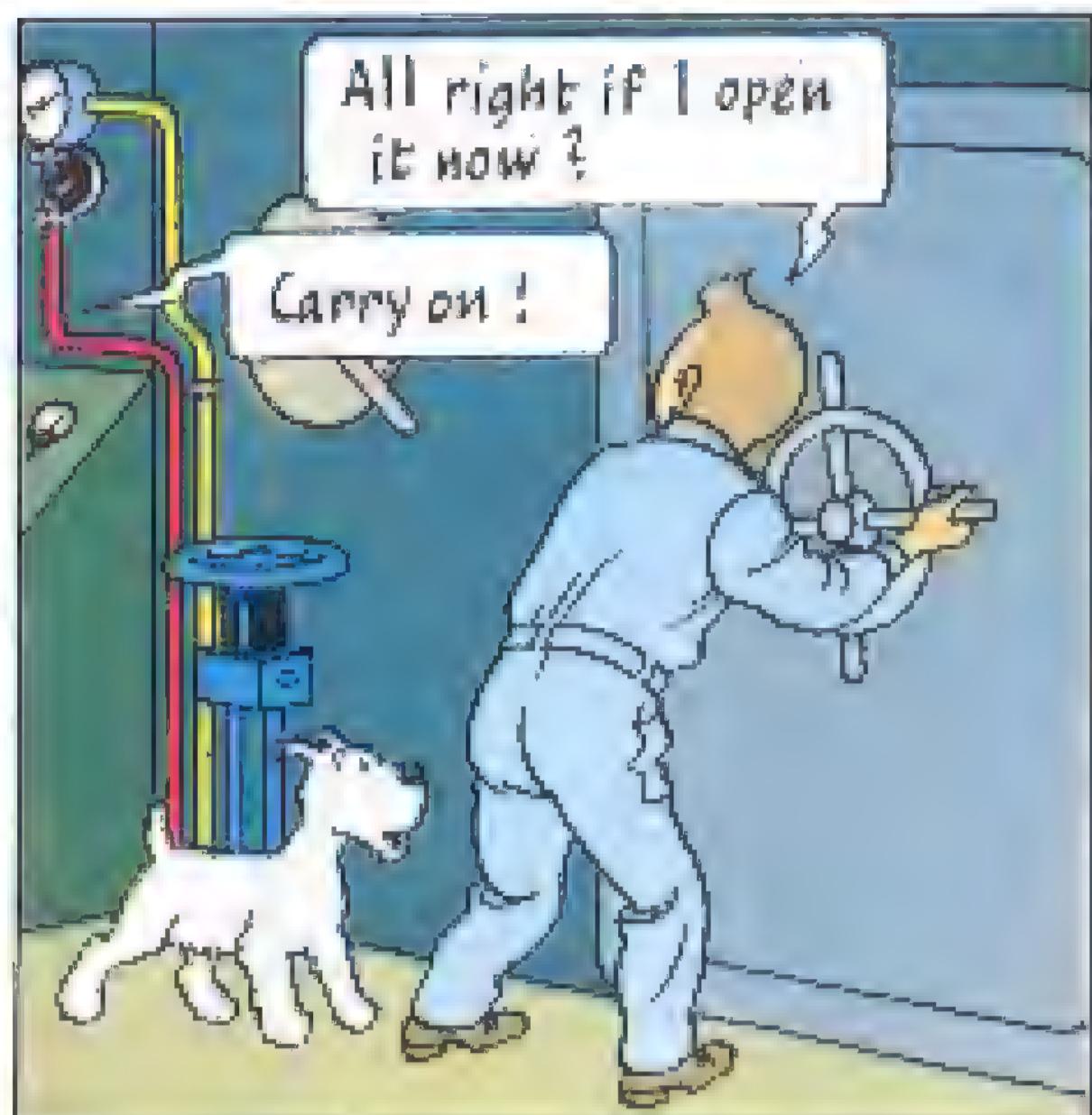
I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!



Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!

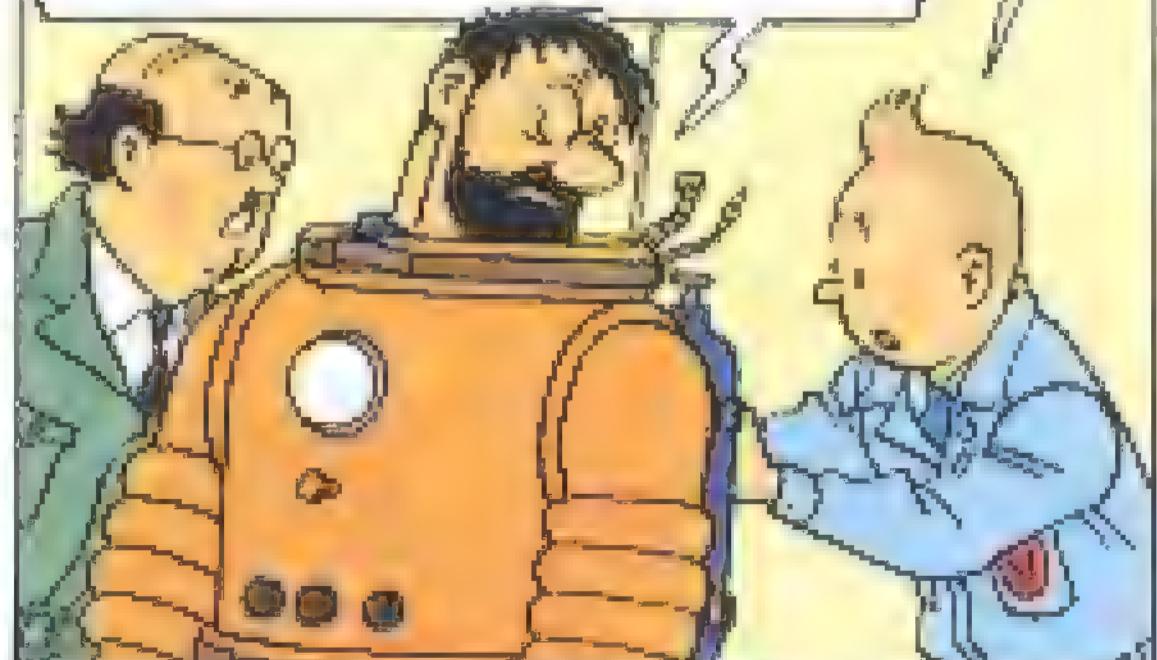






You could have called for ever, Captain. Your radio equipment is disconnected!

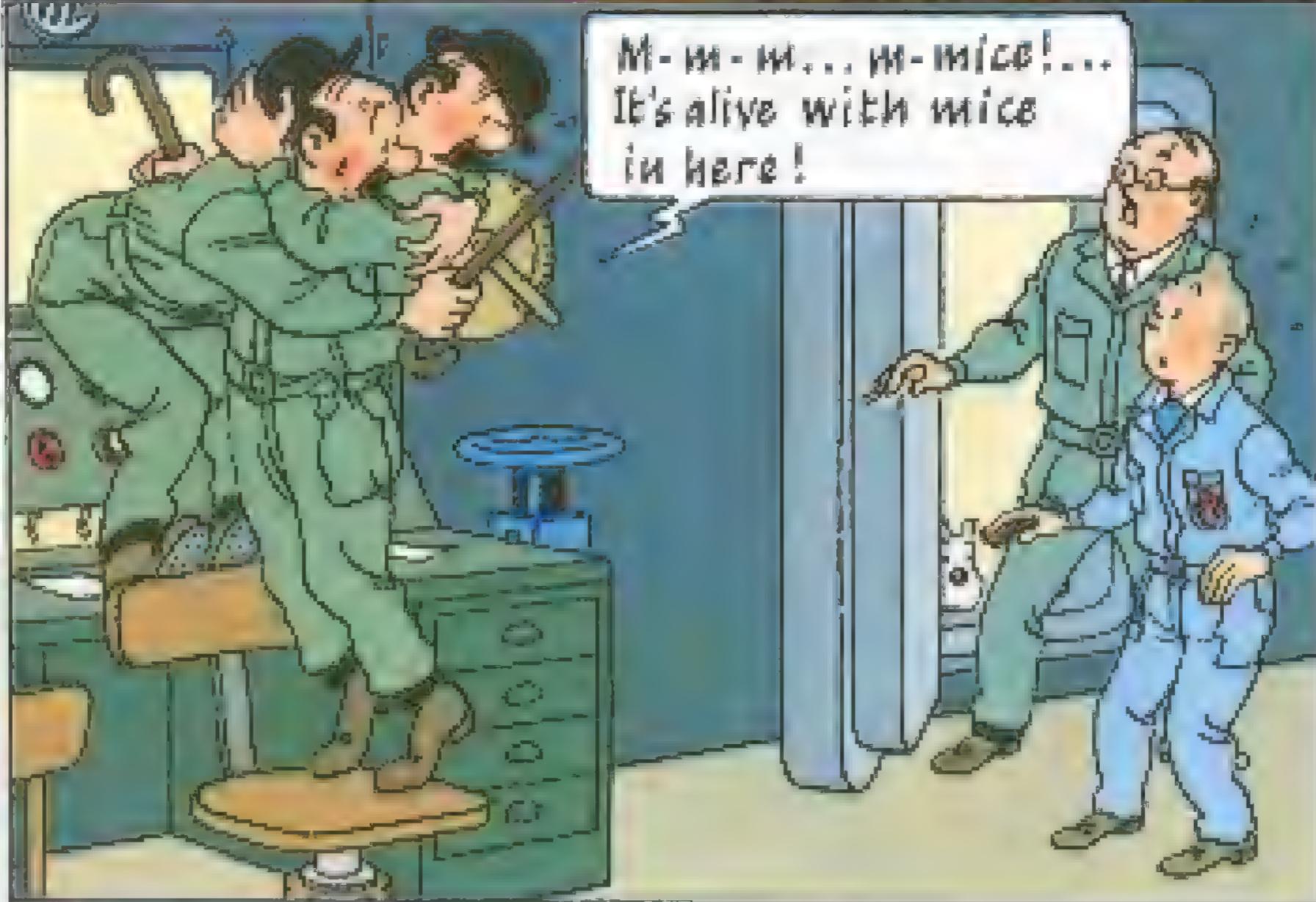
Disconnected! It'll be fun if that happens on the Moon!



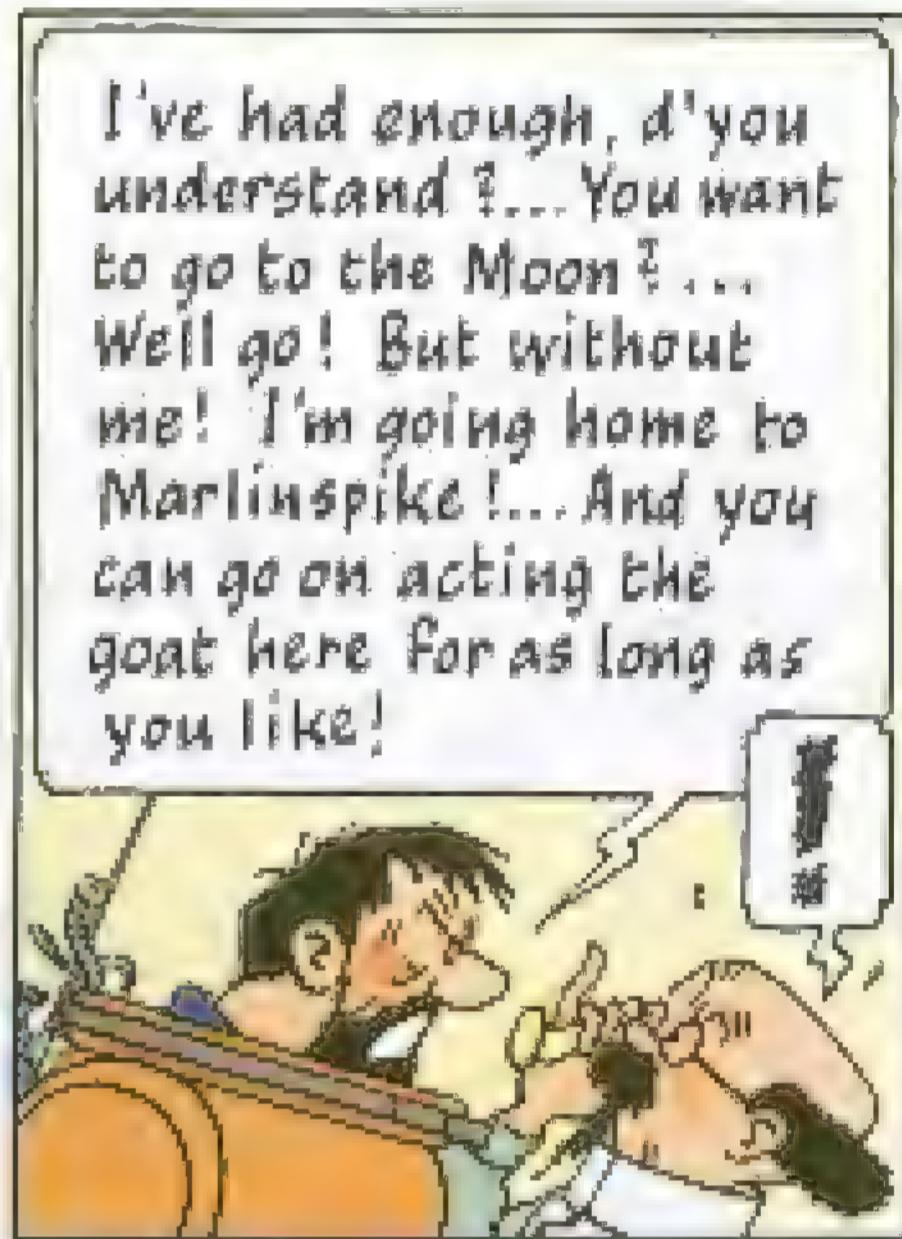
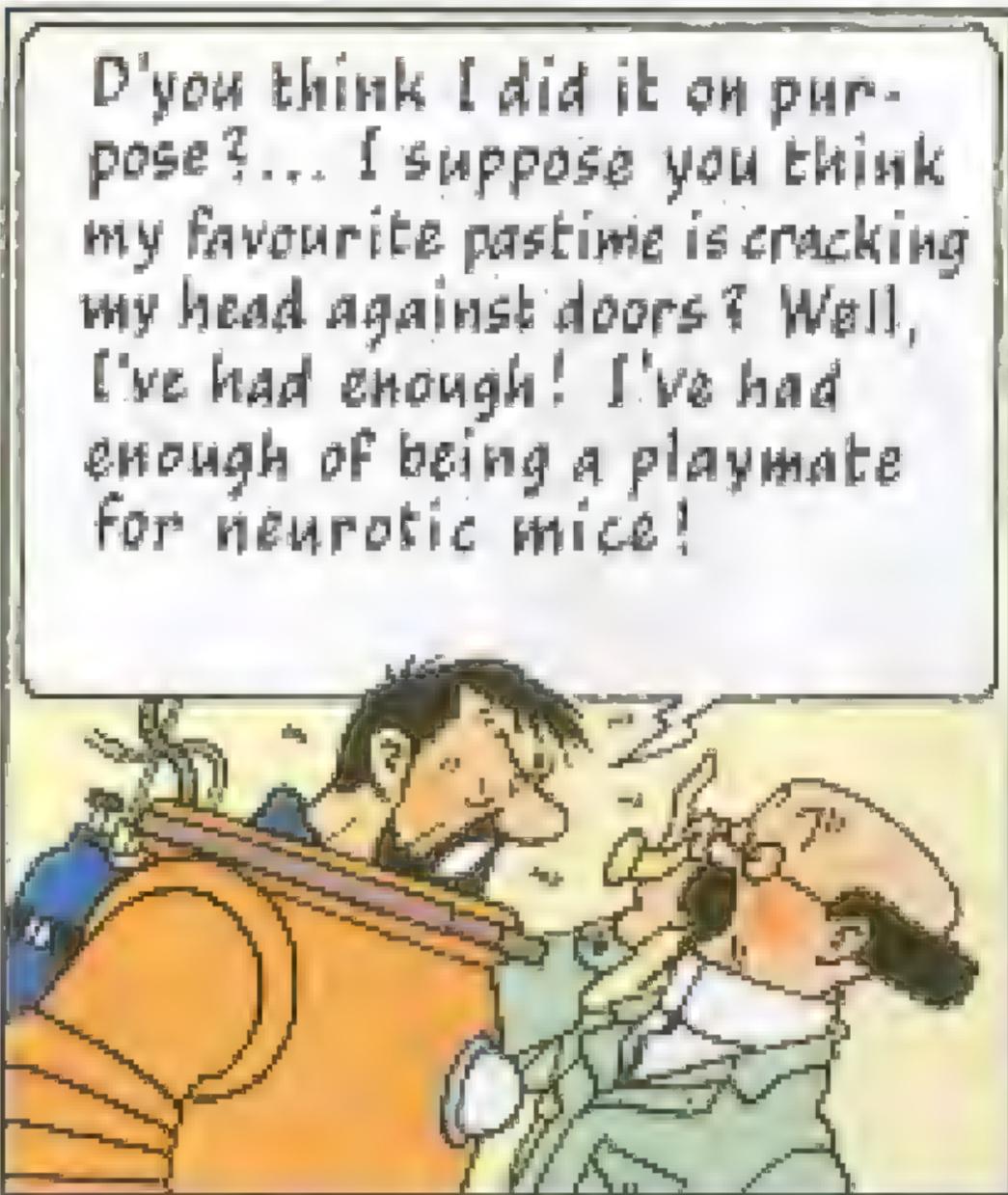
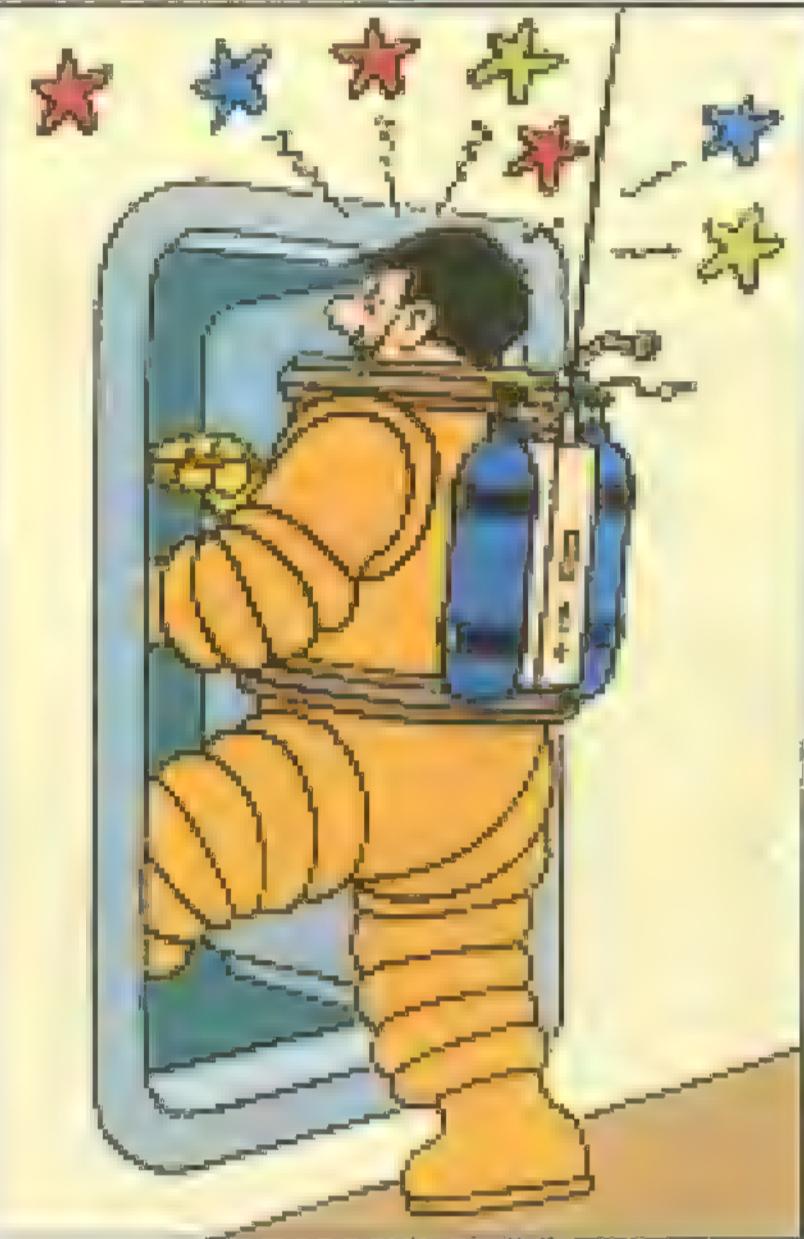
Anyway, it has proved that the suit is absolutely resistant to a vacuum, and low temperatures... What happened was just a little incident... quite unimportant



That's the Thomsions ! Hurry, we must see ...



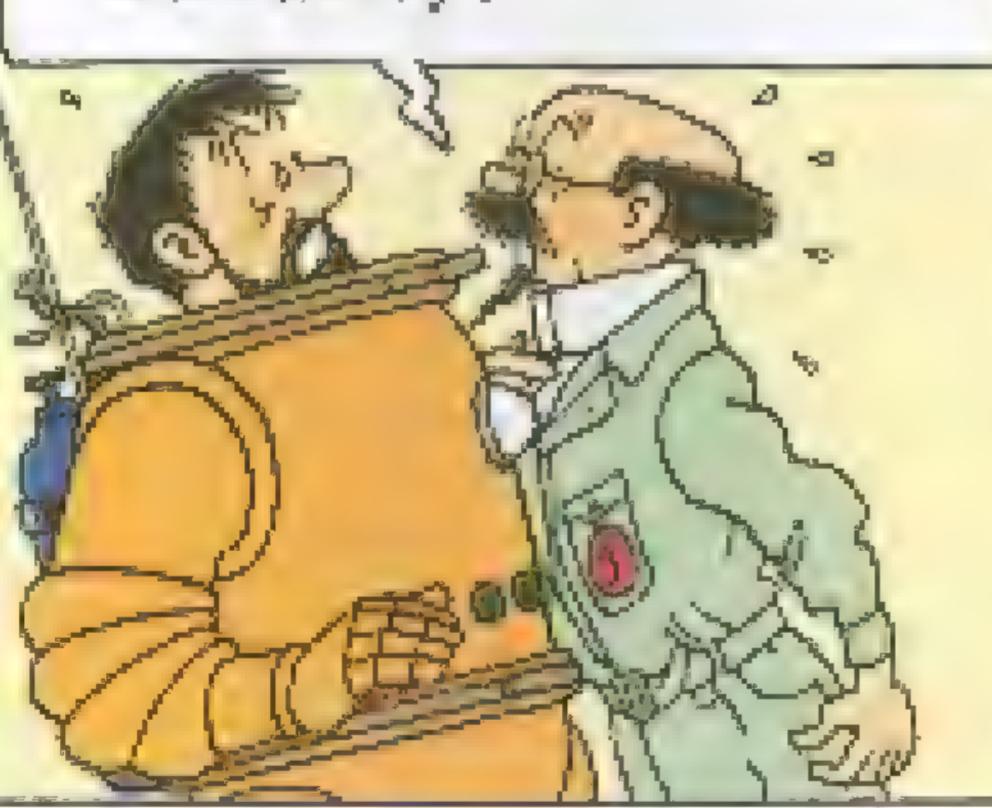
Now what's happened to that pair of sea-gherkins?



Oh, I'm acting the goat? ... I'm acting the goat, am I?... This... this is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear? ... You have no right to say such a thing!... Acting the goat!

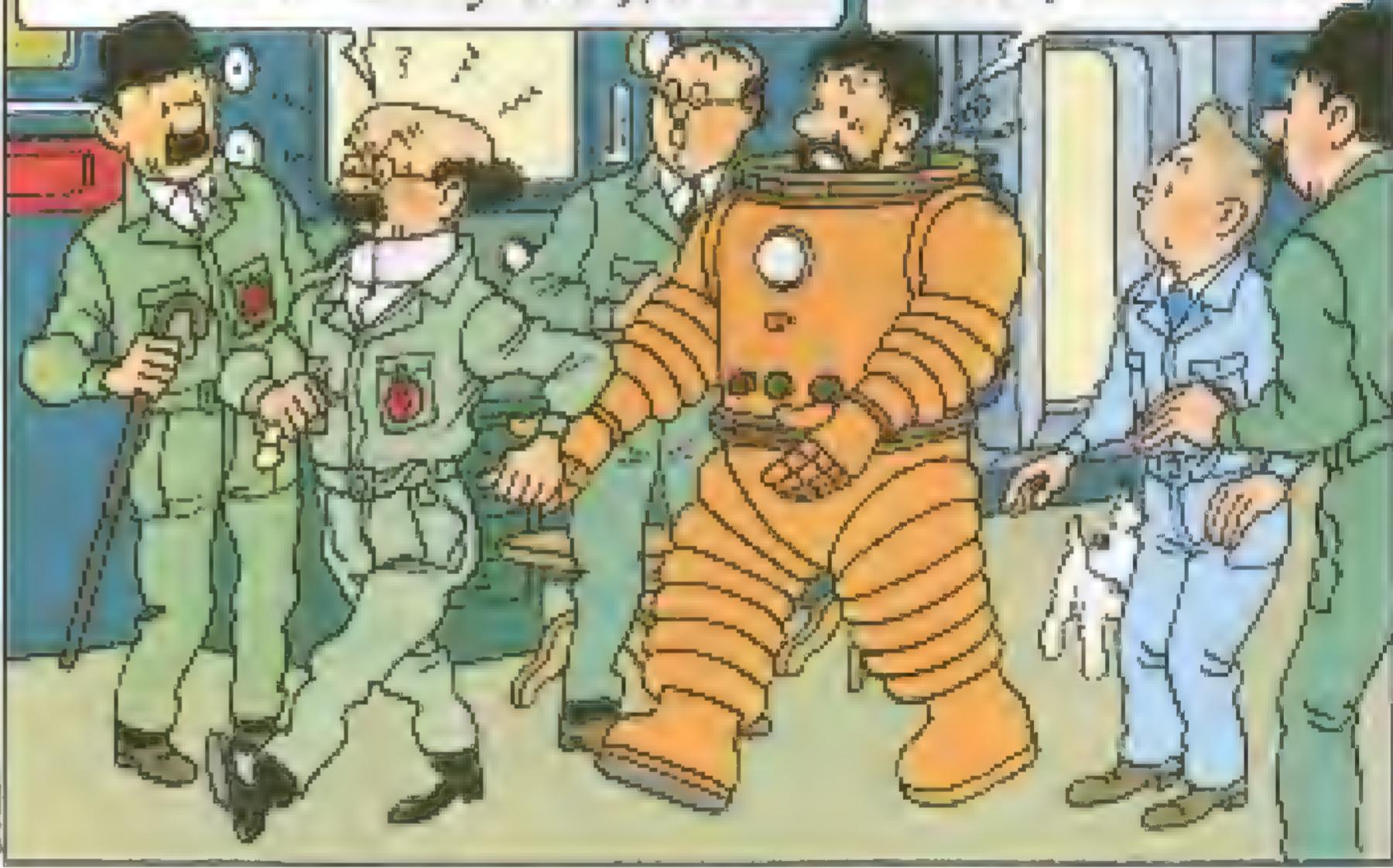


To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



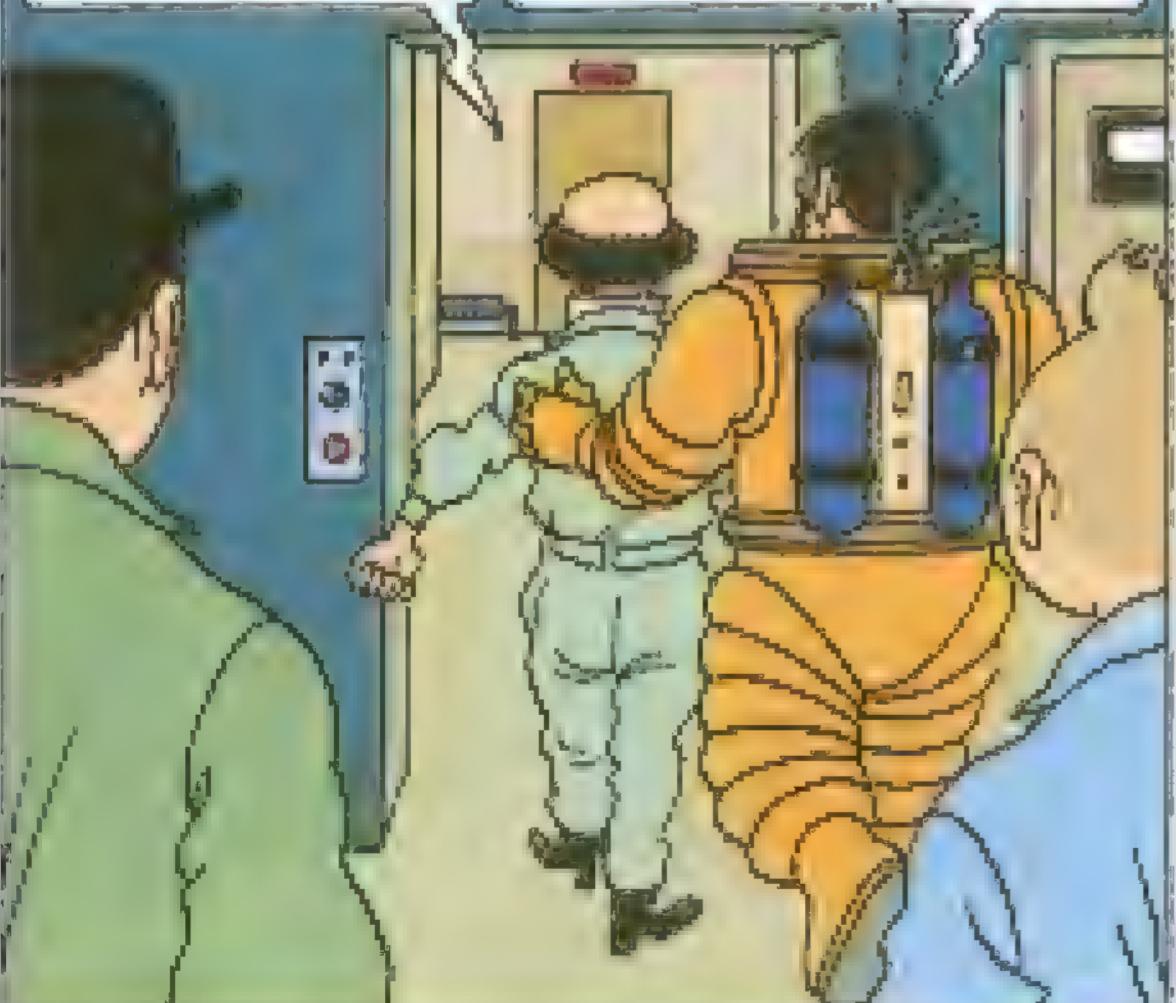
Oho! I'm acting the goat!

Look, I... I...

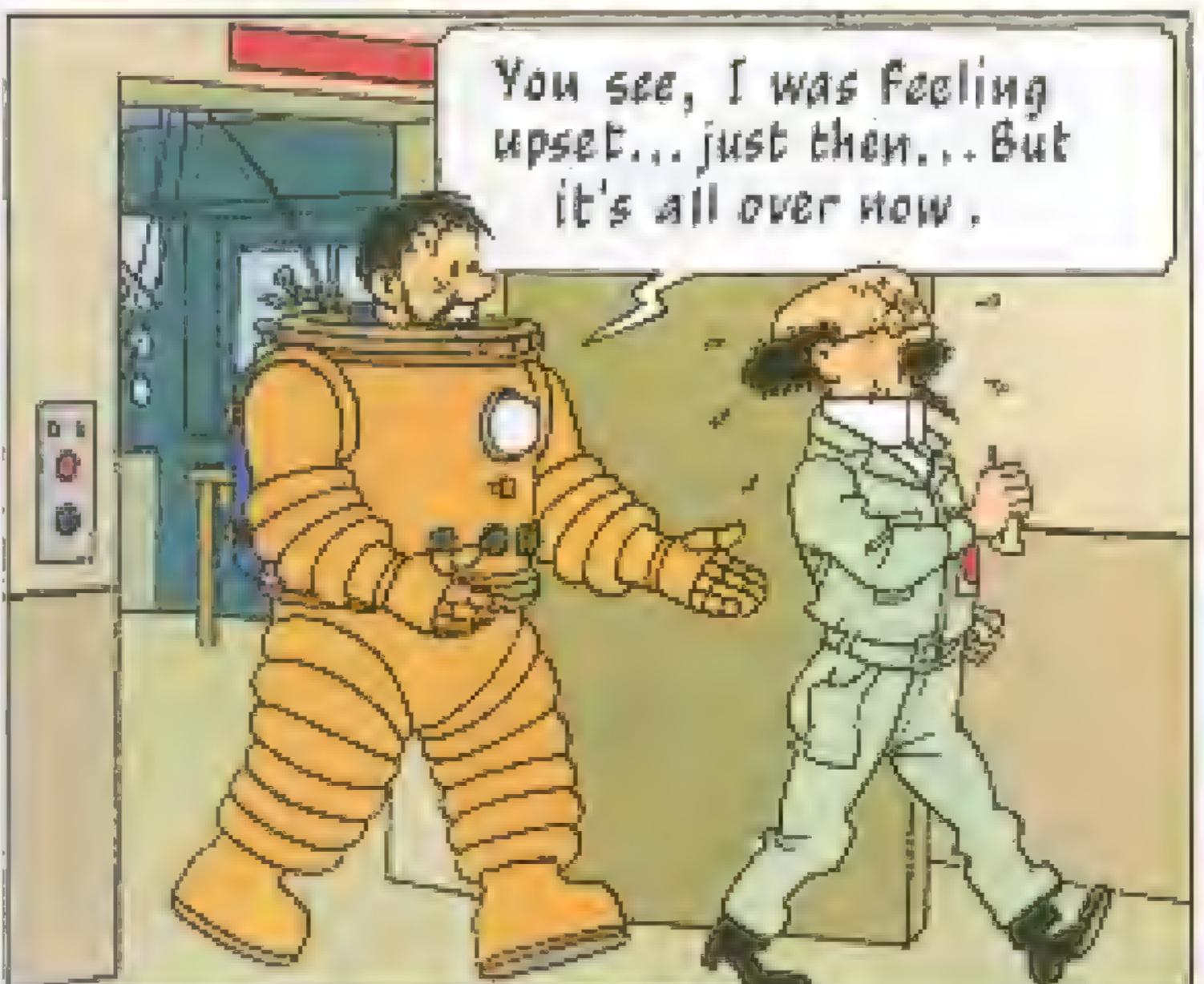


So, I act the goat?

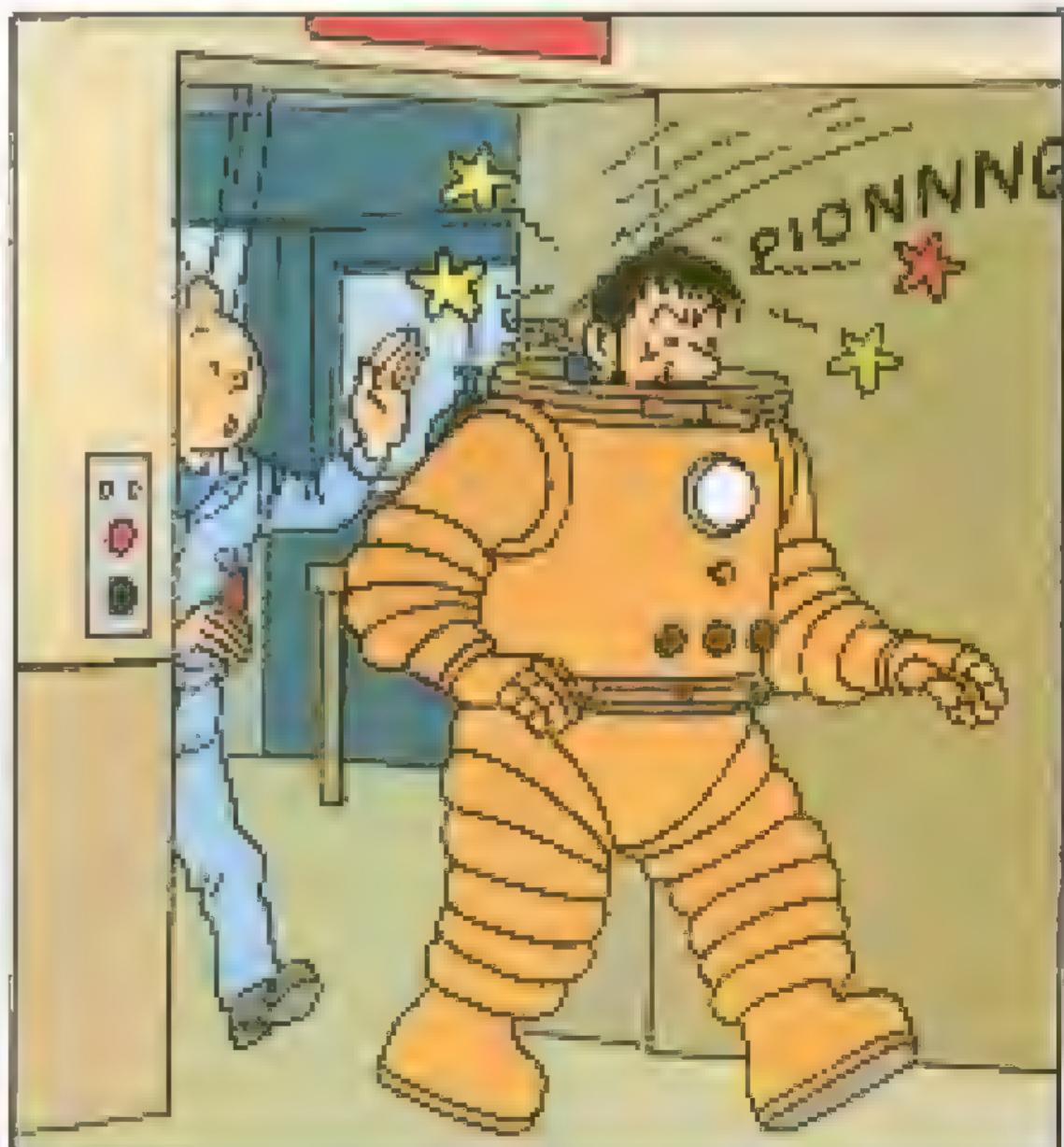
I didn't mean anything...



You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.



SIONING

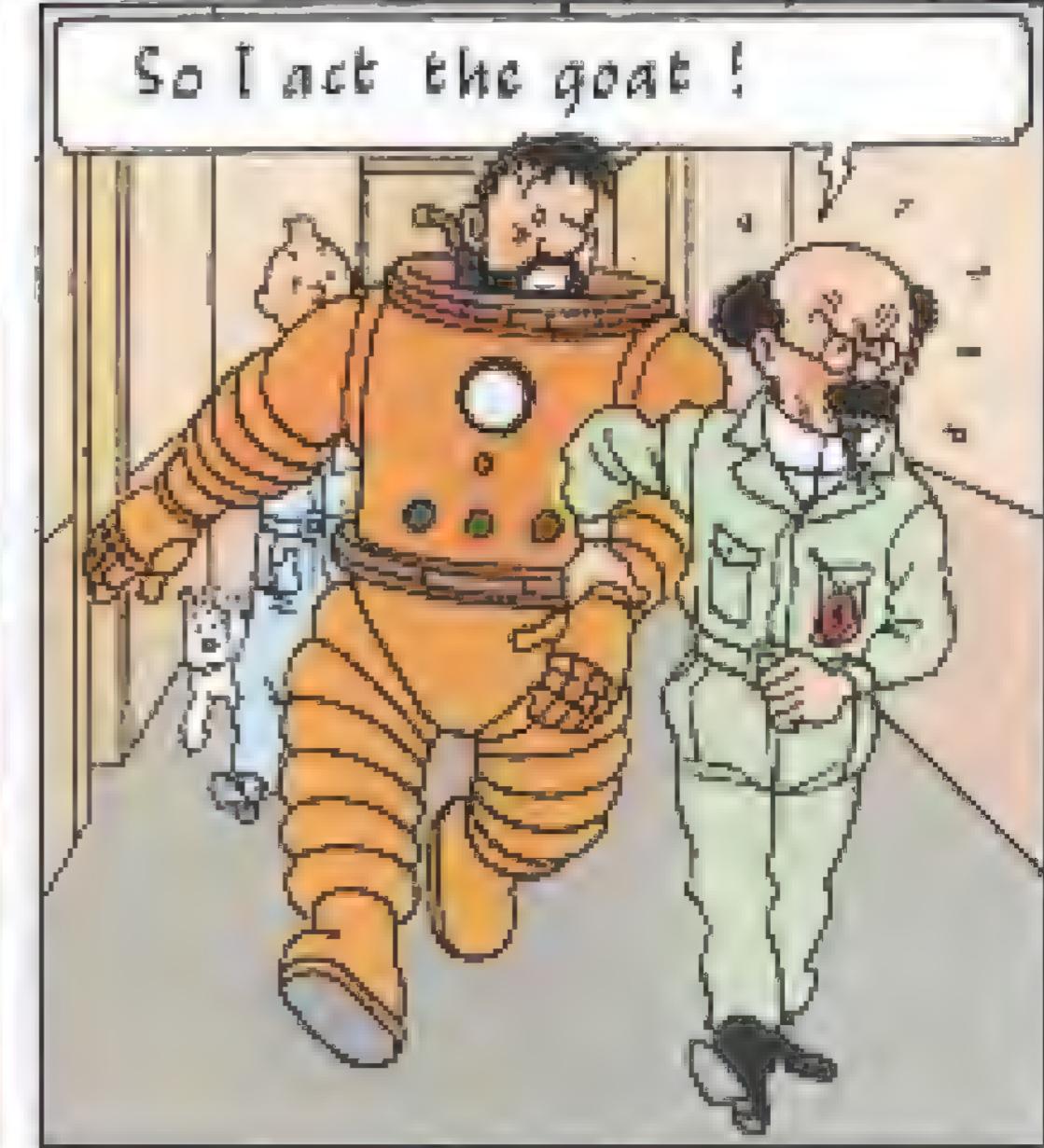
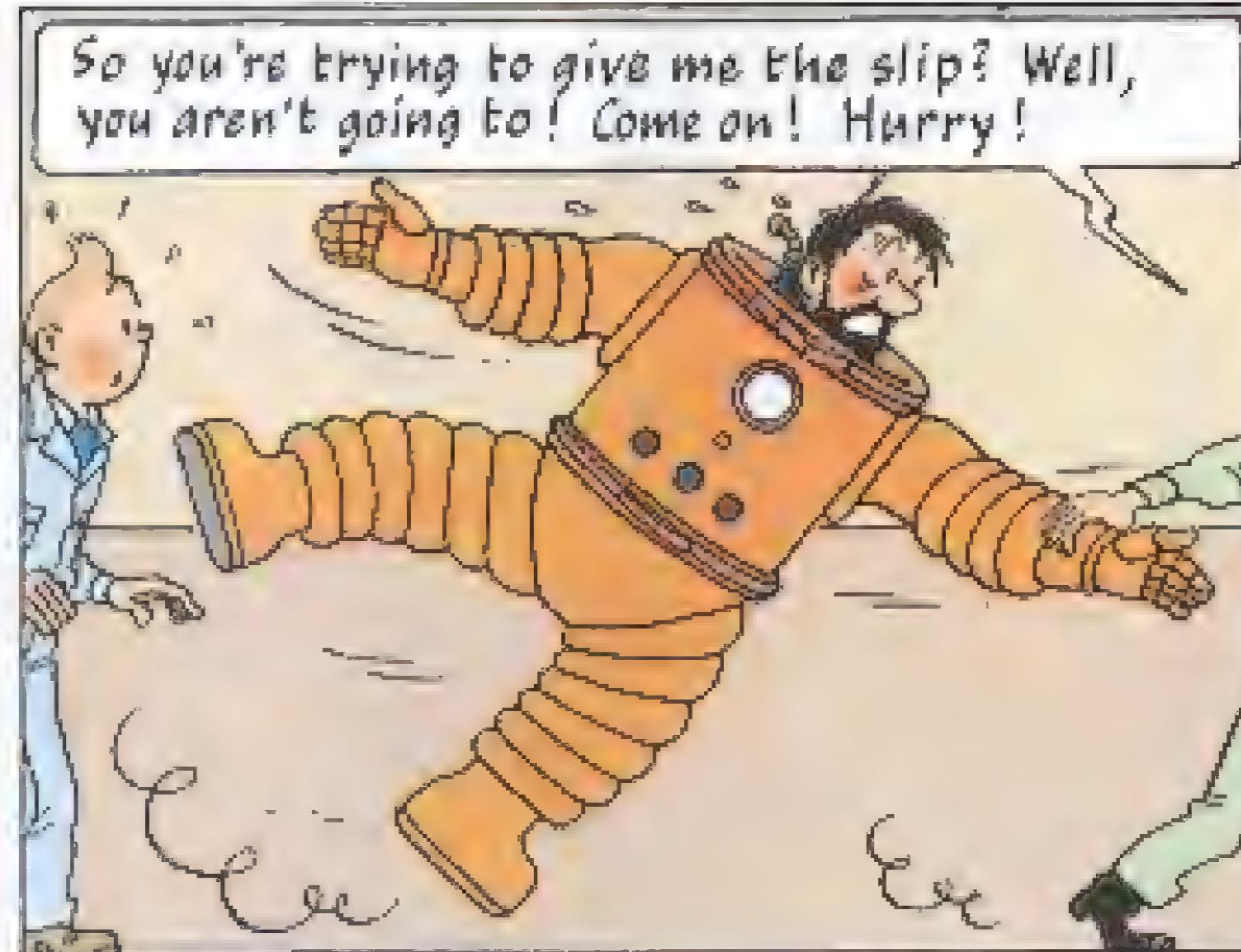
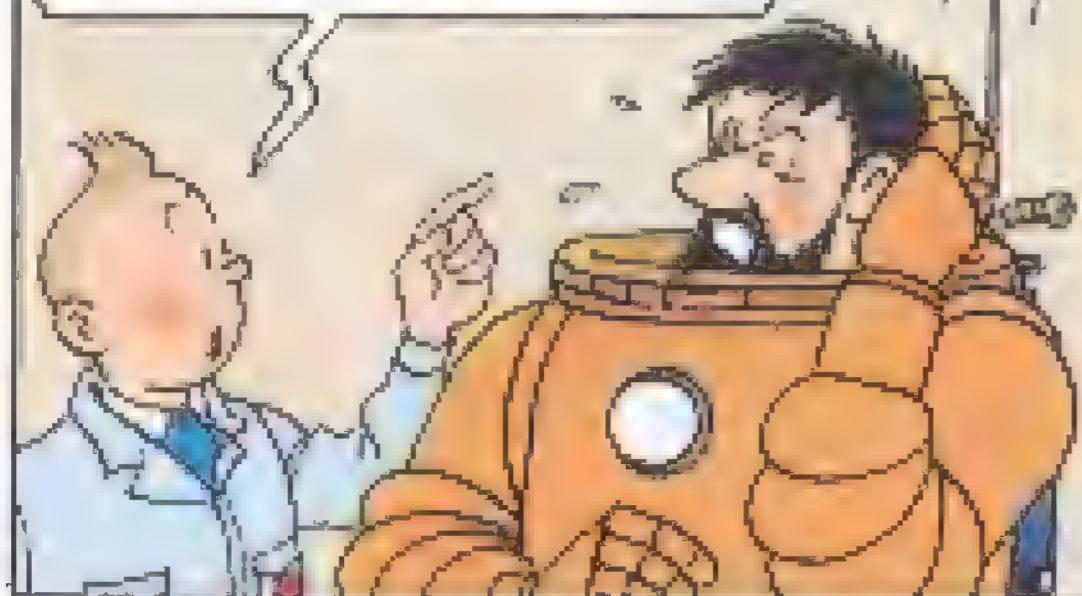


Billions of blue blistering barnacles! If ever I find the pirate who did that I'll make him dance, I promise you!

It was your aerial, Captain... You...

So you're trying to give me the slip? Well, you aren't going to! Come on! Hurry!

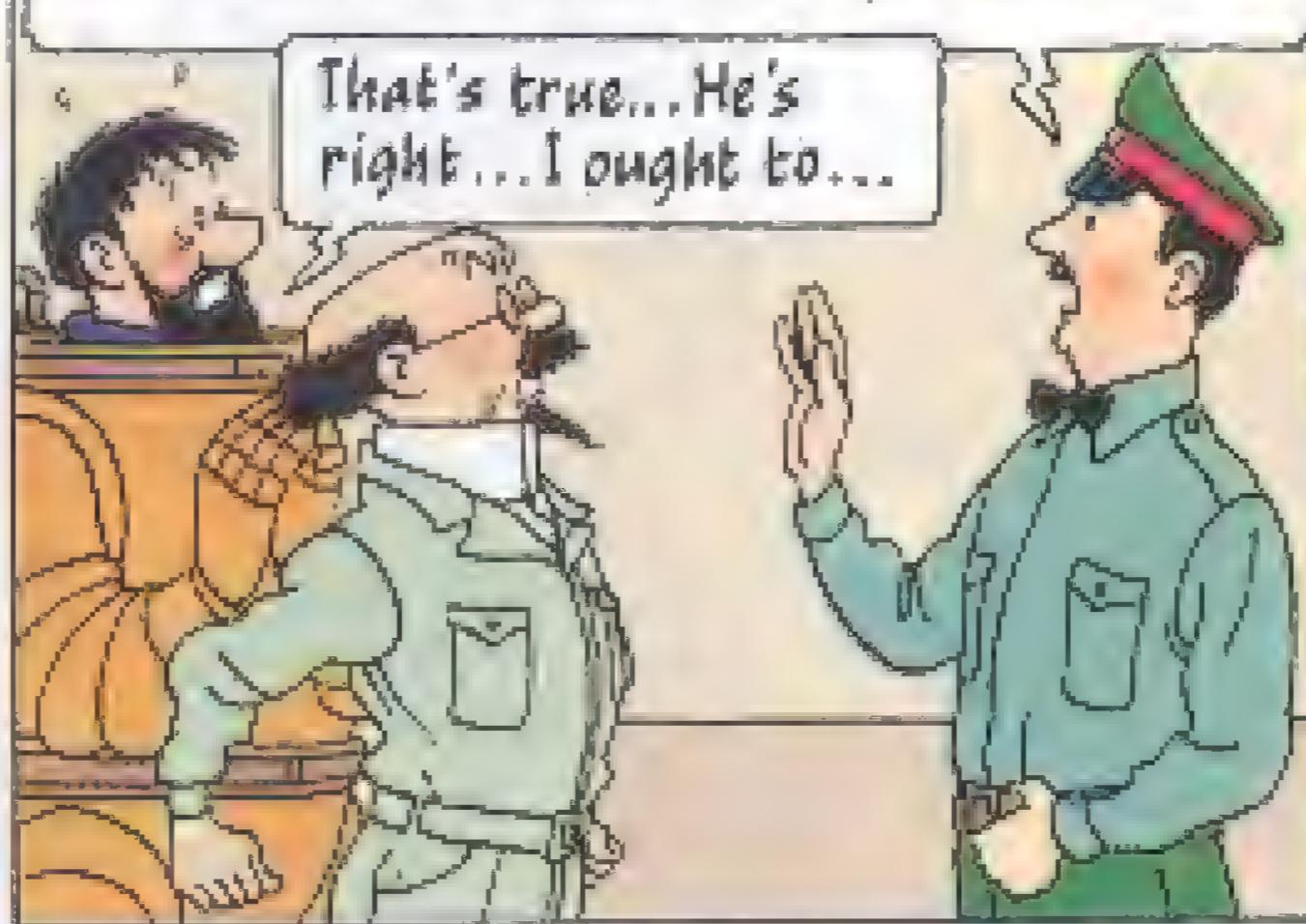
So I act the goat!



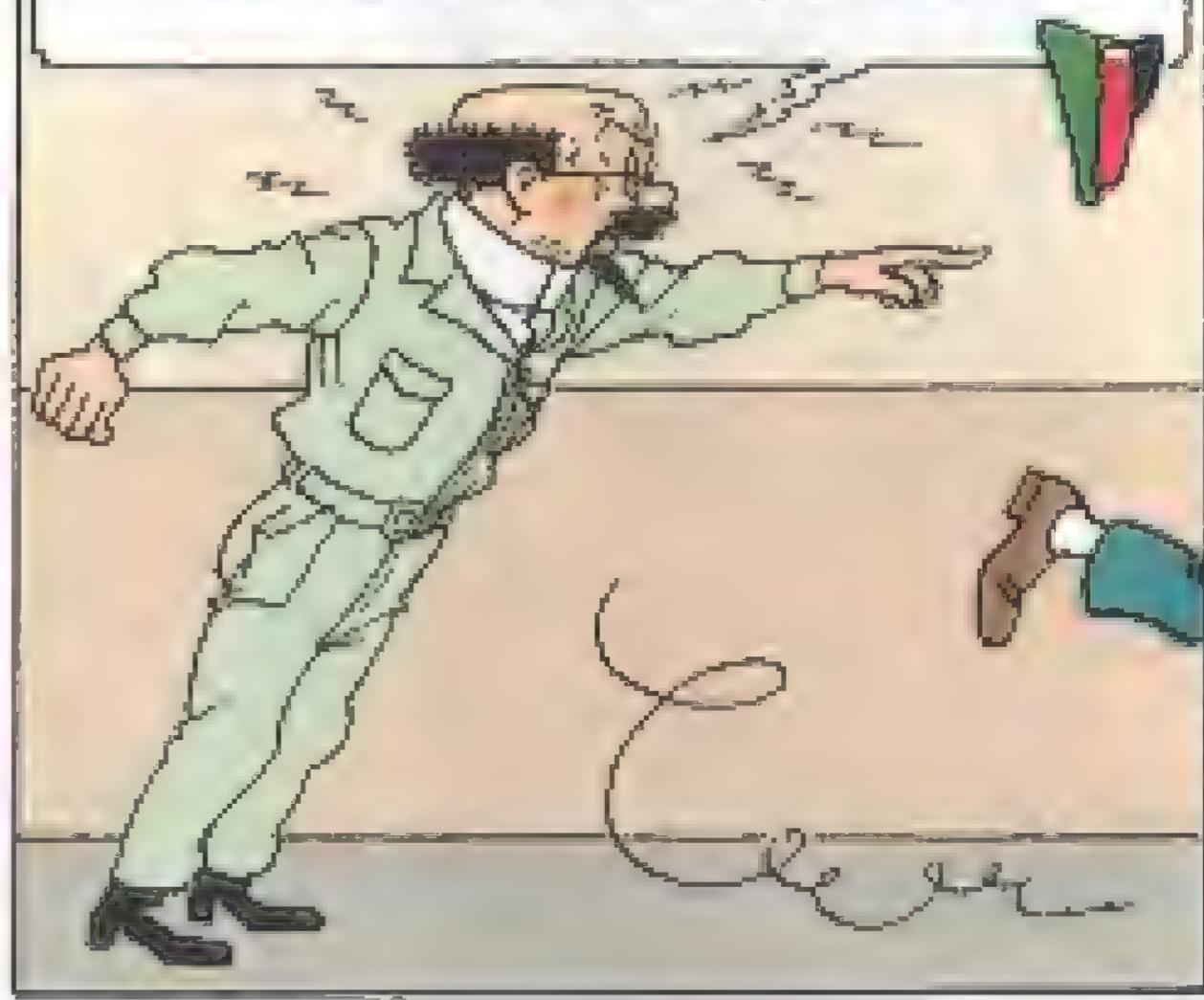
Slaving for two months non-stop, working myself to the bone, all to hear myself called a goat!... It's too much!



Excuse me Professor, but your companion is not wearing regulation clothing... I'm afraid I must ask him to go back...

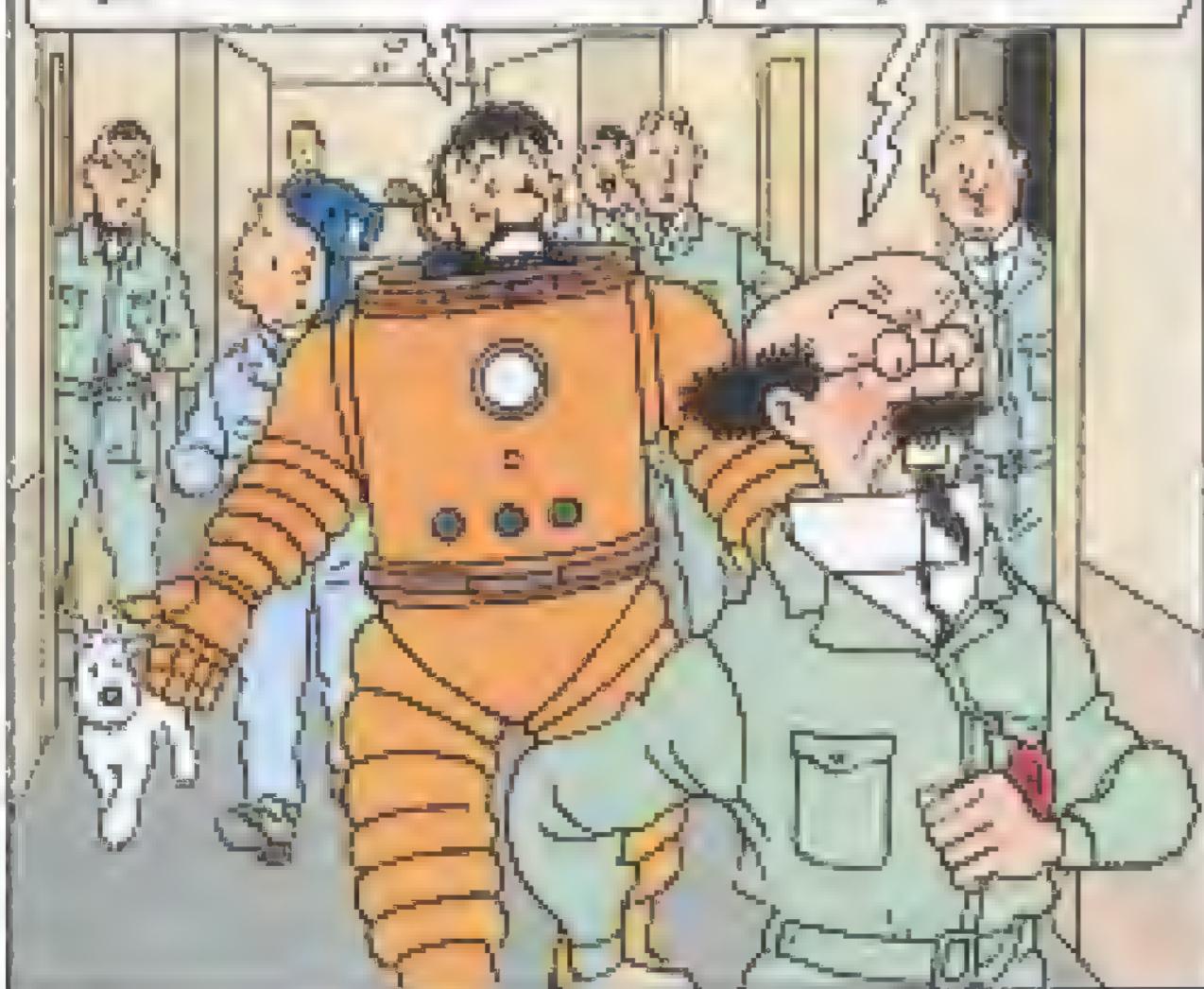


Begone, you worm! Out of my sight! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?

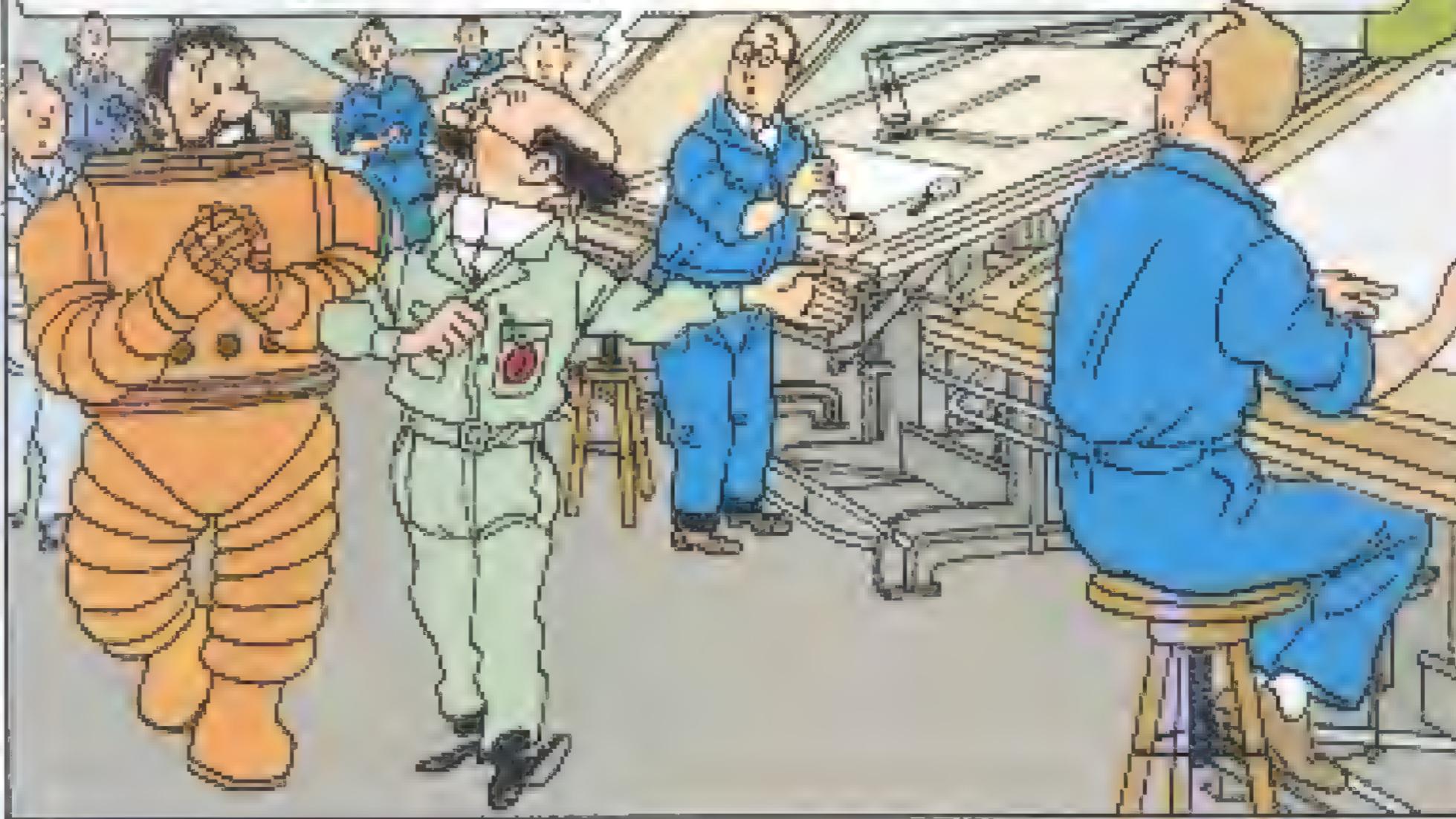


Professor, I implore you...

I'm acting the goat, eh?



And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



Yes, this is the Chief of Internal Security... What?... Professor Calculus?... Making a scene? Says he's acting the goat?... I'll teach him to act the goat...



And the atomic pile, never stopping?... The uranium being made?... The laboratories working day and night?... That's all acting the goat too, I suppose?



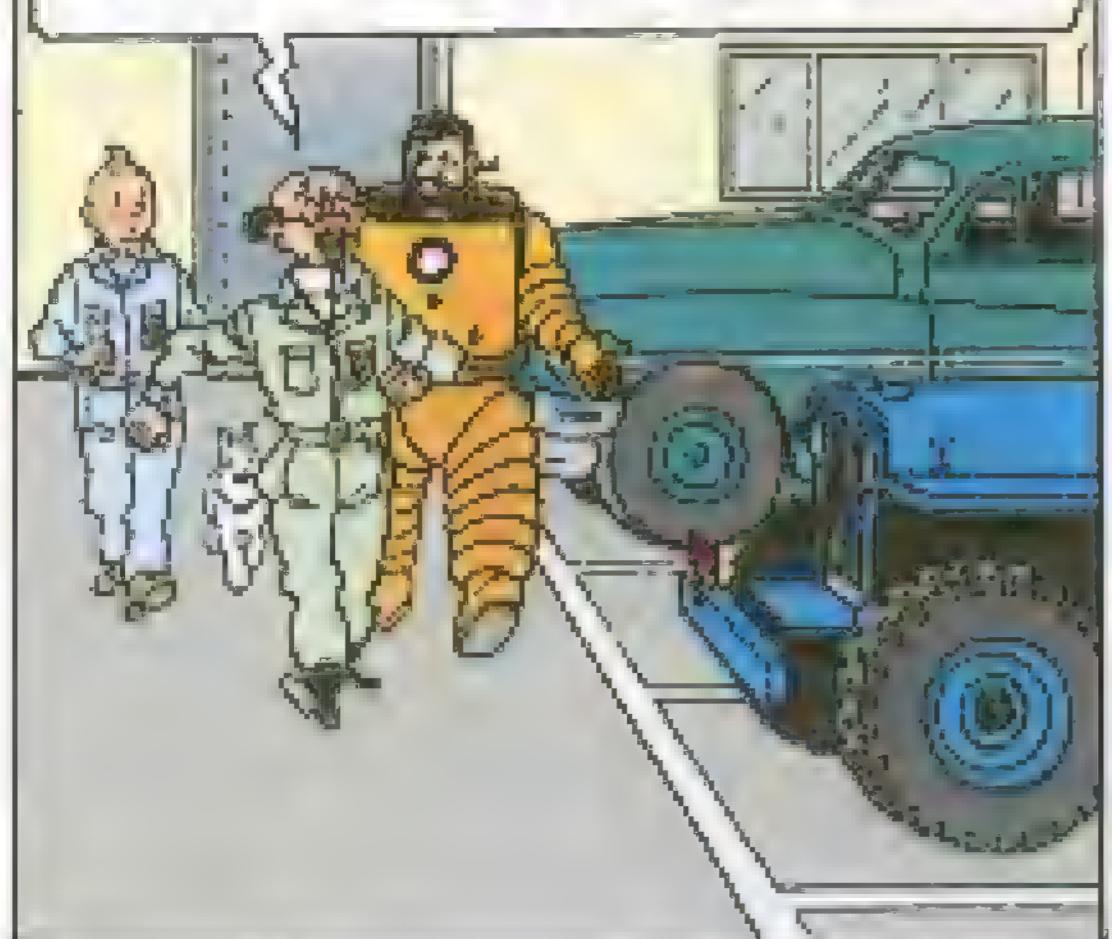
Well, Professor, what's all this about? I hear someone's acting the goat.



For heaven's sake, Cuthbert, calm yourself!

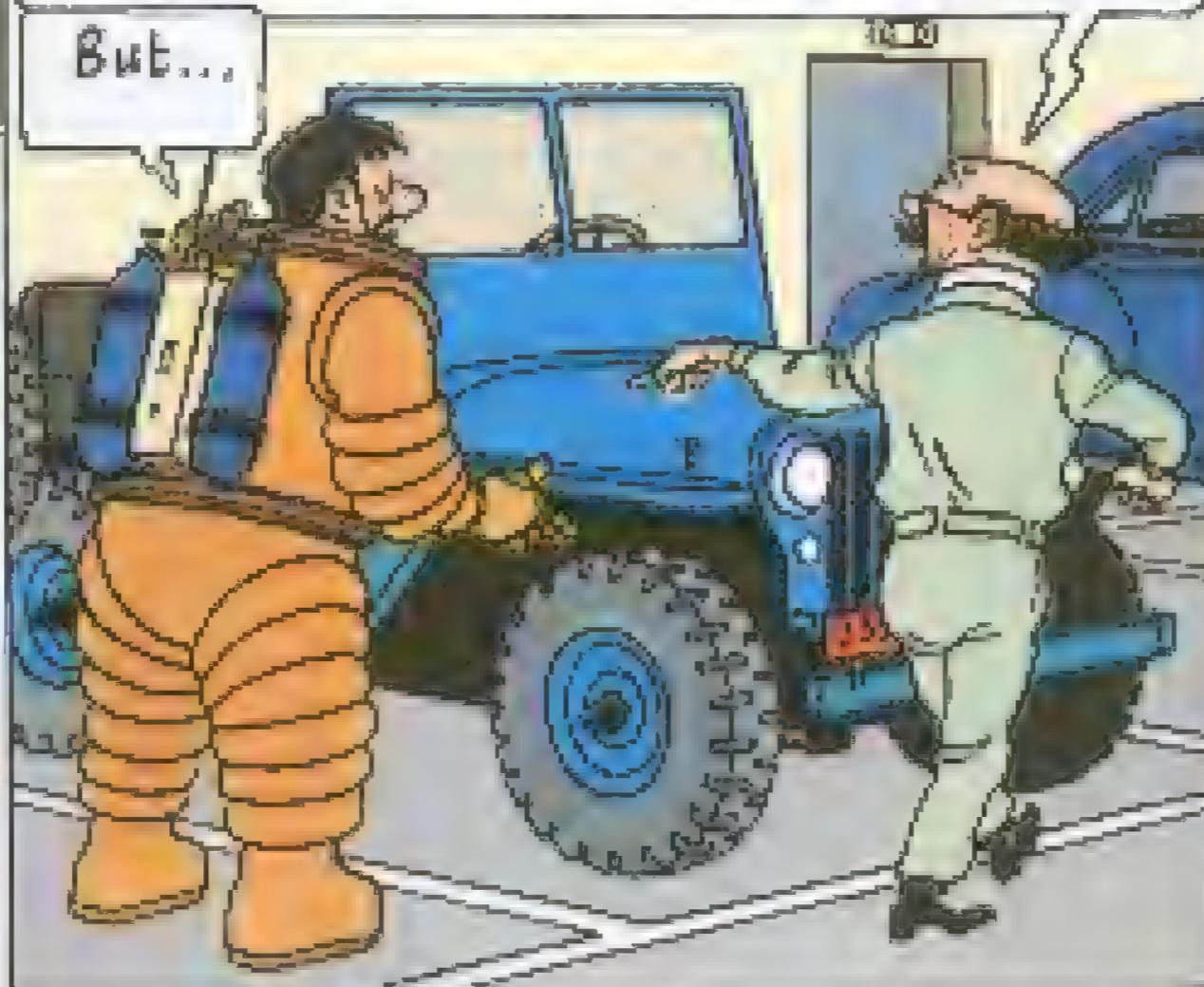


For months, teams of experts have been worked to death... acting the goat, of course!



Come on!... Sit down there and don't argue ... We're leaving!

But...

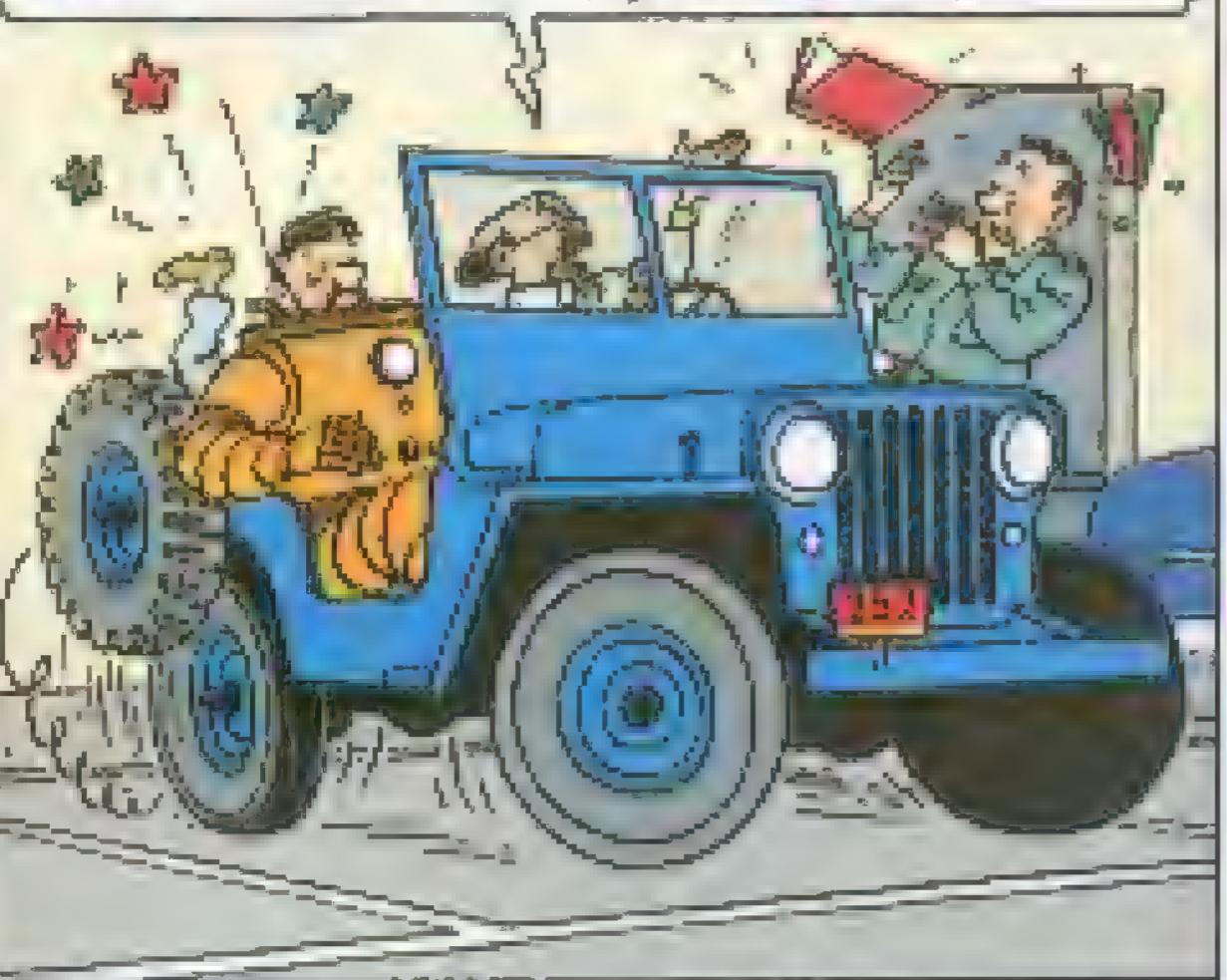


Good morning, Professor. Will you sign the dispatch book, please?

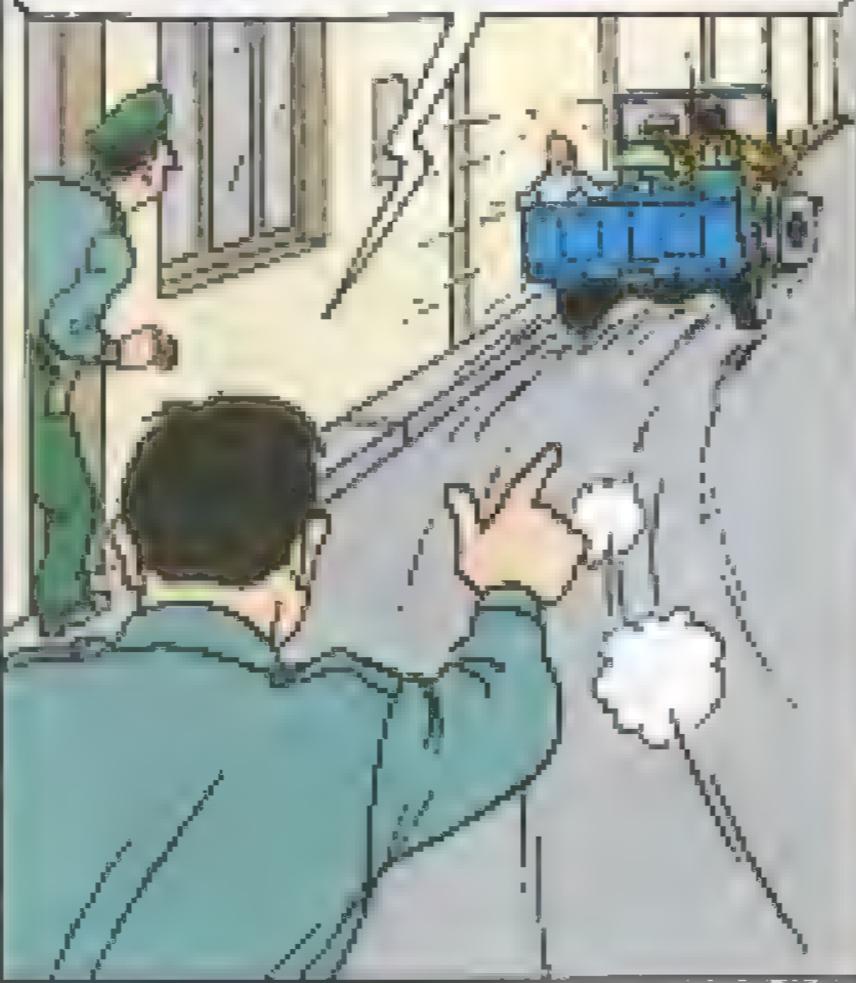
For the love of heaven don't let him go!



Stand aside, microbe!... Let me pass! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?... I'm acting the goat!



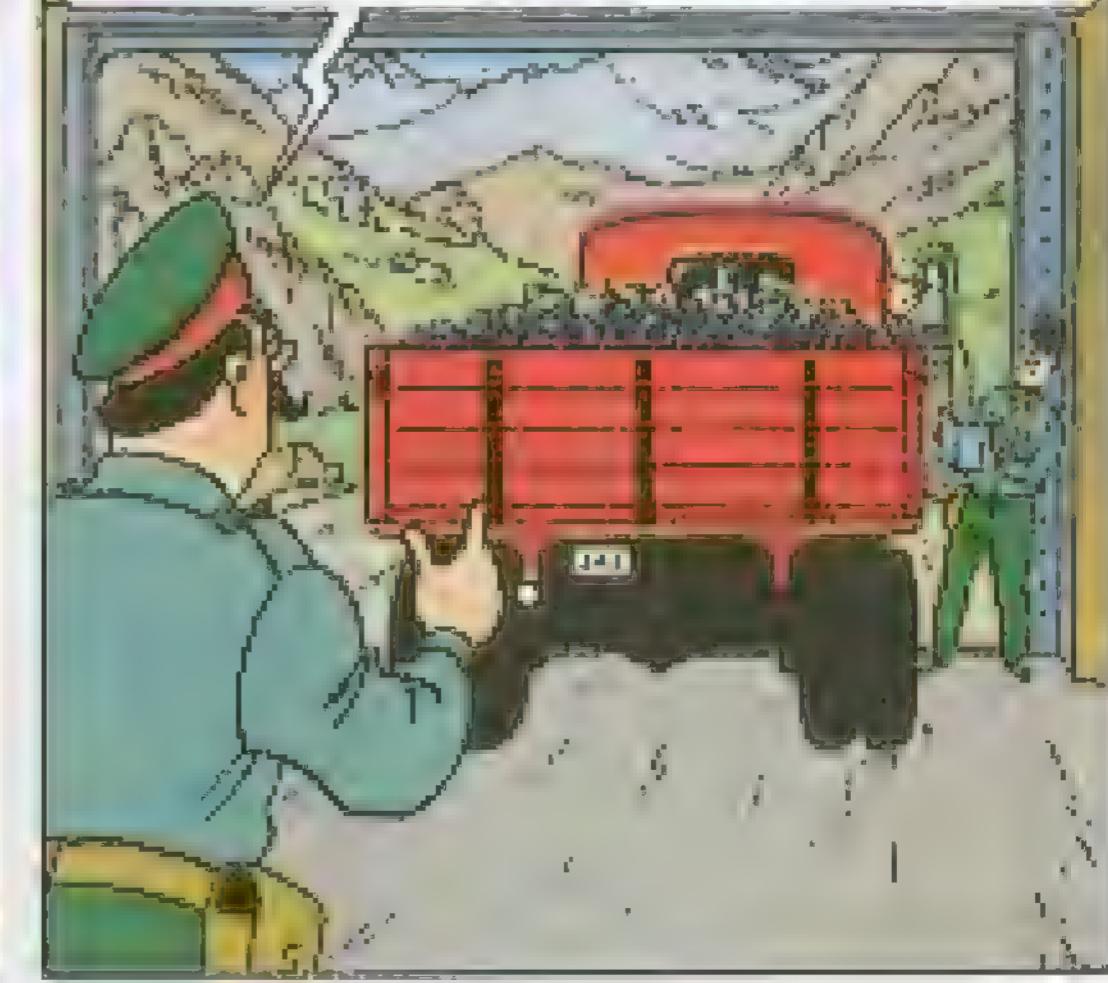
Stop them!... They've no exit permit!



Hello!... Garage here... A jeep driven by Professor Calculus has left without permission... Stop it!

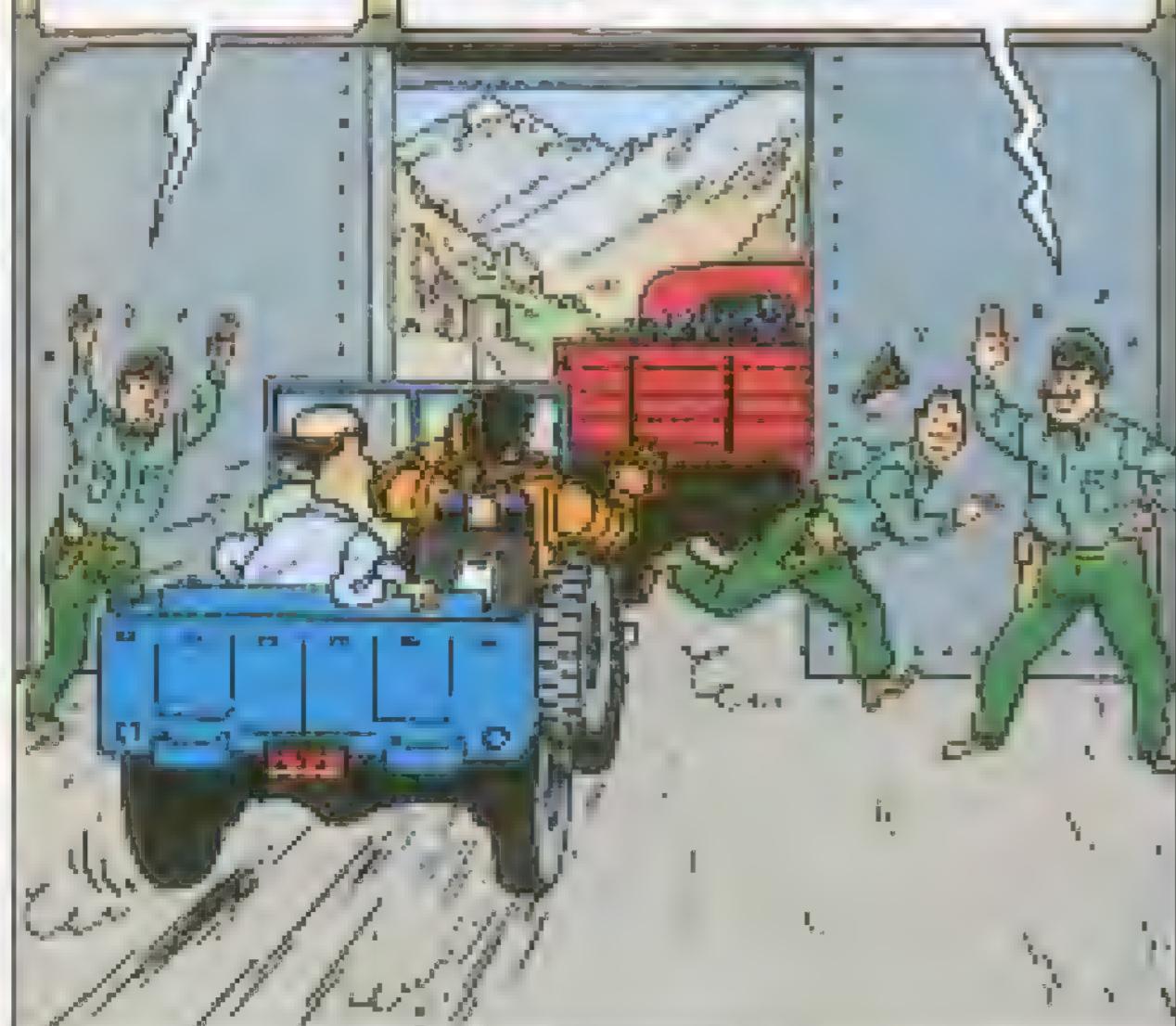


Quick; clear the entrance and close the doors. There's a jeep coming...

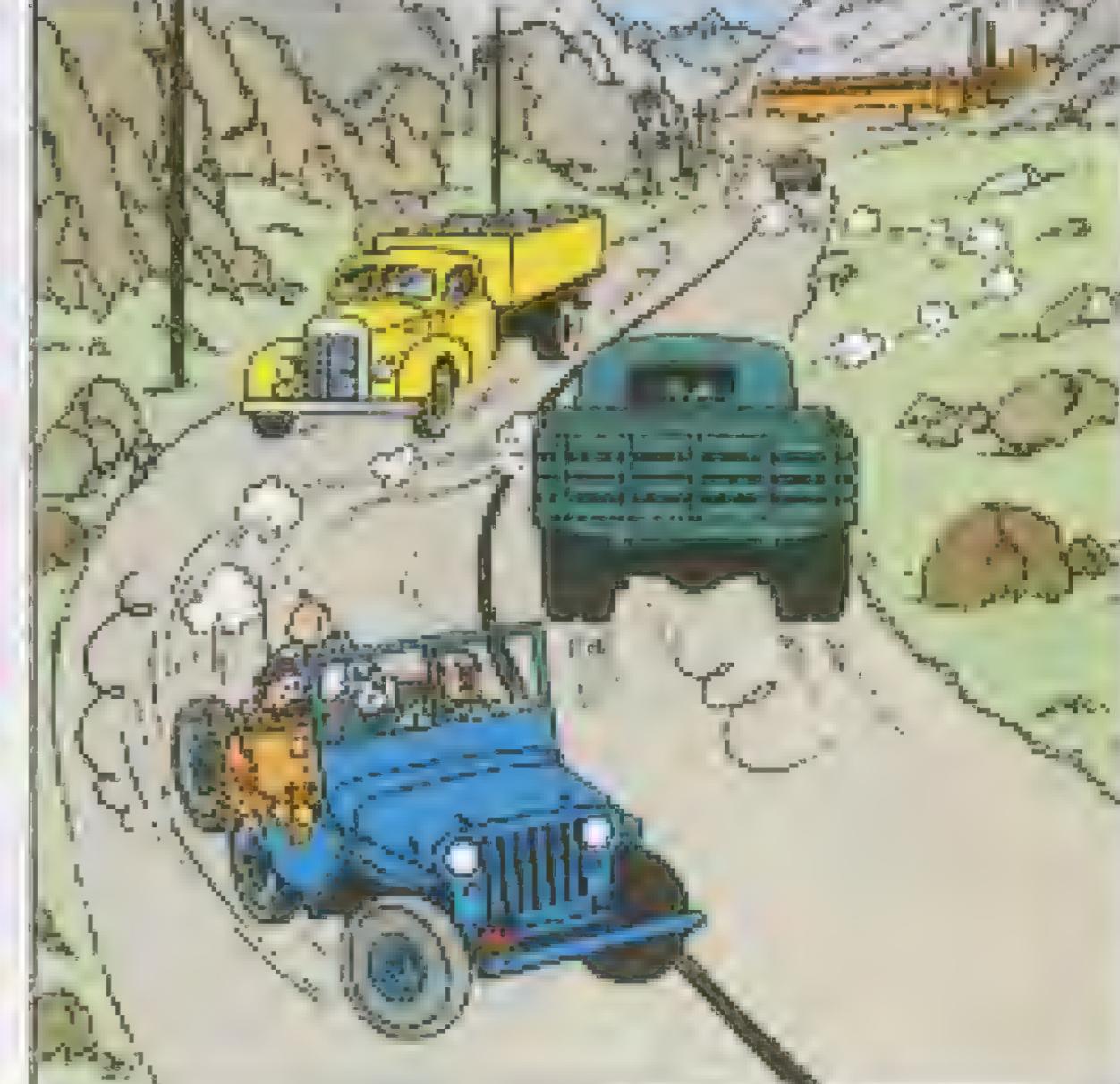
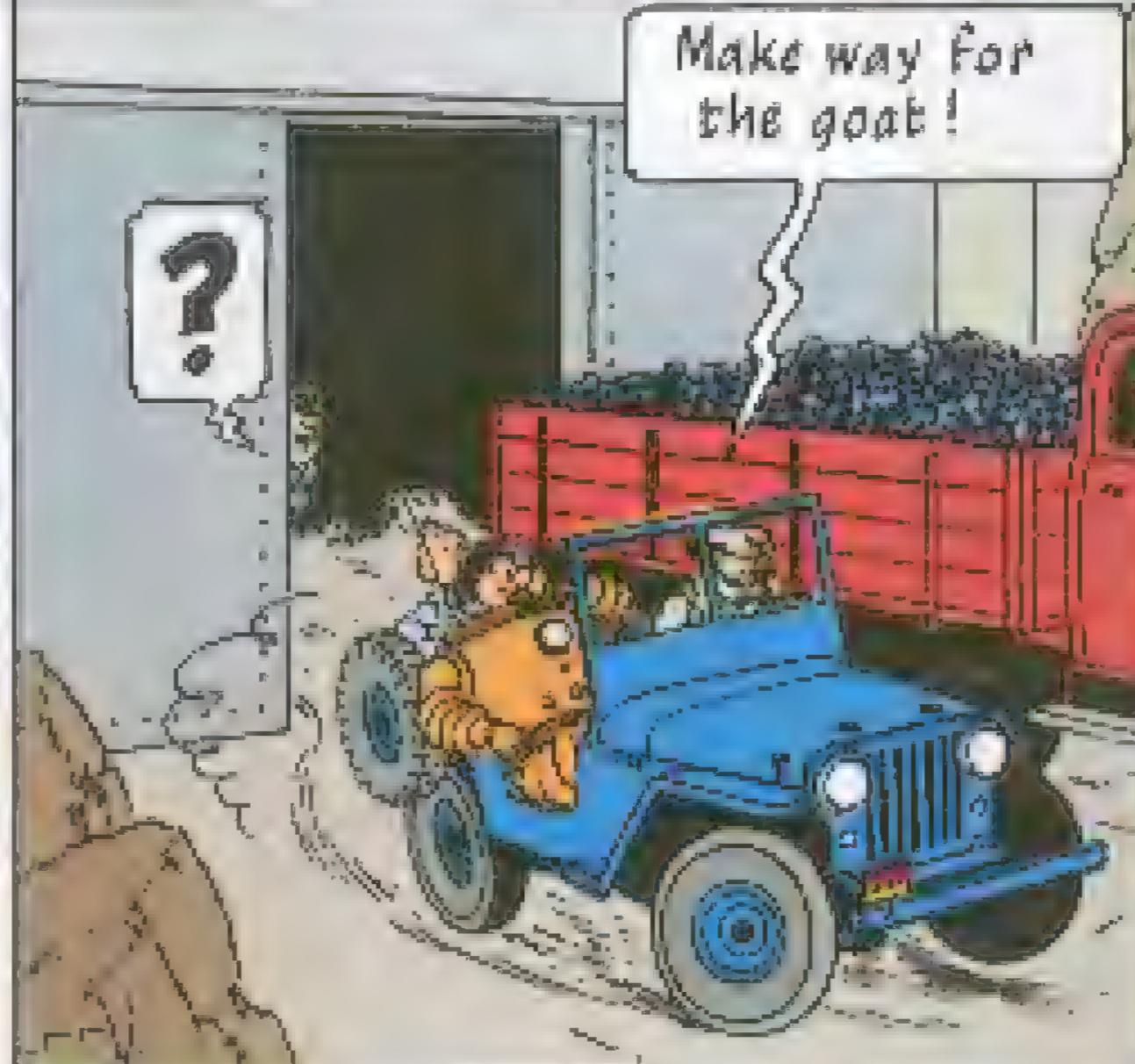


Halt!

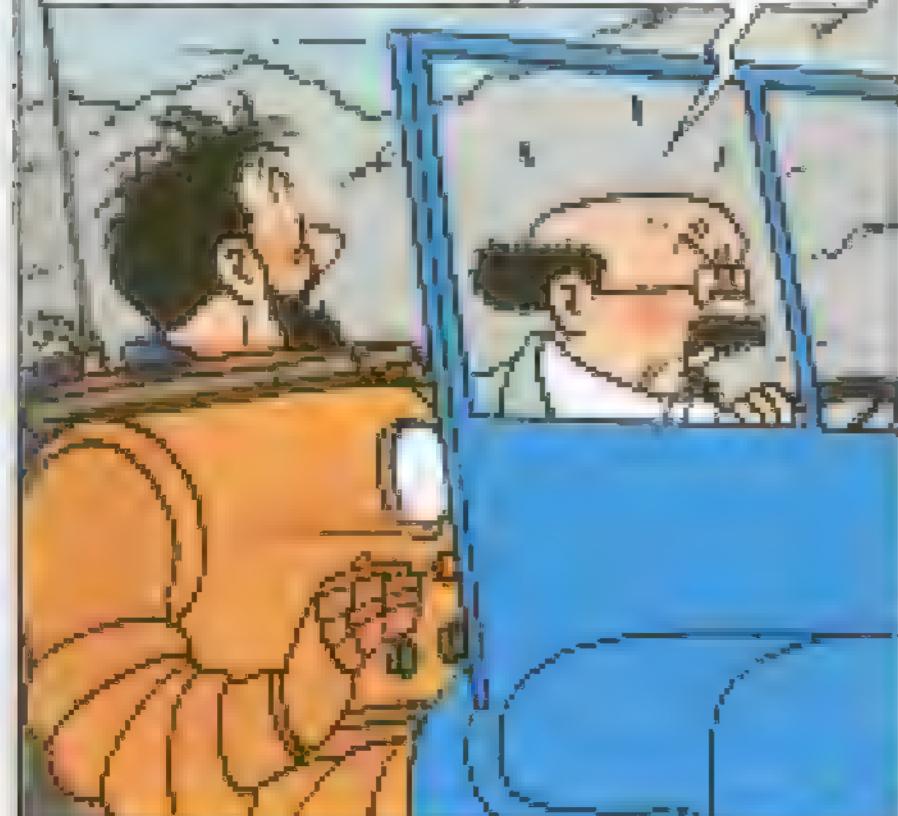
Hey!... Stop!



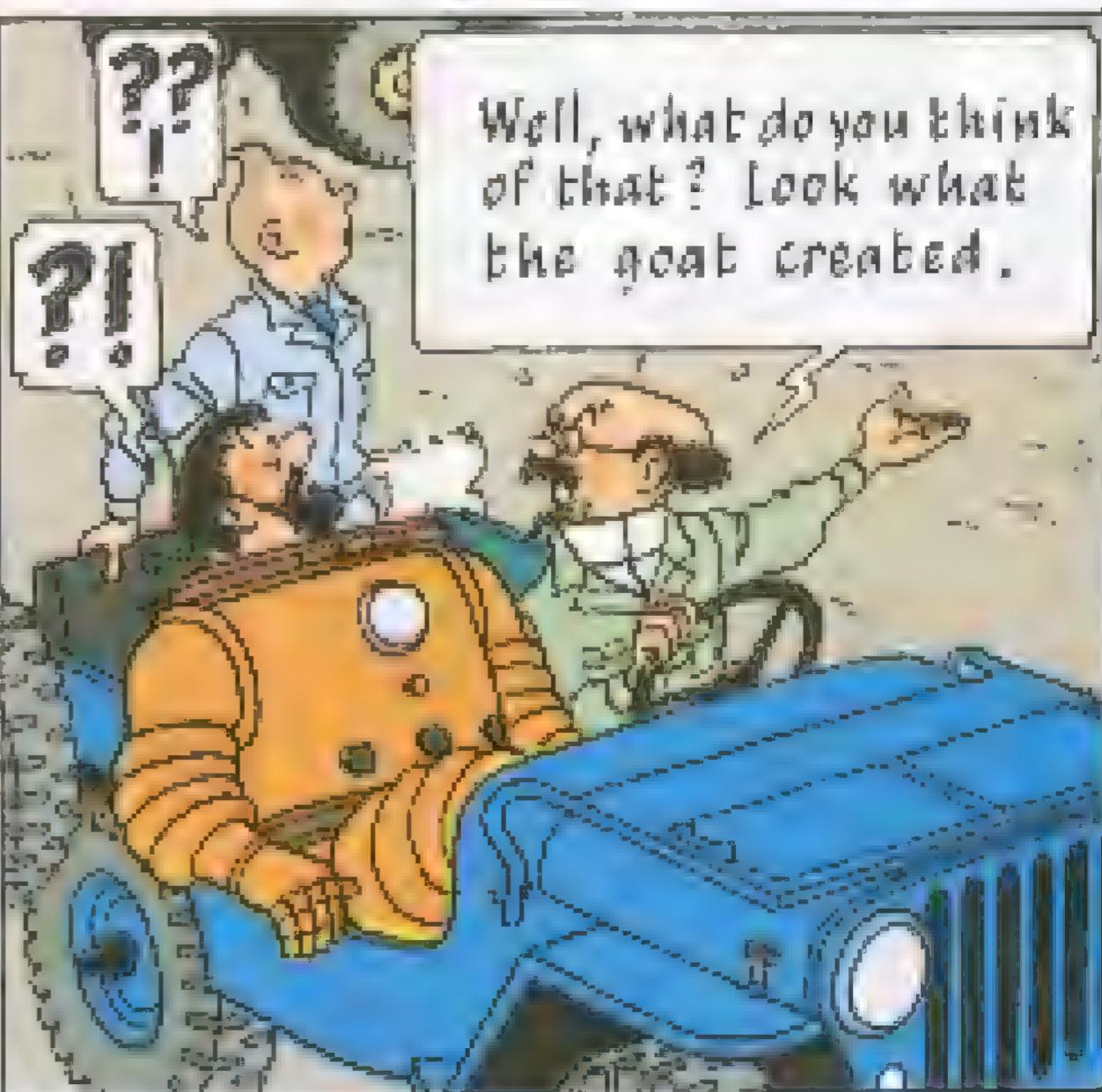
Make way for the goat!



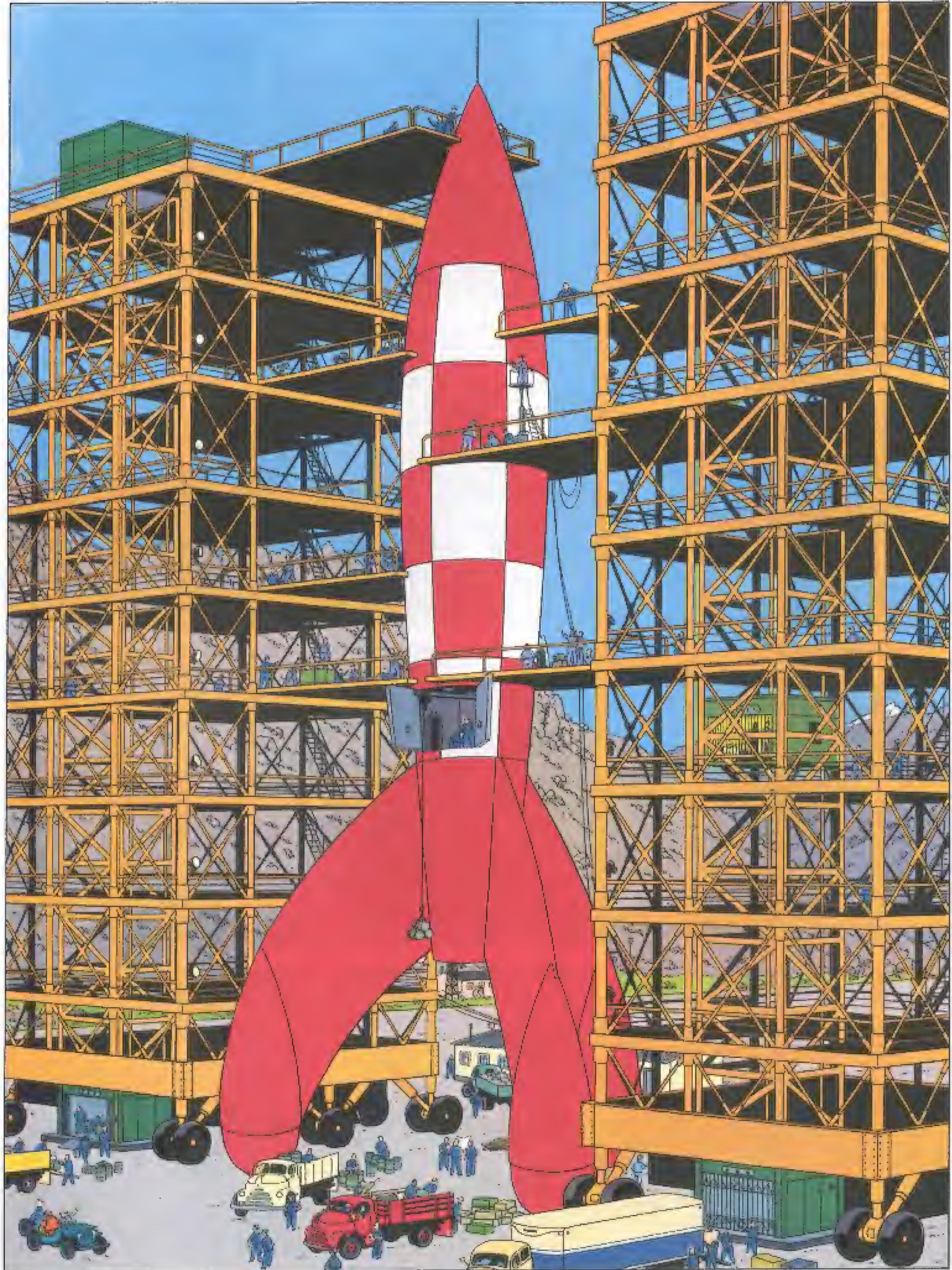
I often say to myself: one of these days I'll learn to drive! Nowadays everyone should be able to drive a car!



Stop! We're here.



Well, what do you think of that? Look what the goat created.

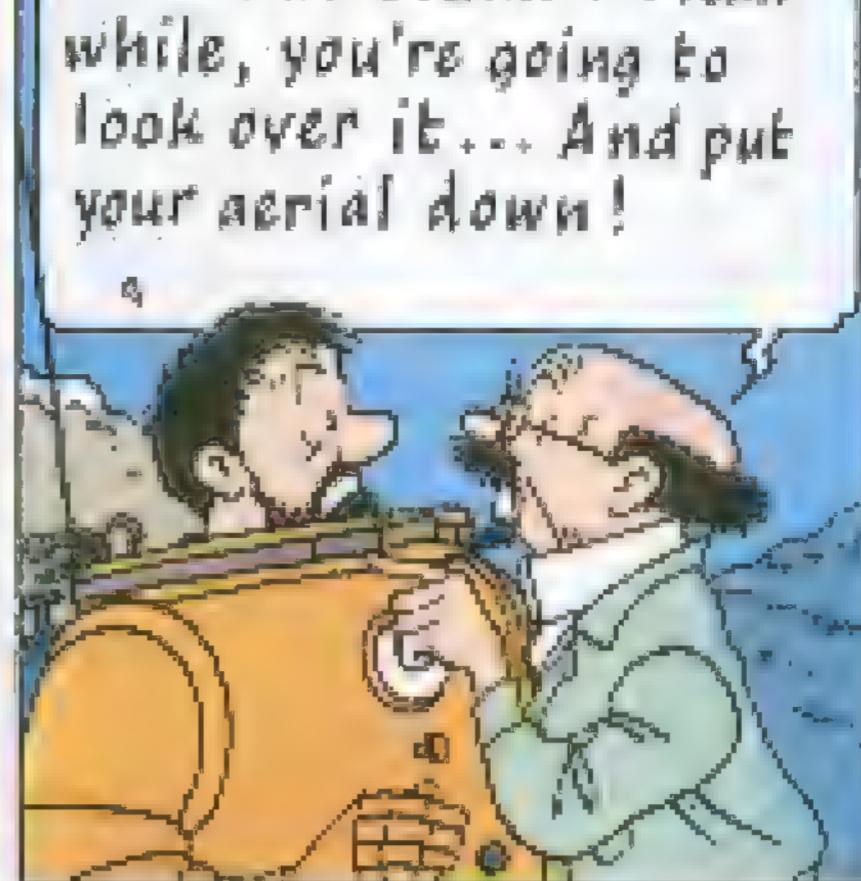
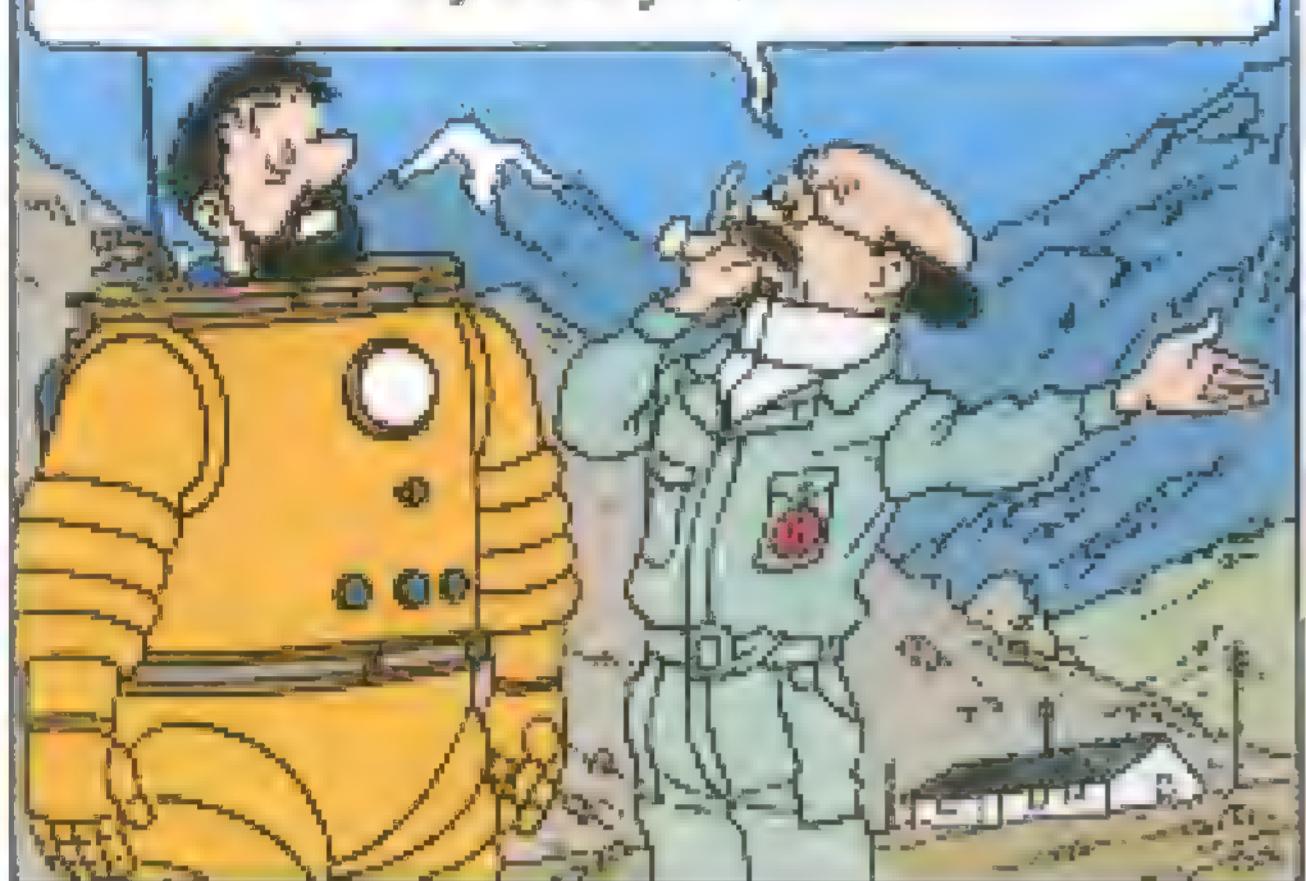


Well, what about it?... Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?

You think this...this crackpot contraption will take you to the Moon? ...

This crackpot contraption, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!

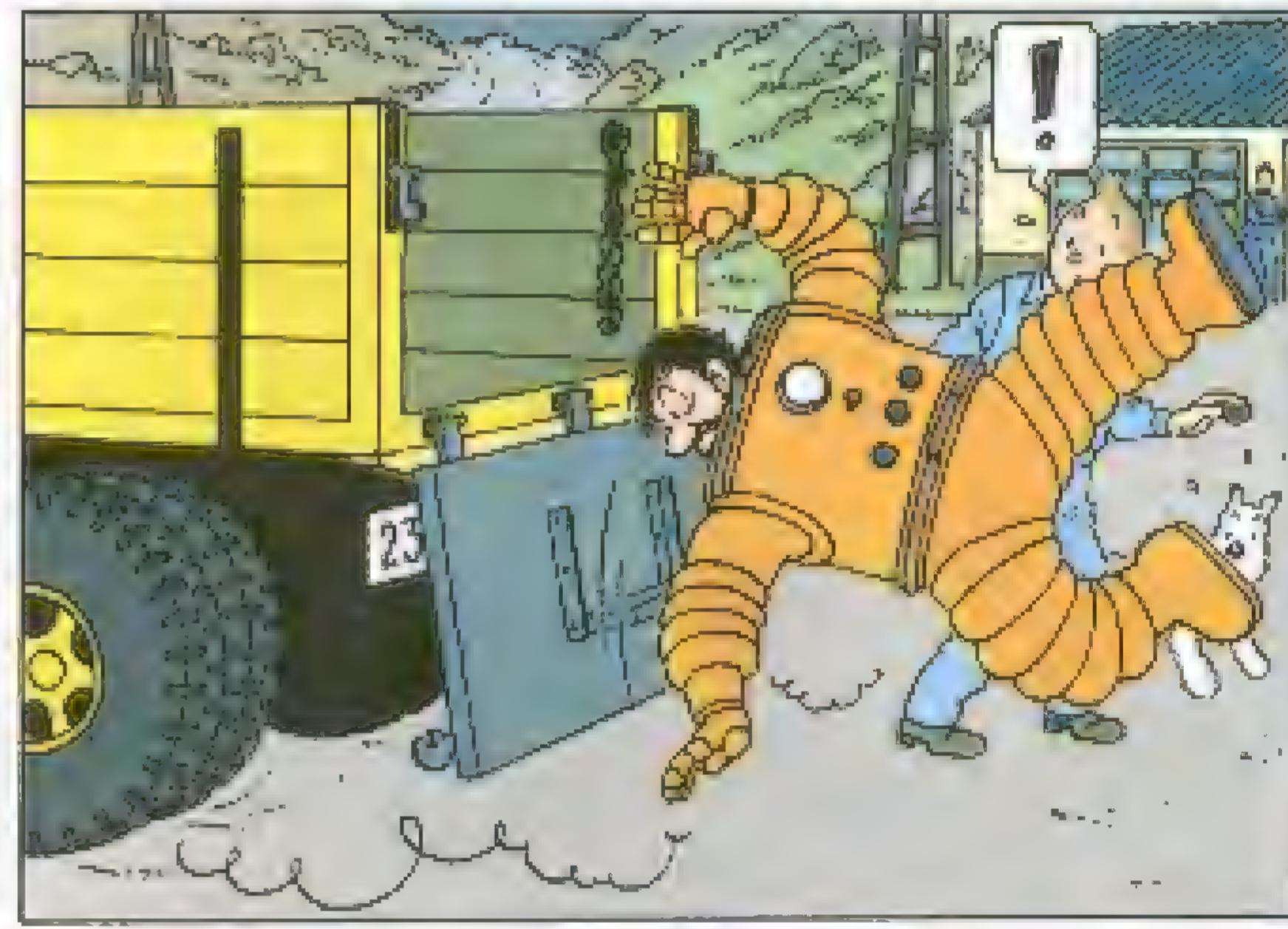
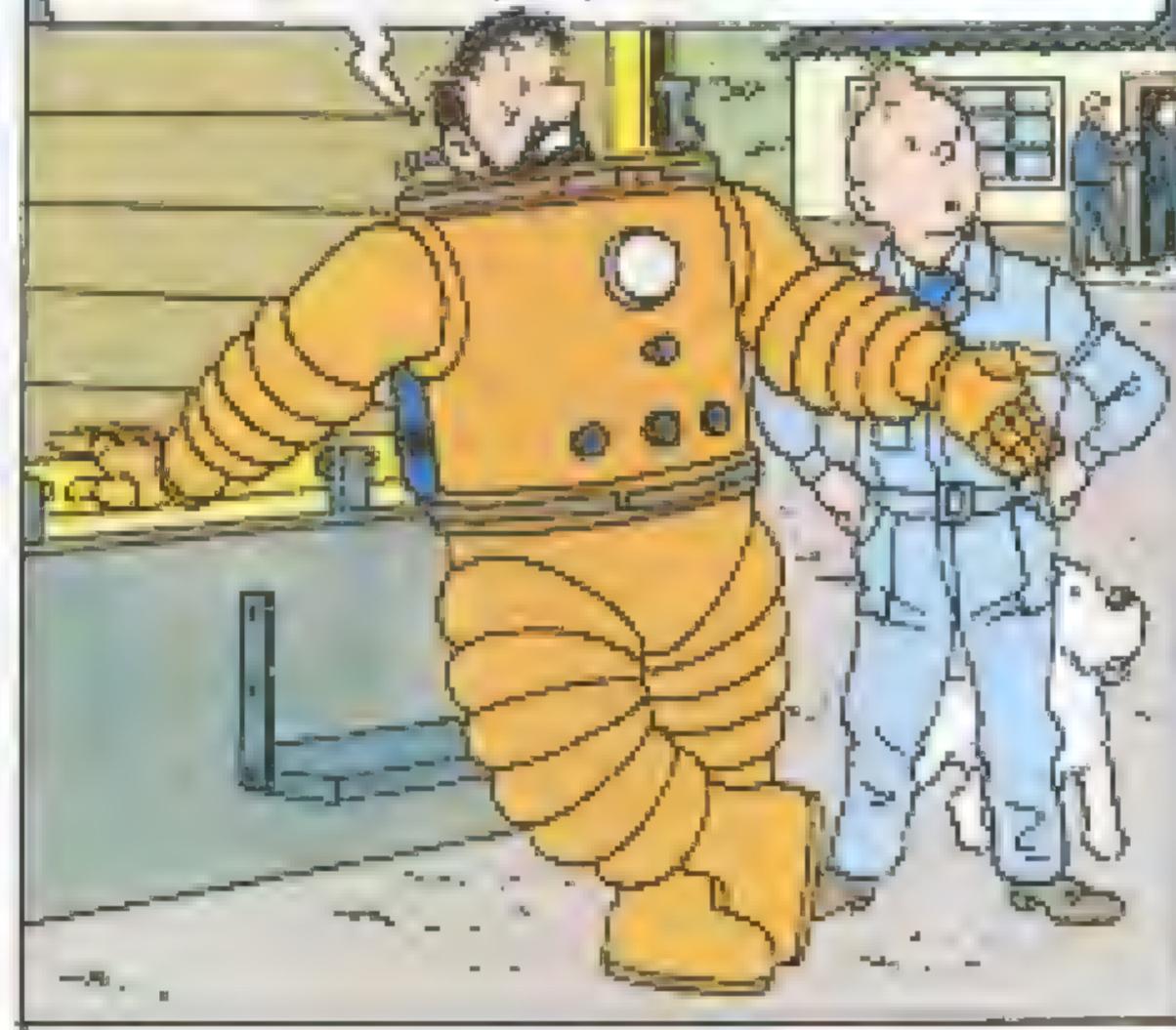
LIFT!...



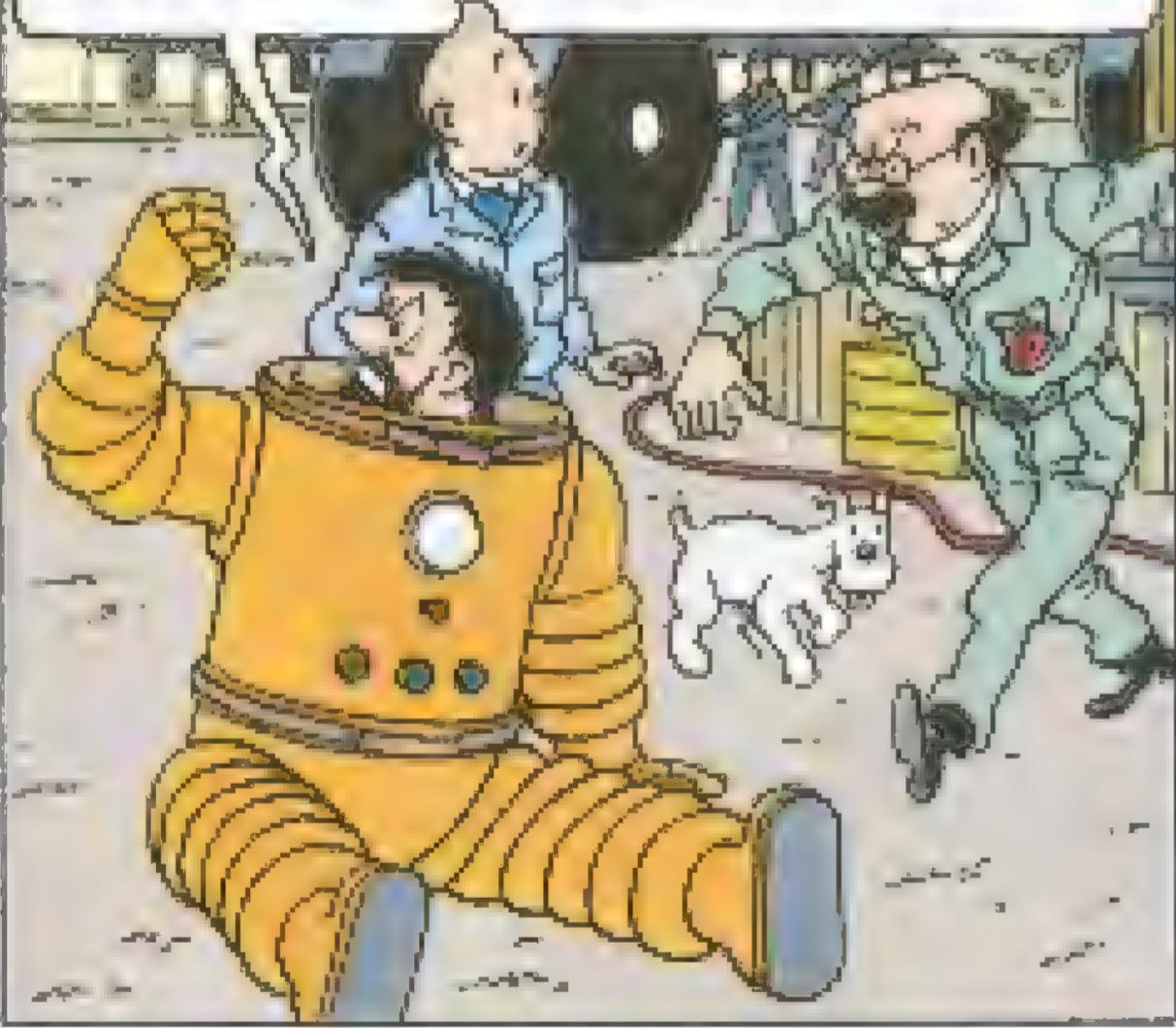
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



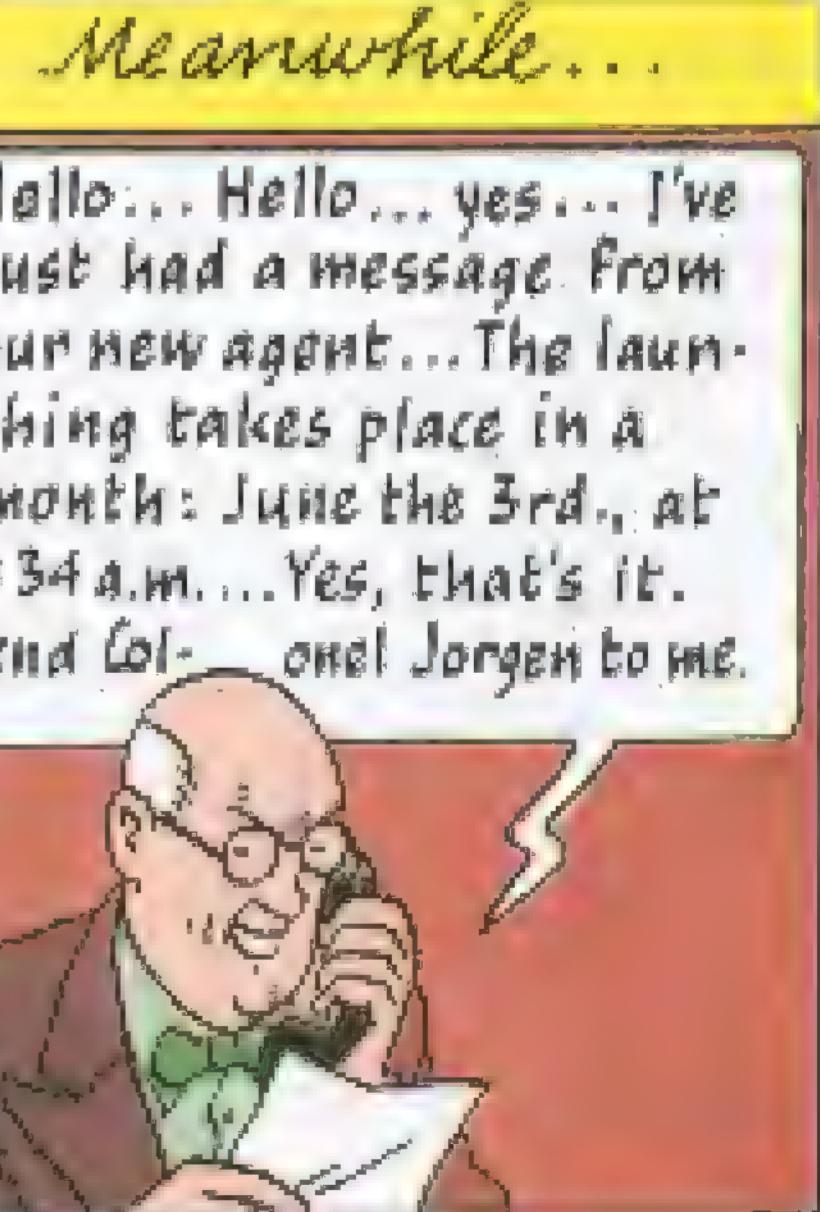
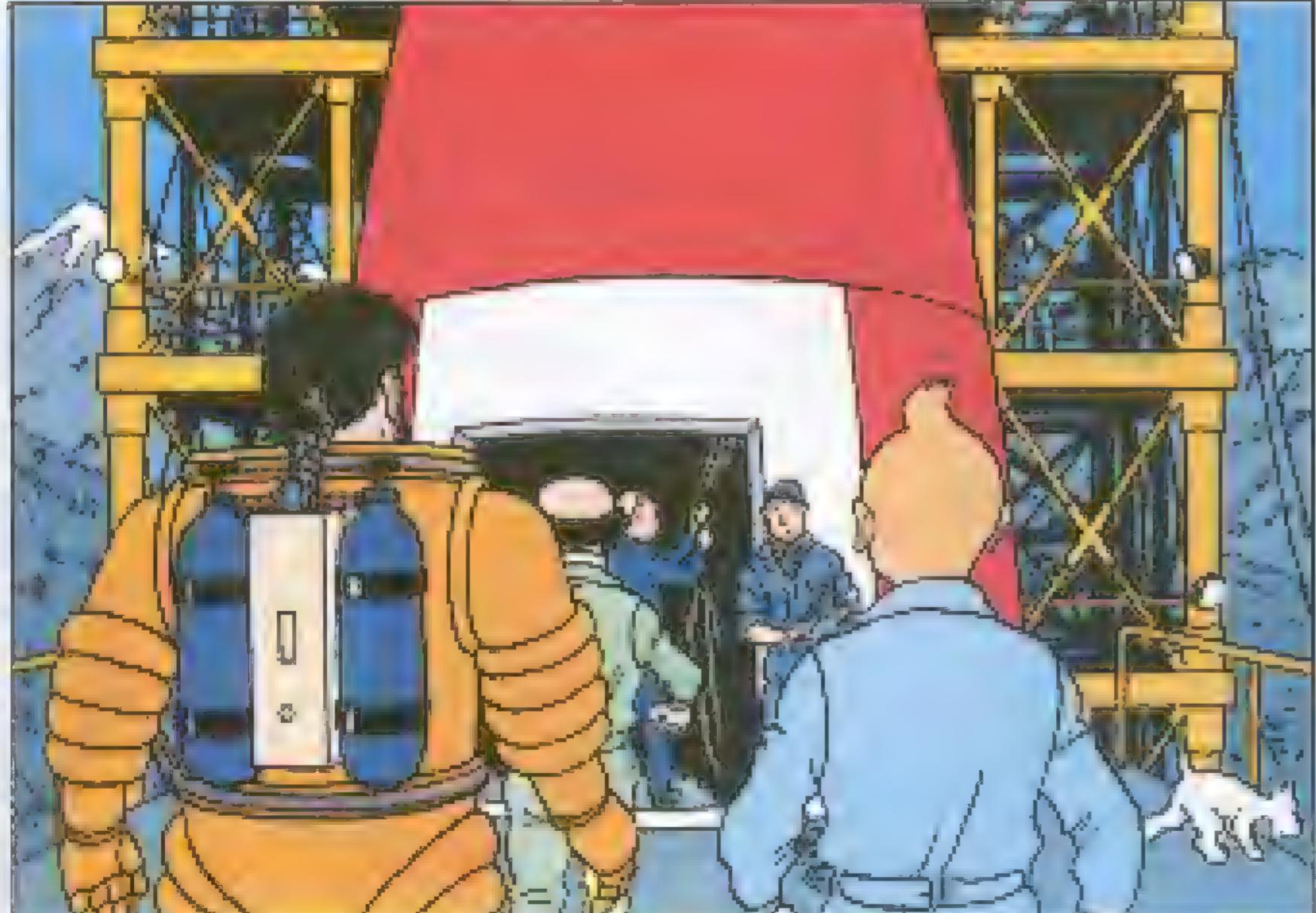
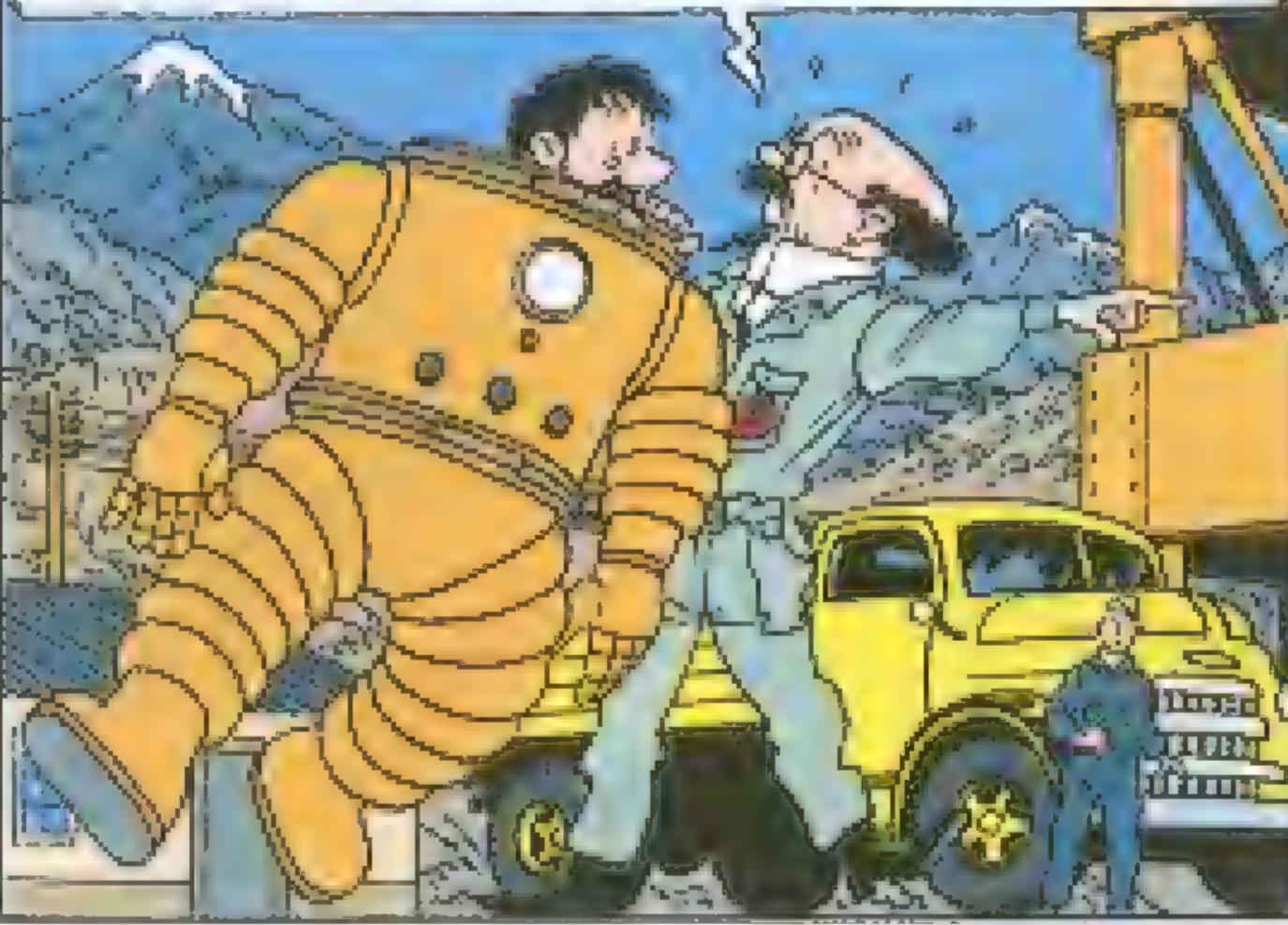
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



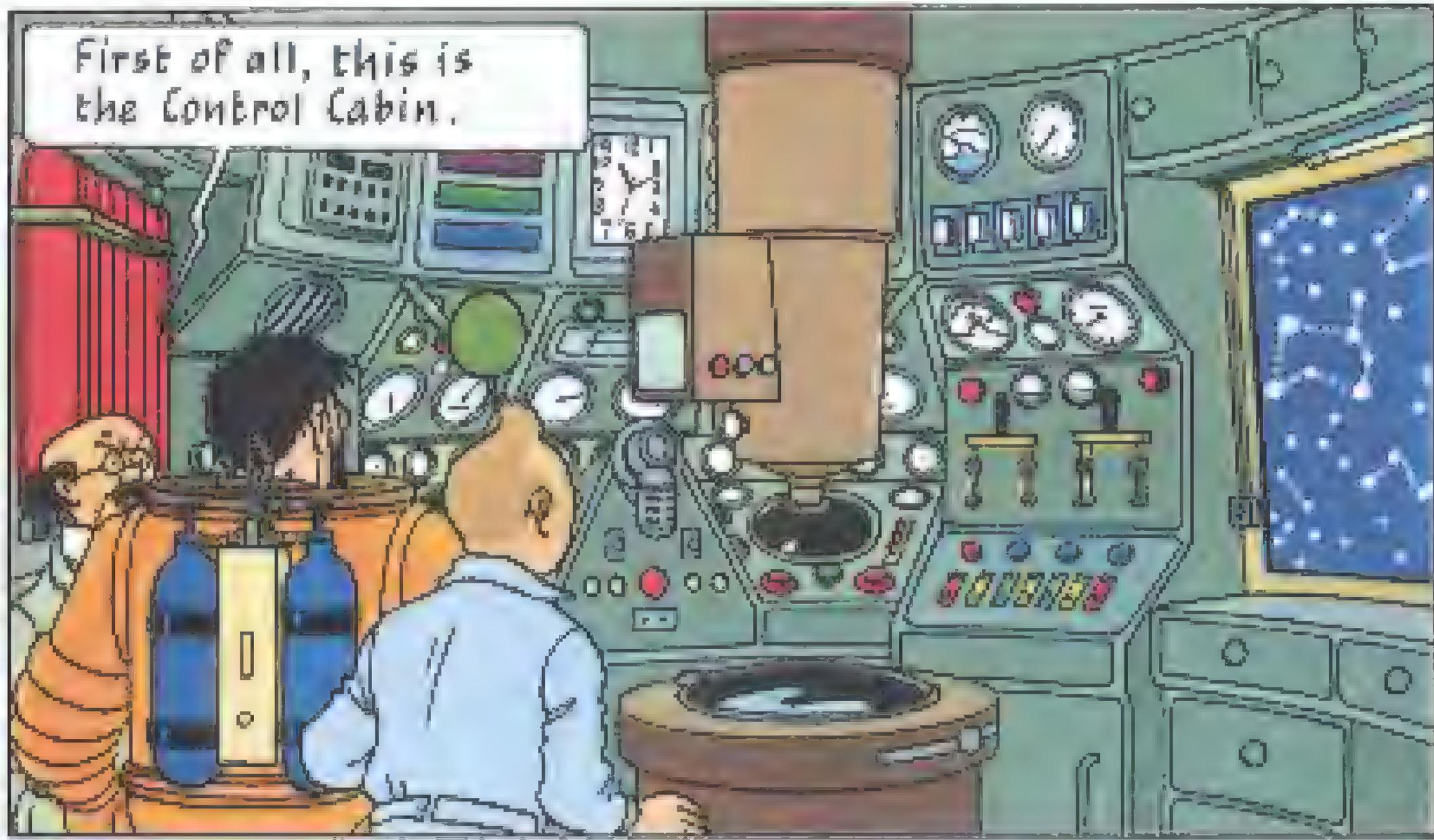
You road-hog!... Bully!... Steam-roller! ... Cyclotron!



Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making a scene in front of everybody?... Stand up!... The lift is waiting!



First of all, this is the Control Cabin.



Well, what do you think of it?... You can't call this acting the goat, eh?

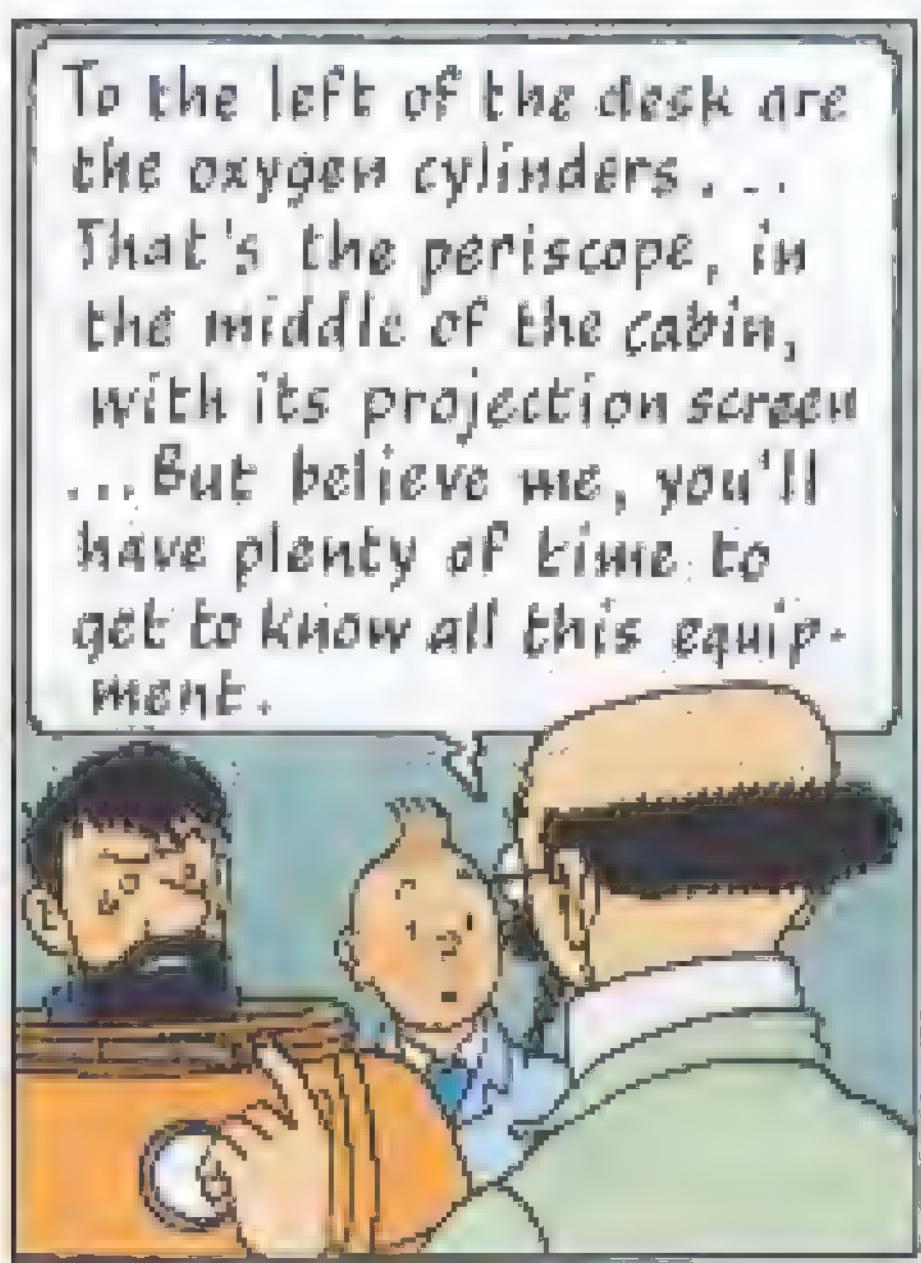
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



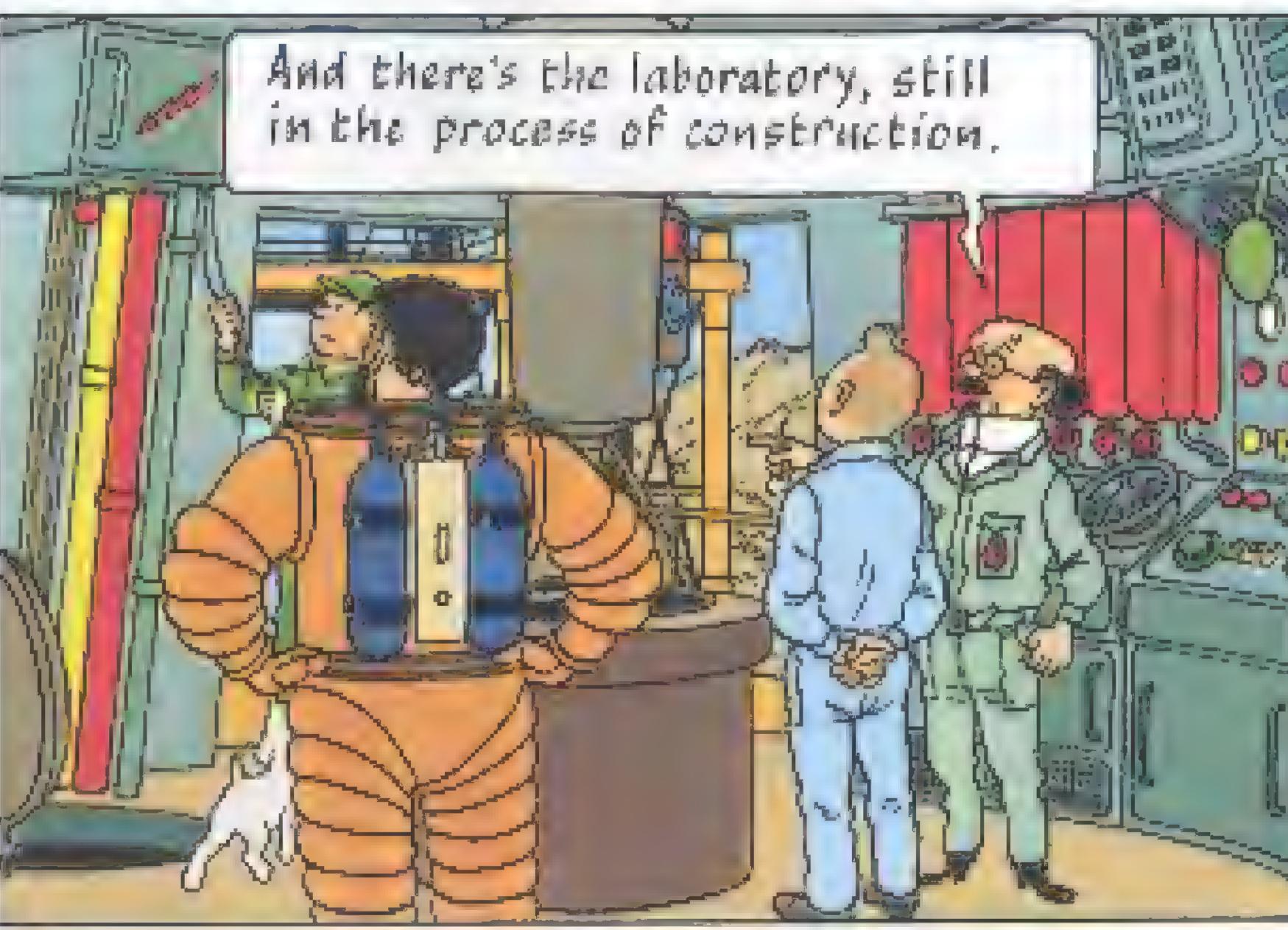
All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



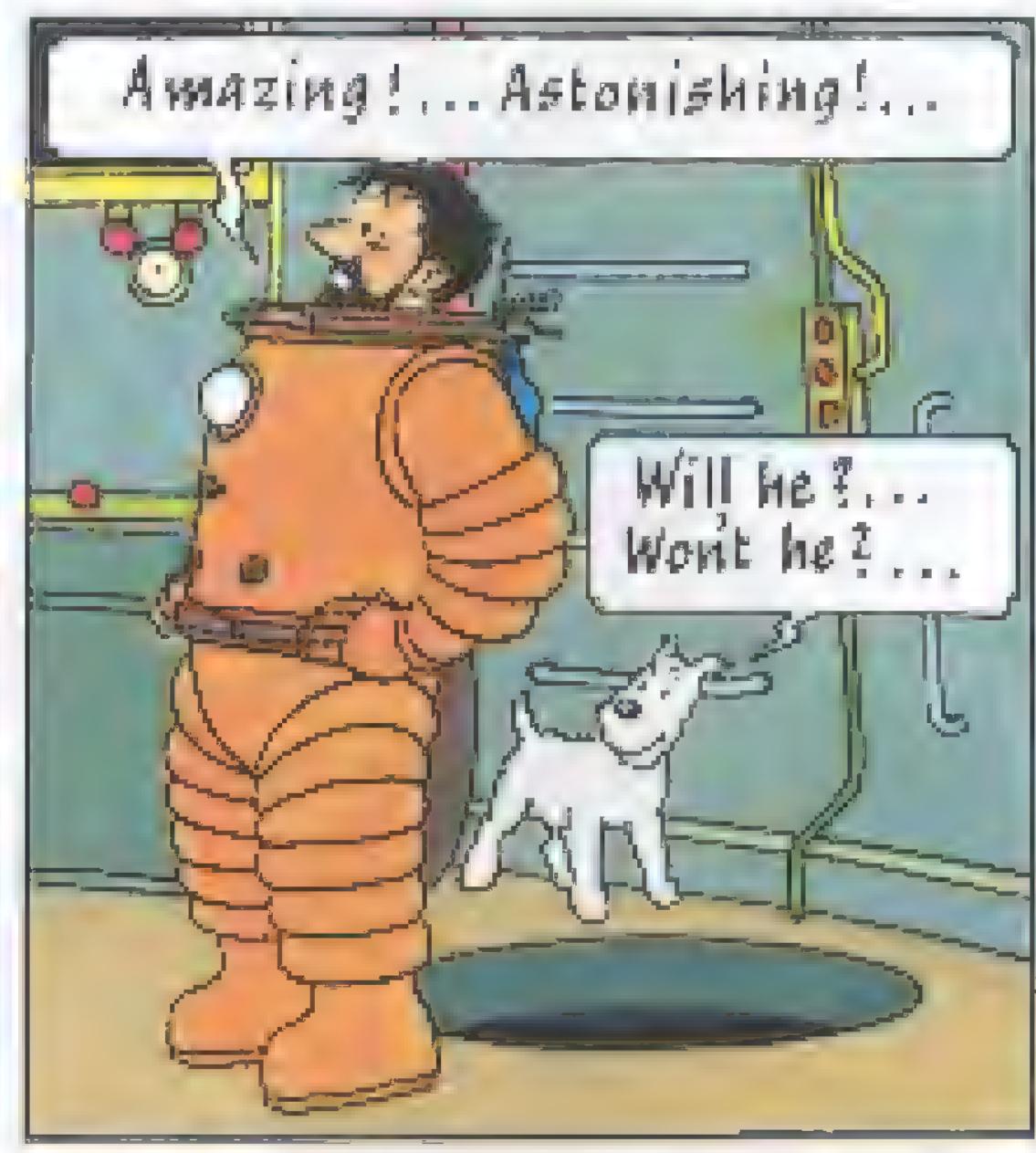
To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.



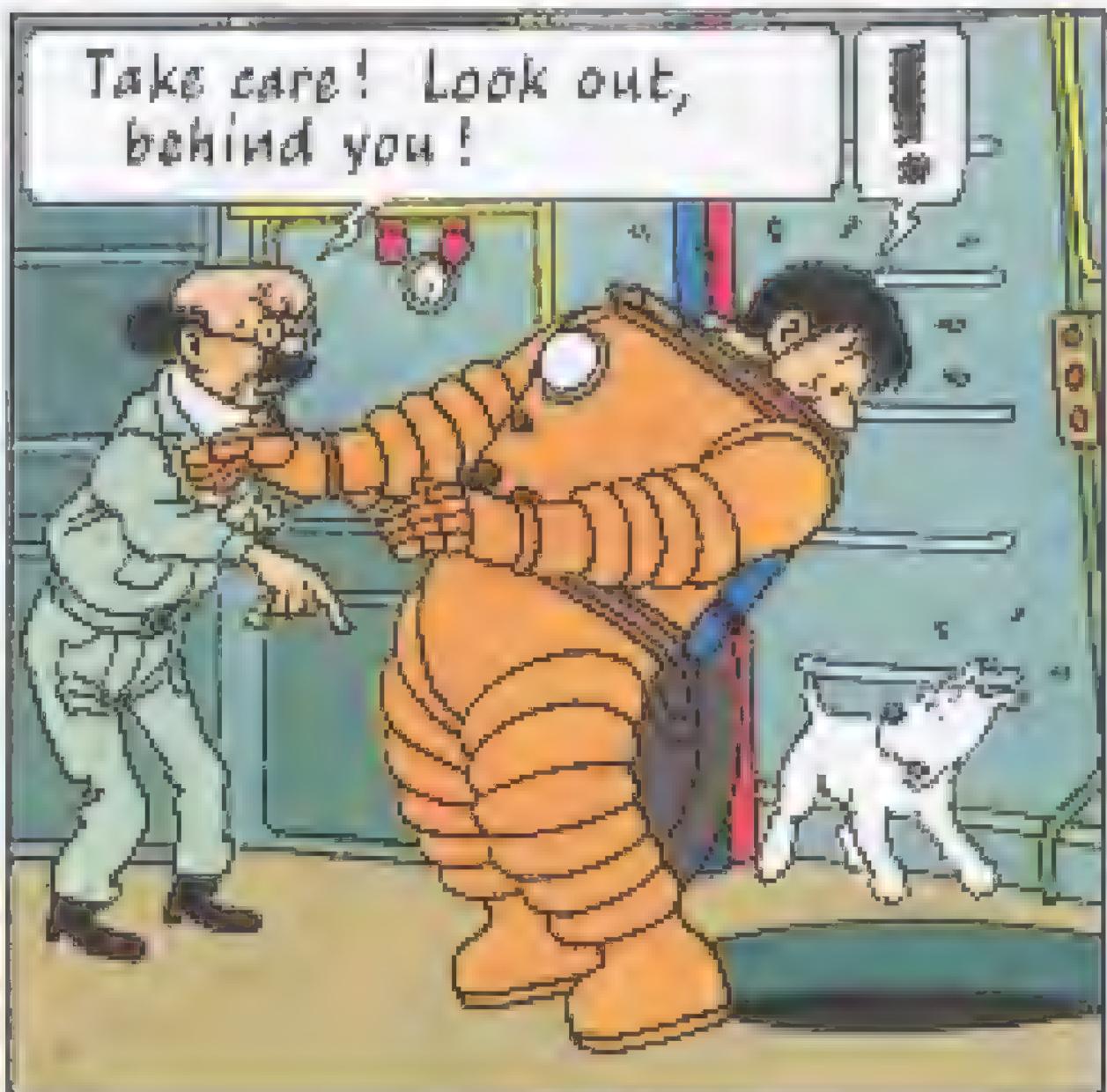
And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.



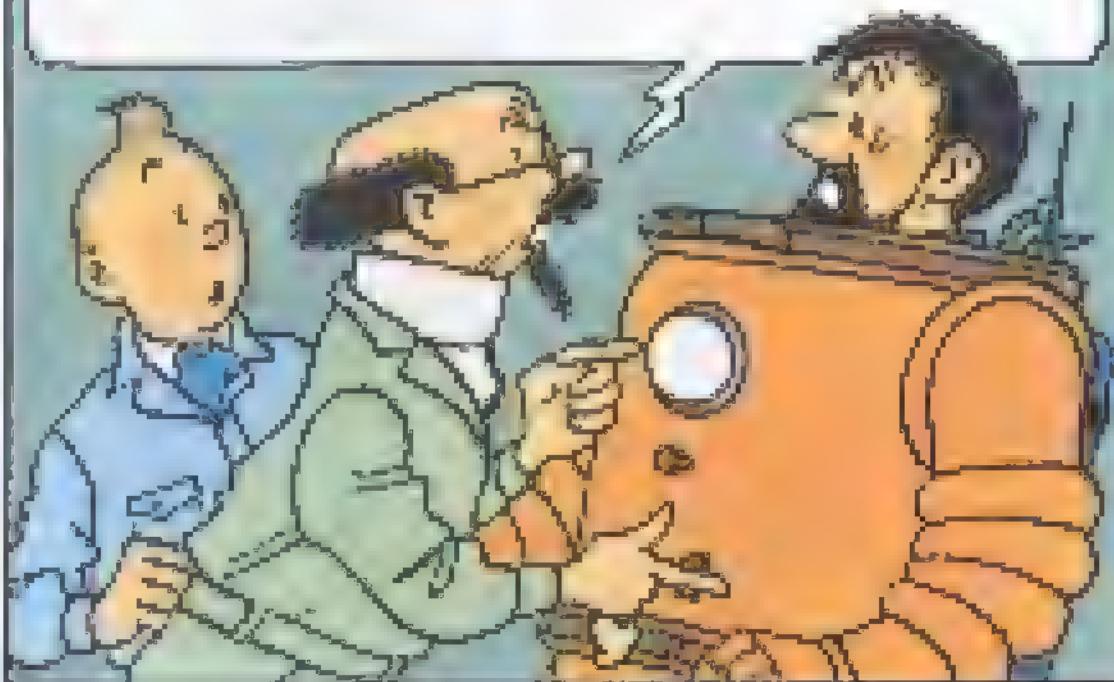
Amazing!... Astonishing!...



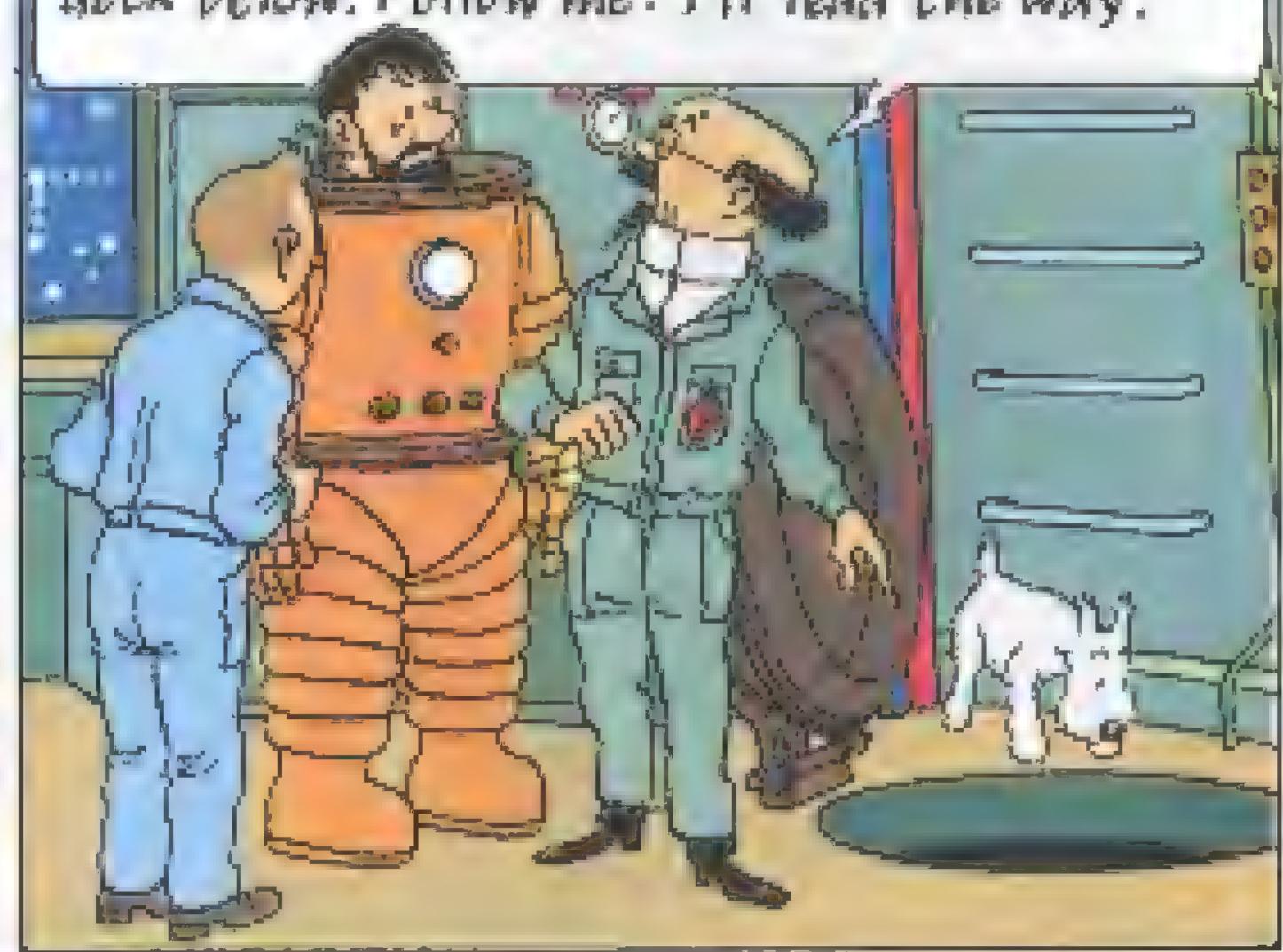
Take care! Look out, behind you!



I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



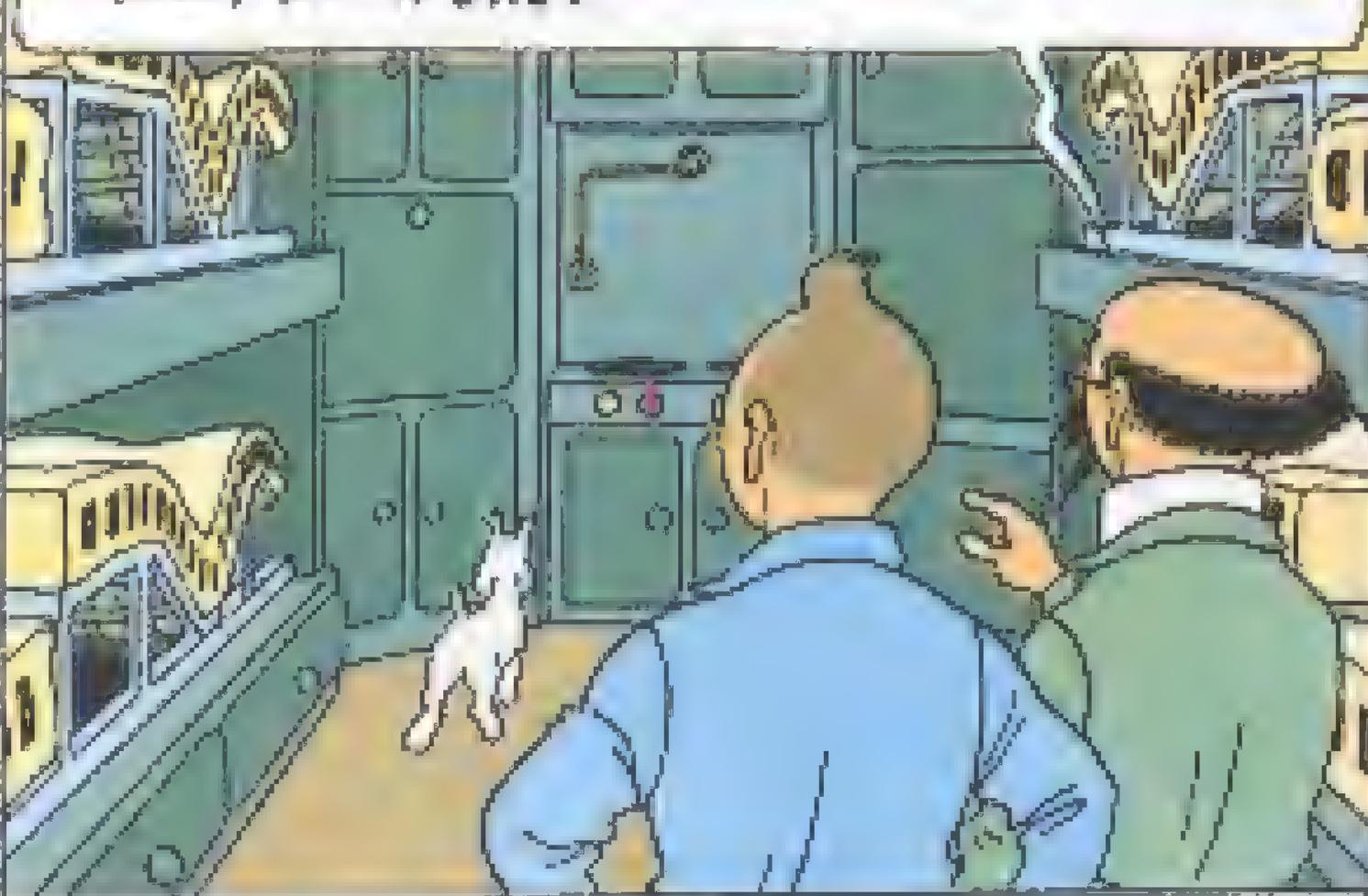
Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

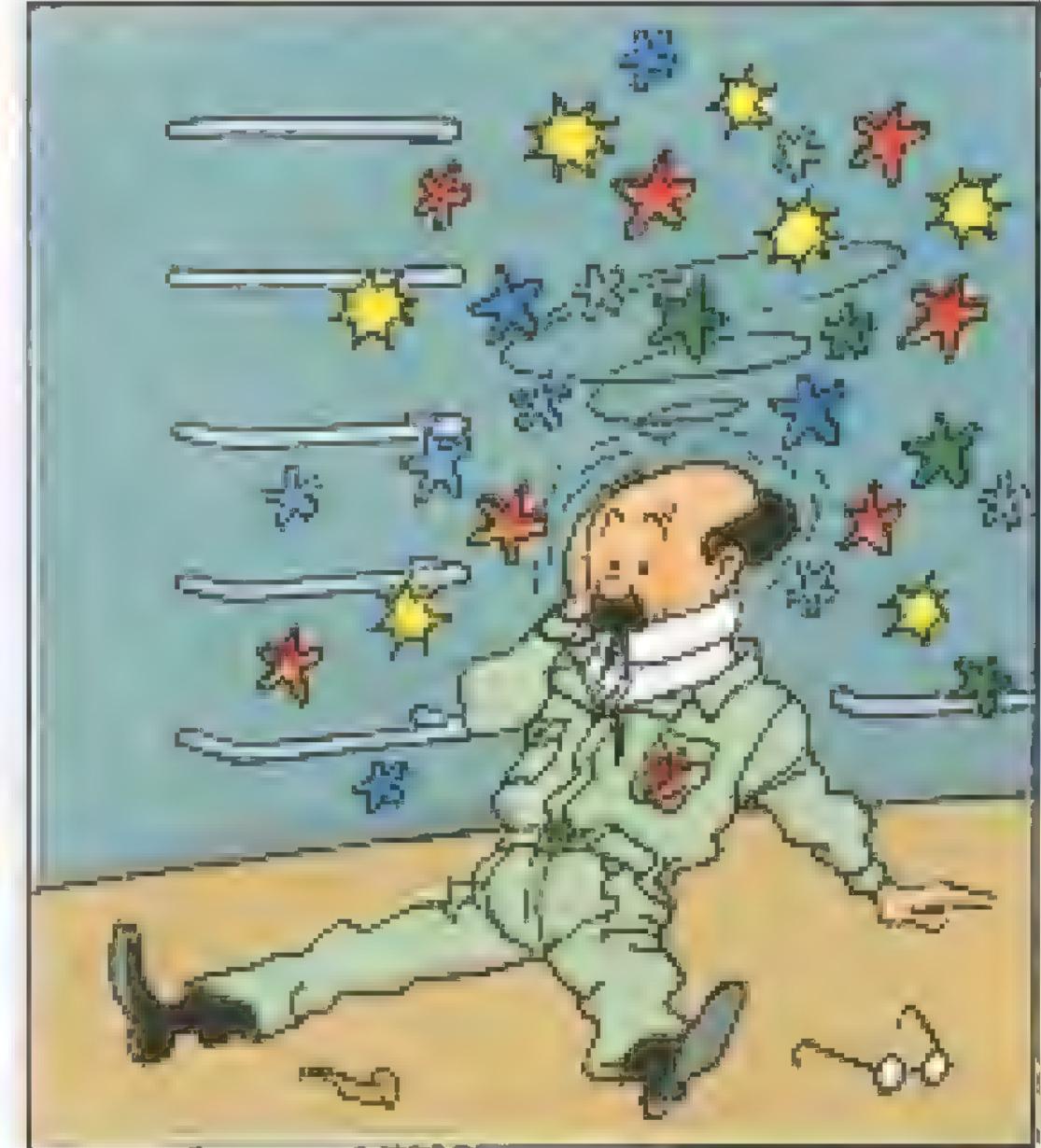
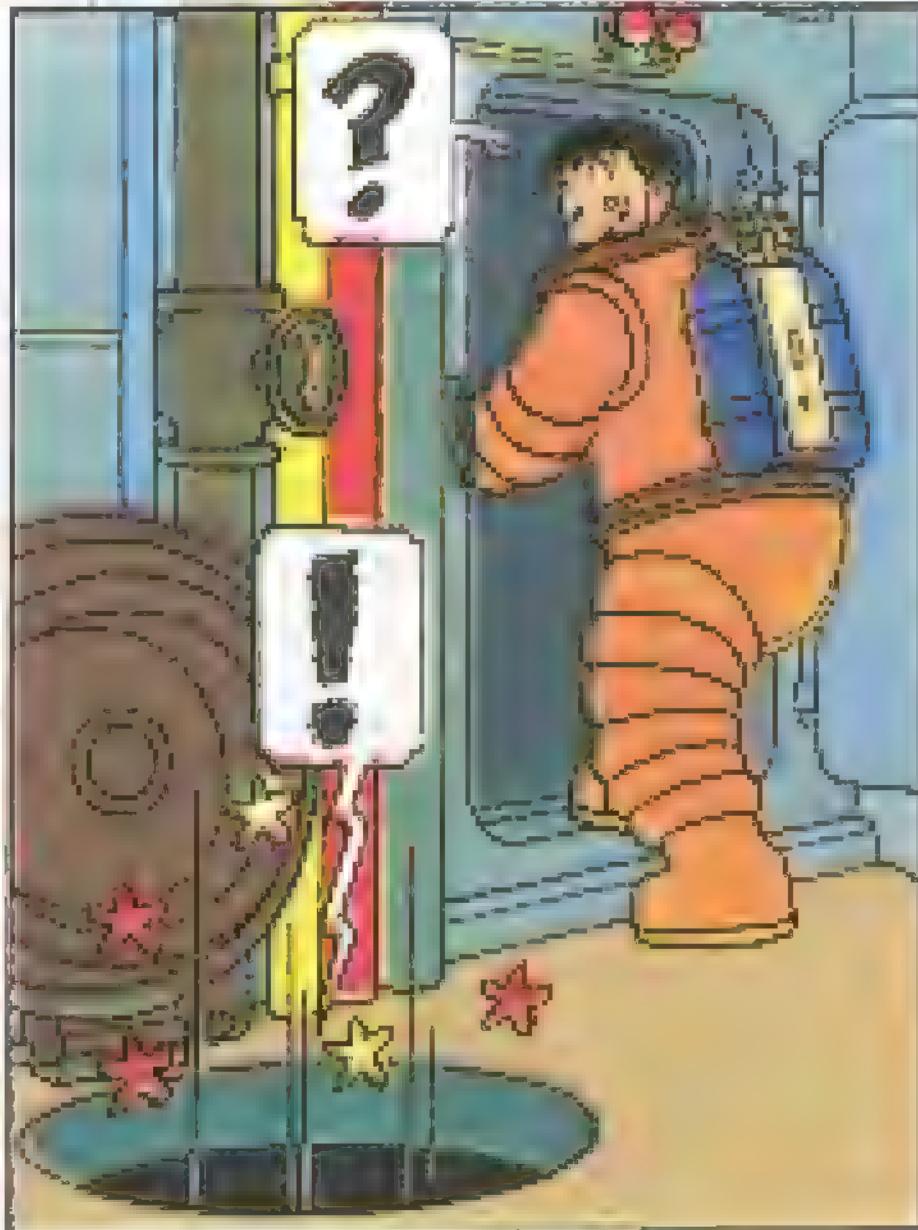
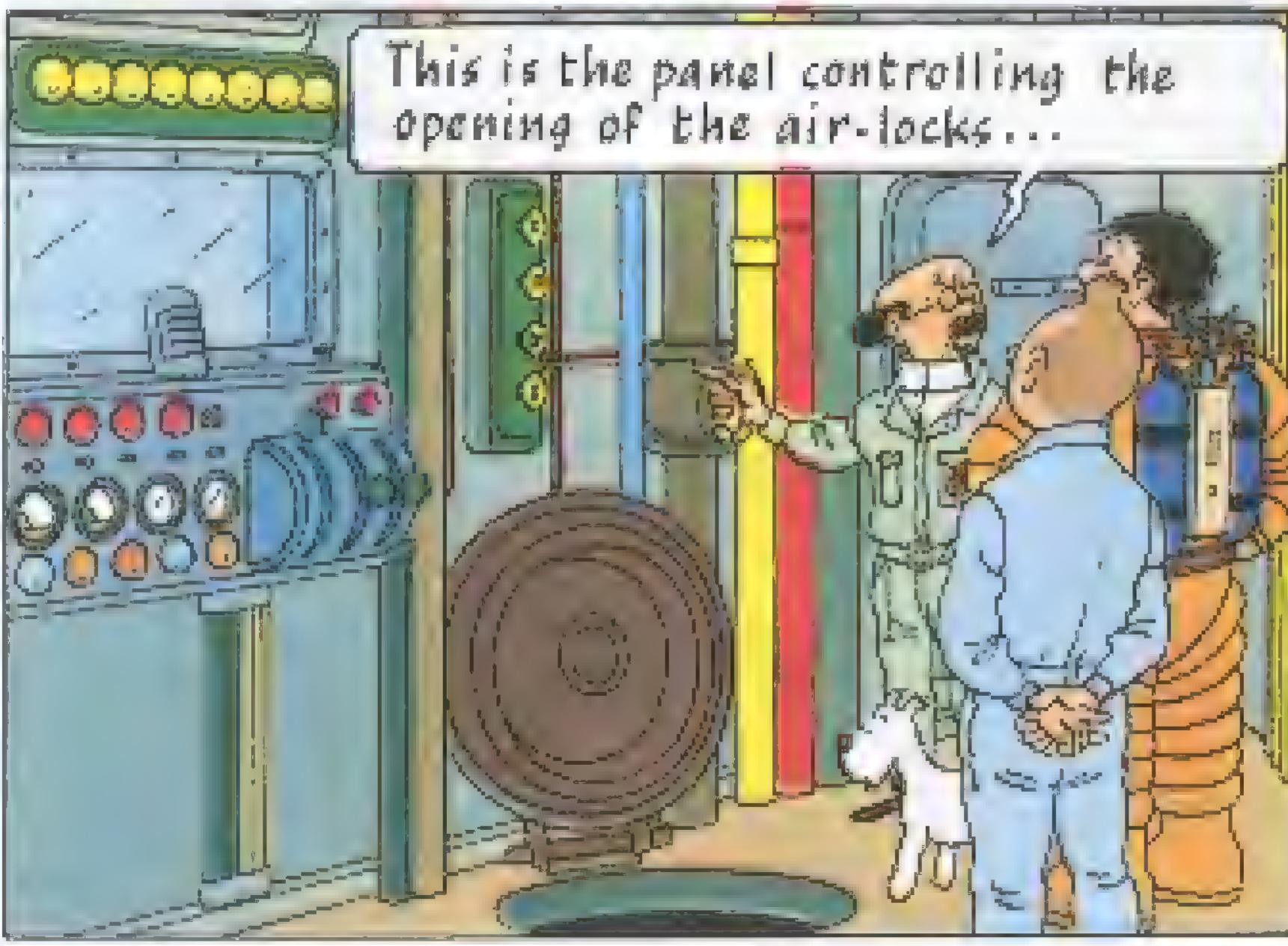
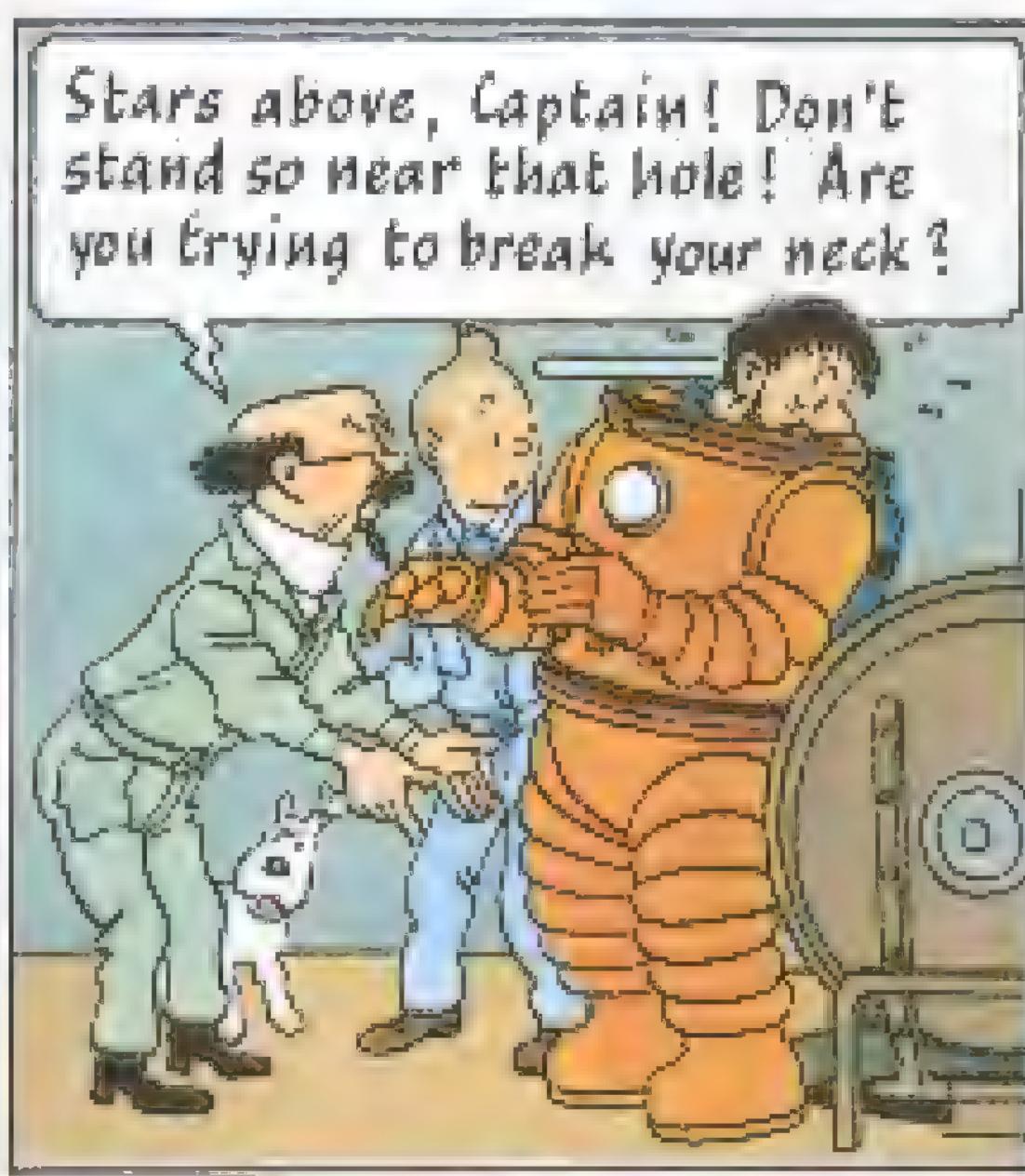
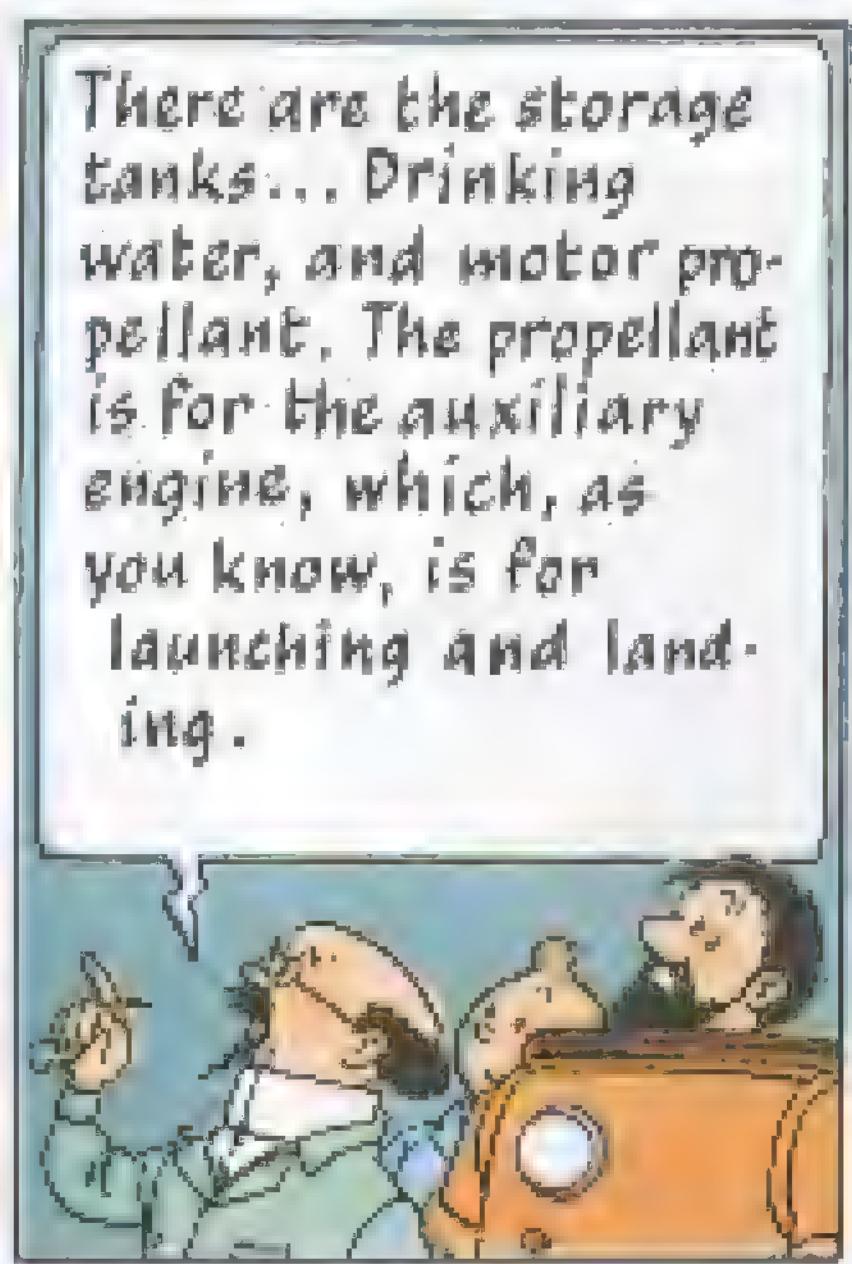
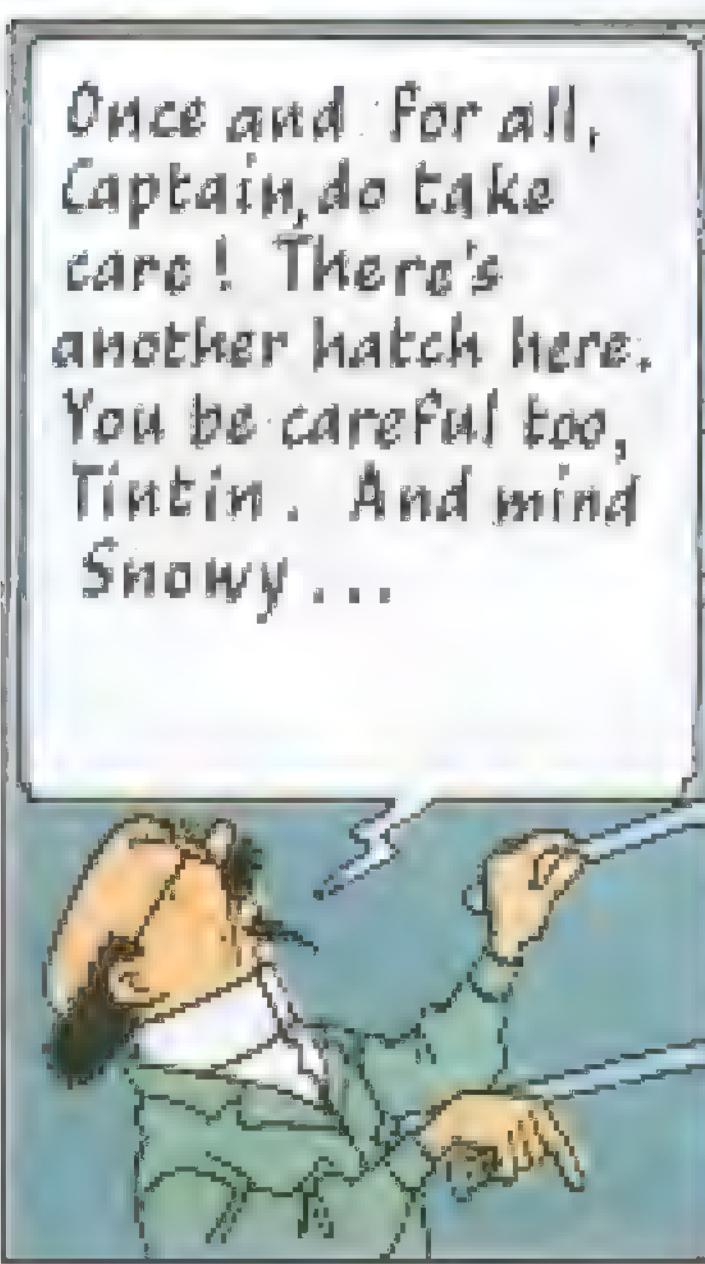
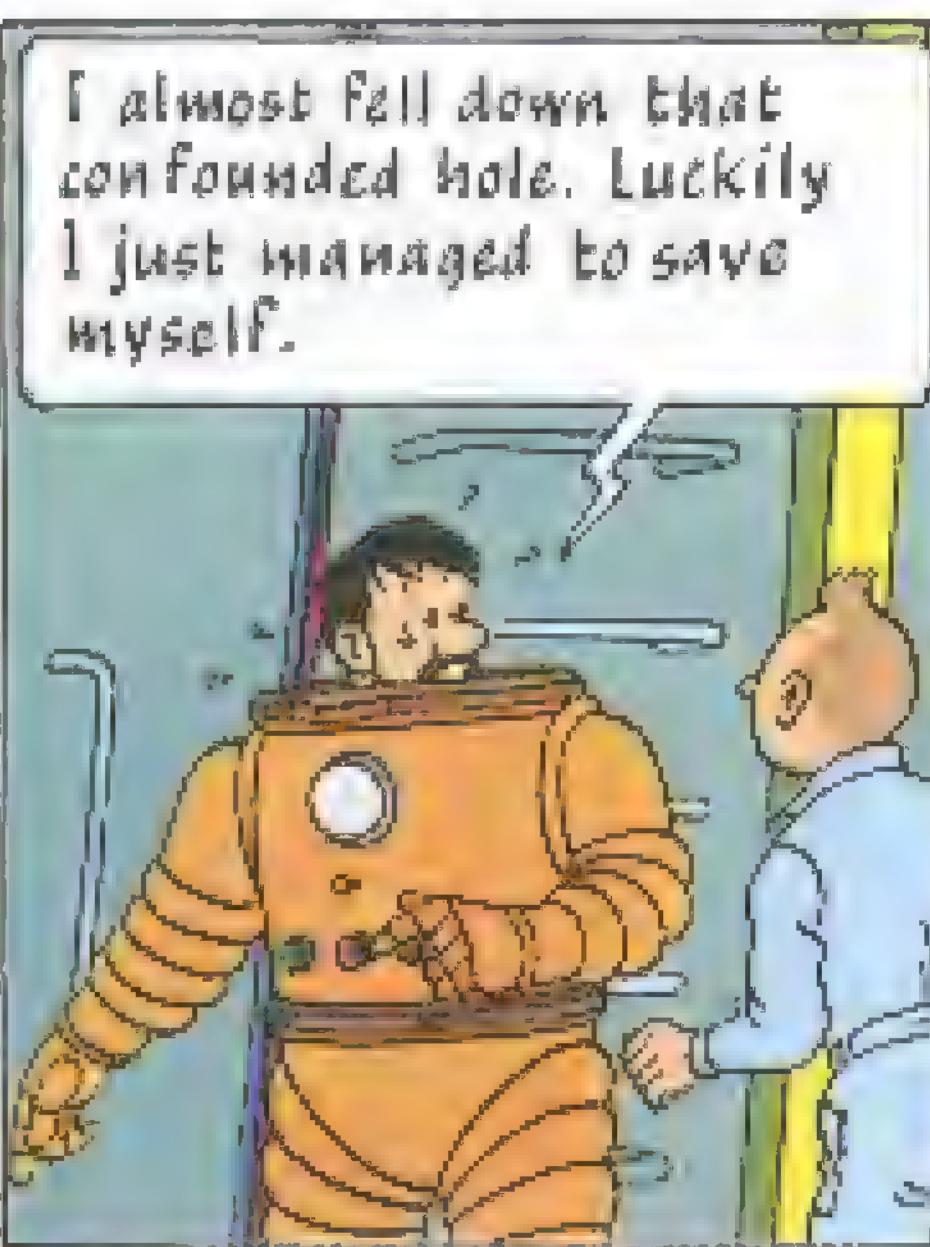
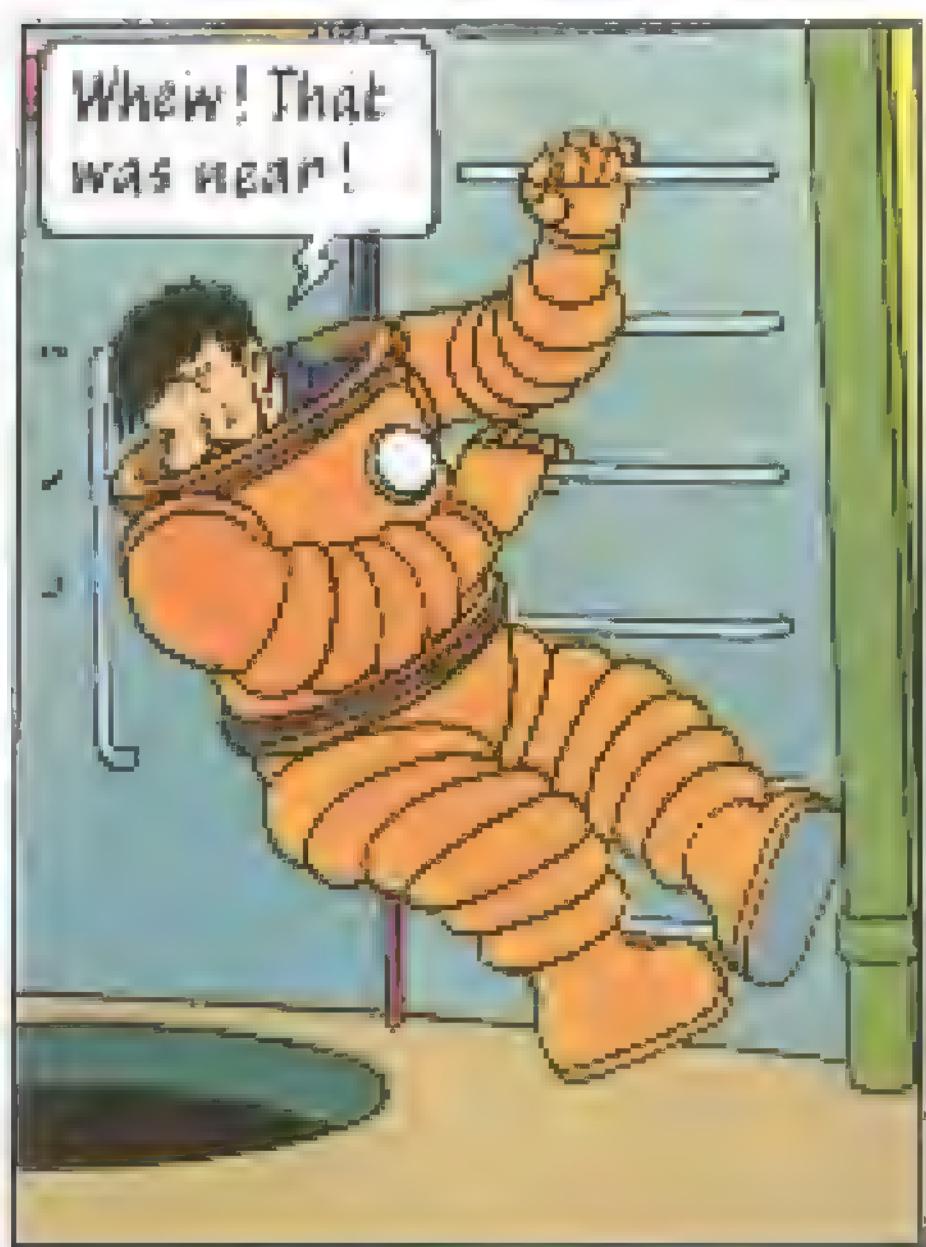


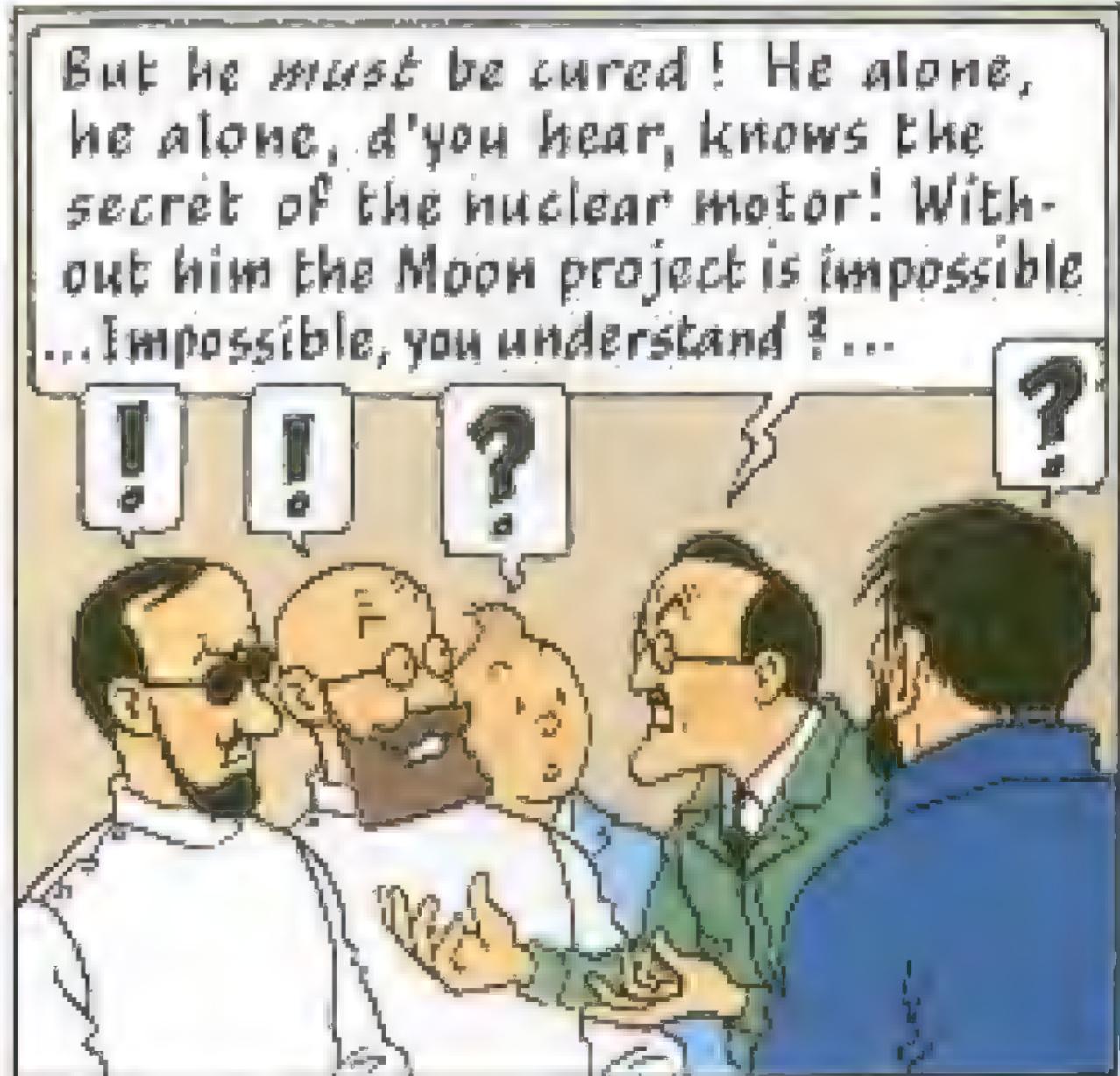
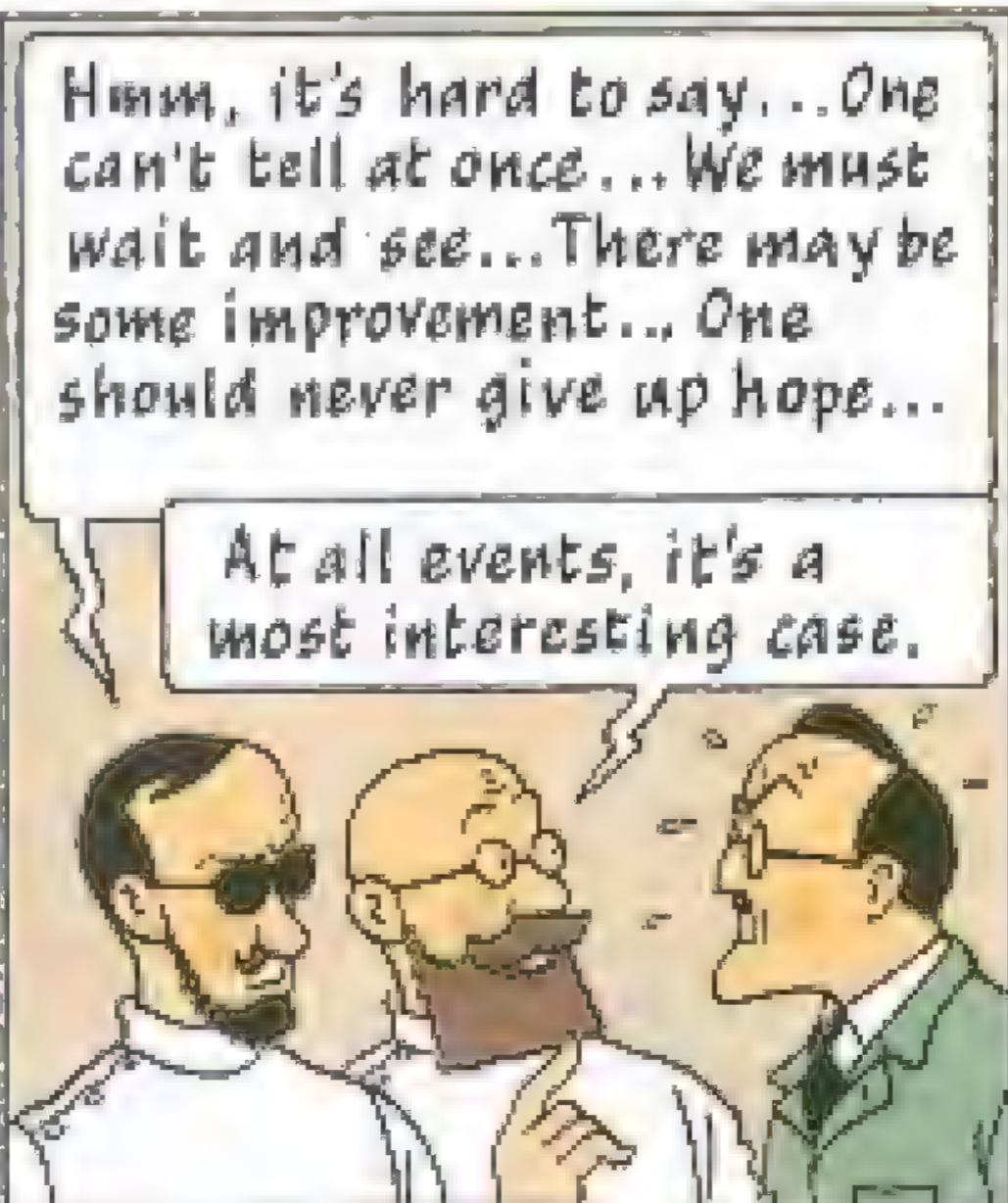
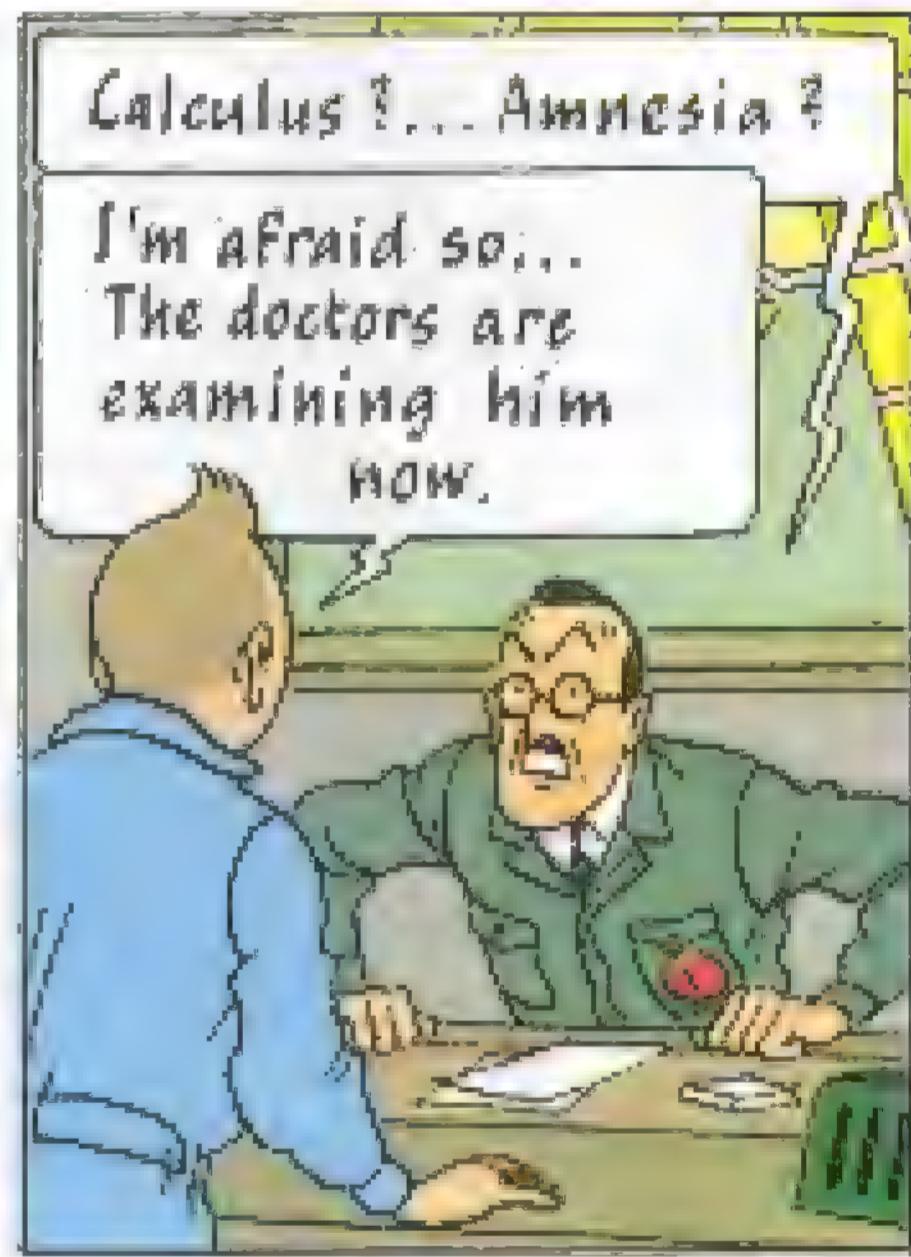
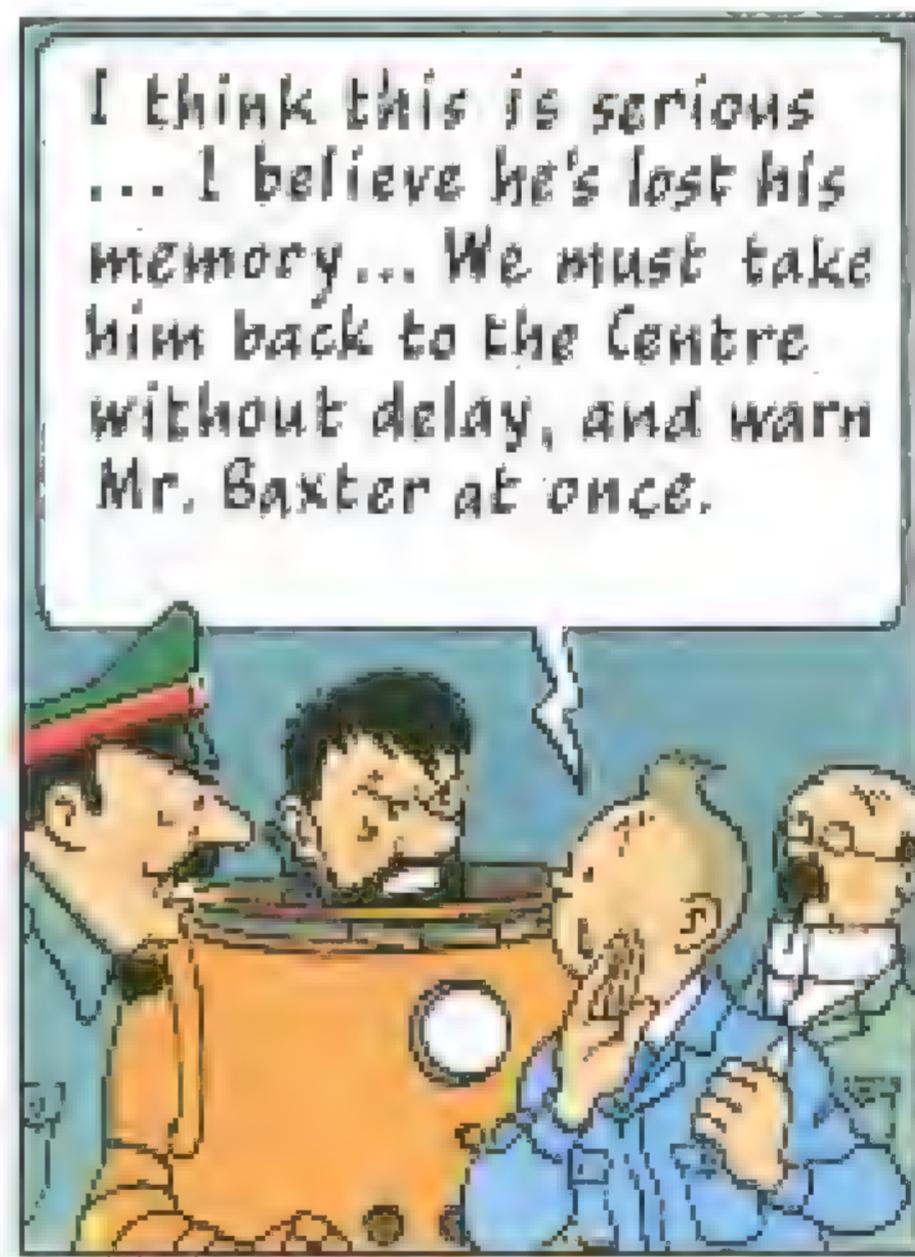
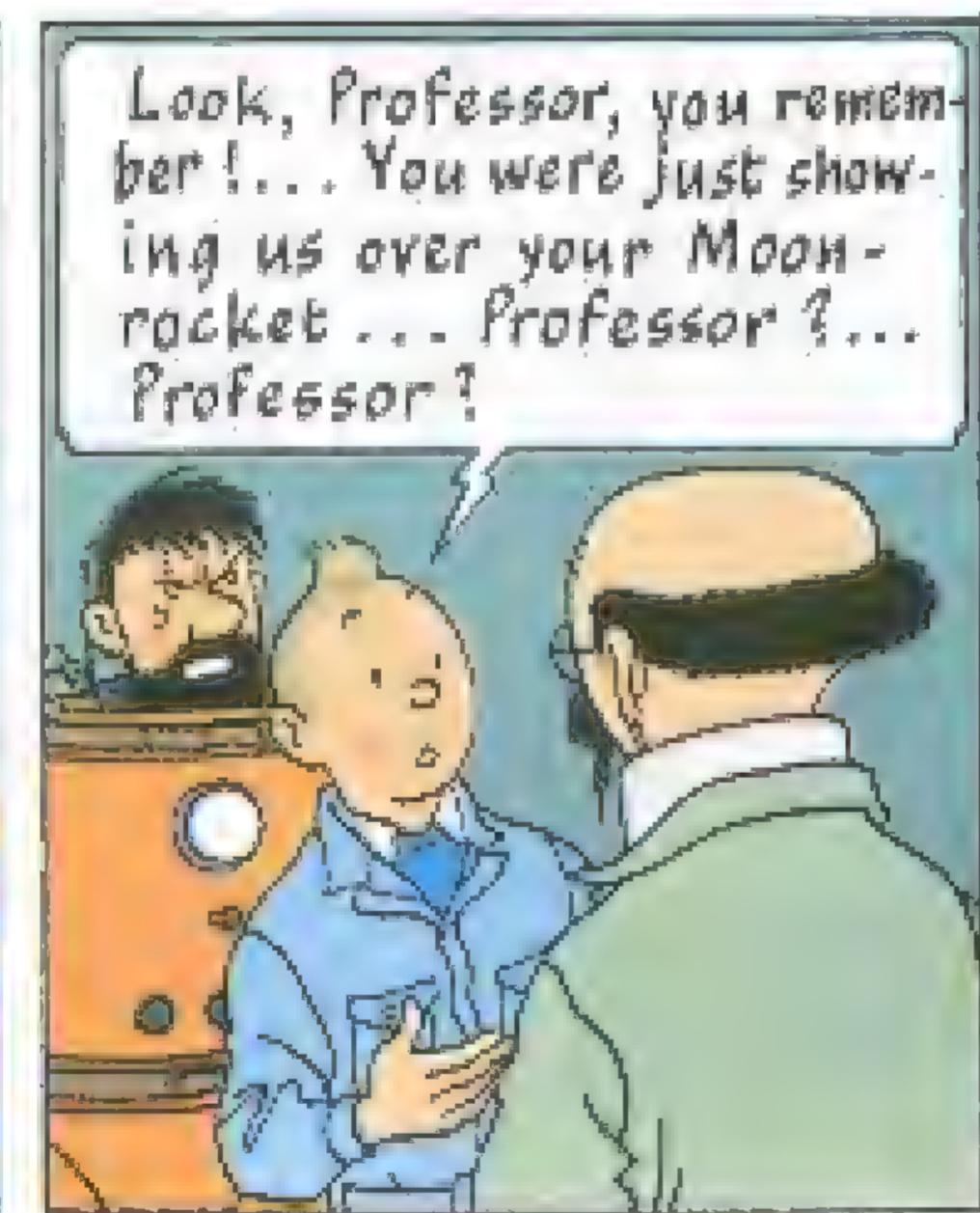
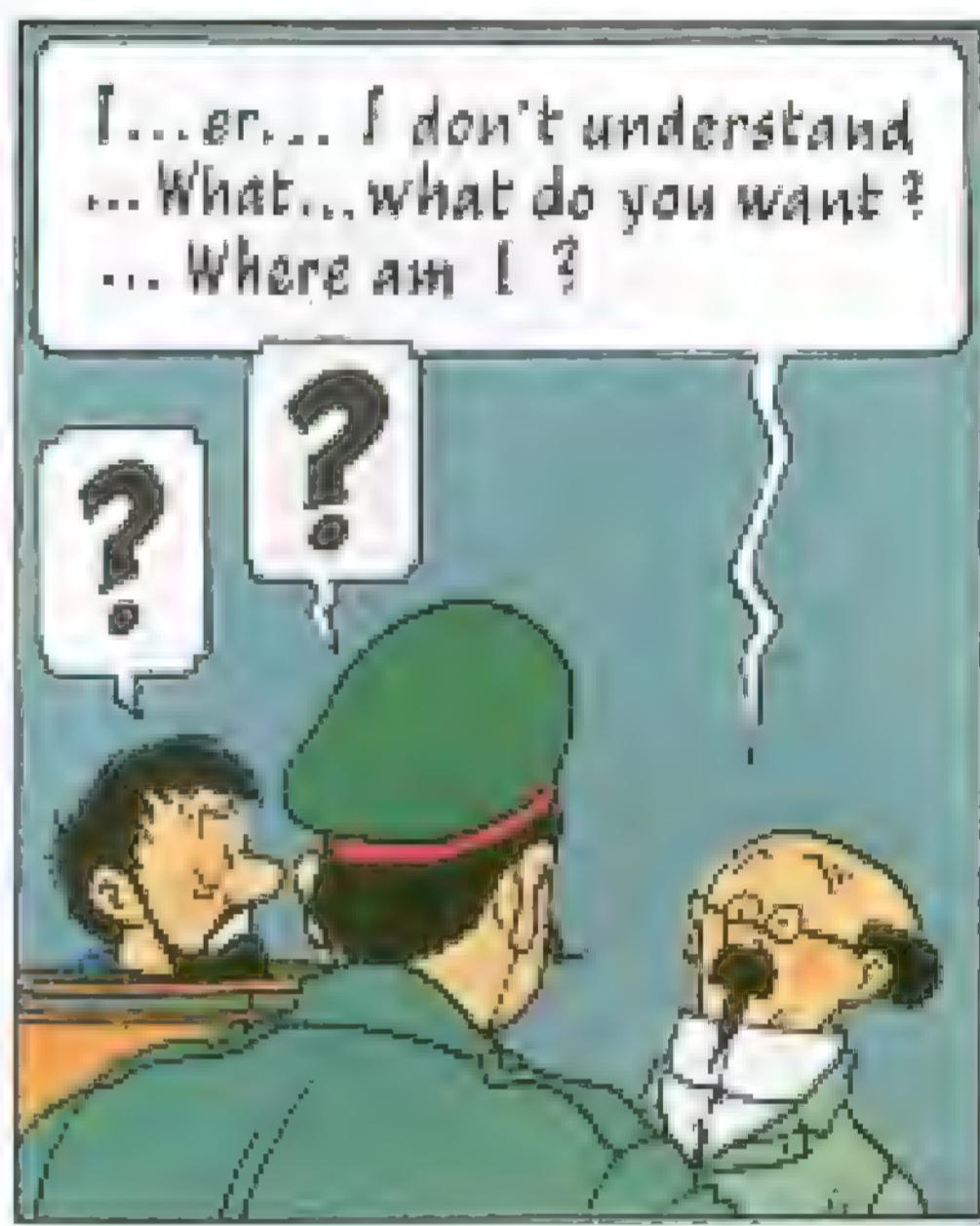
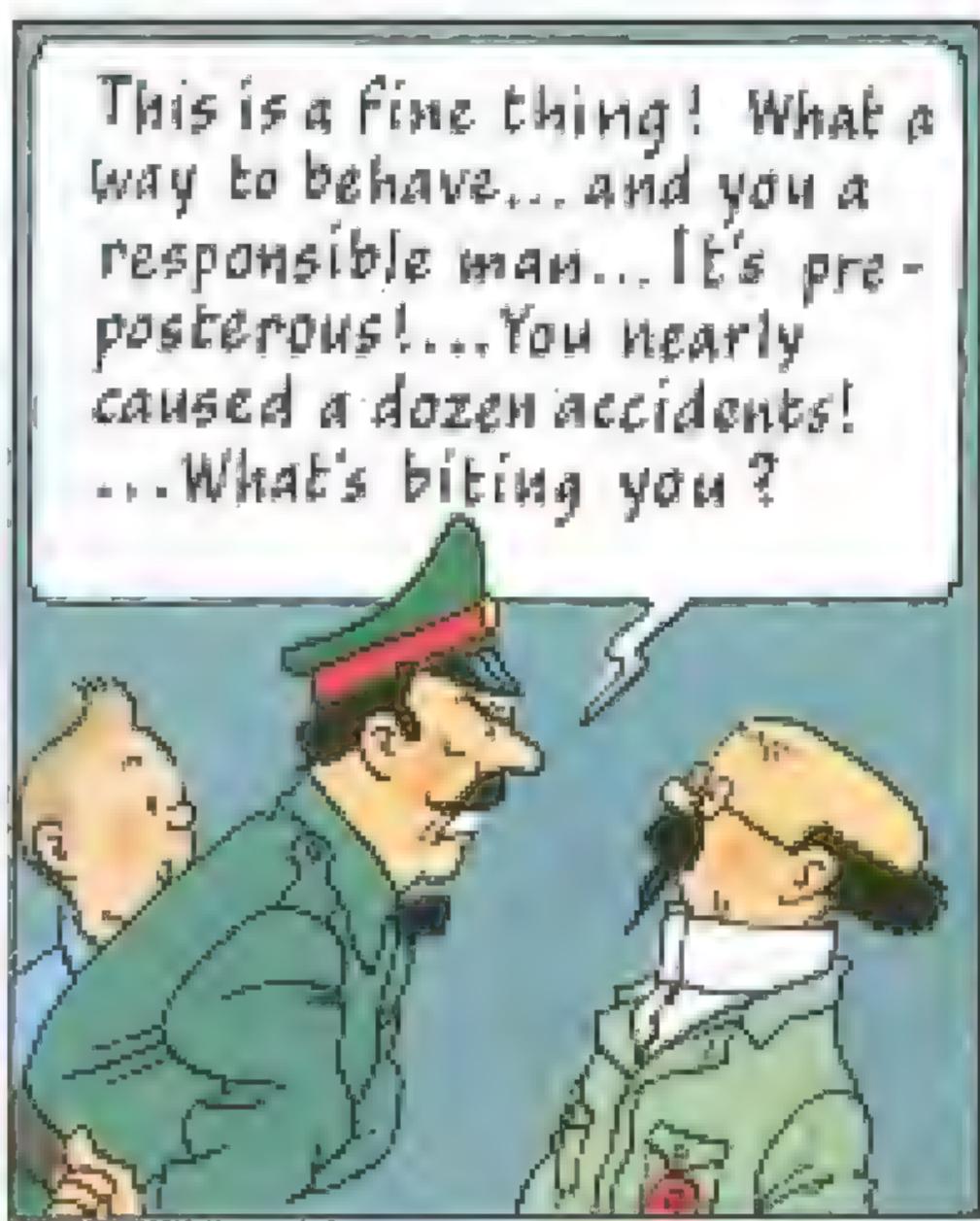
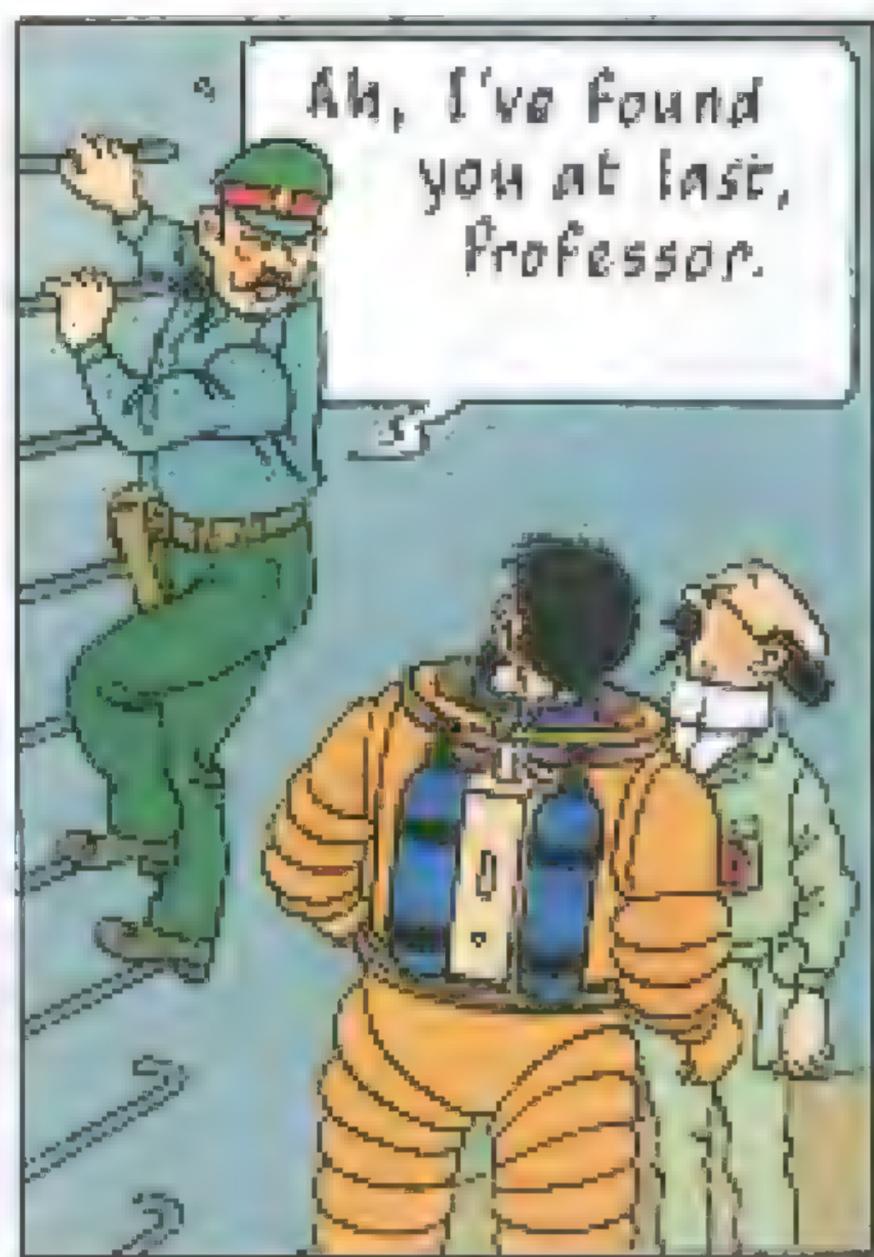
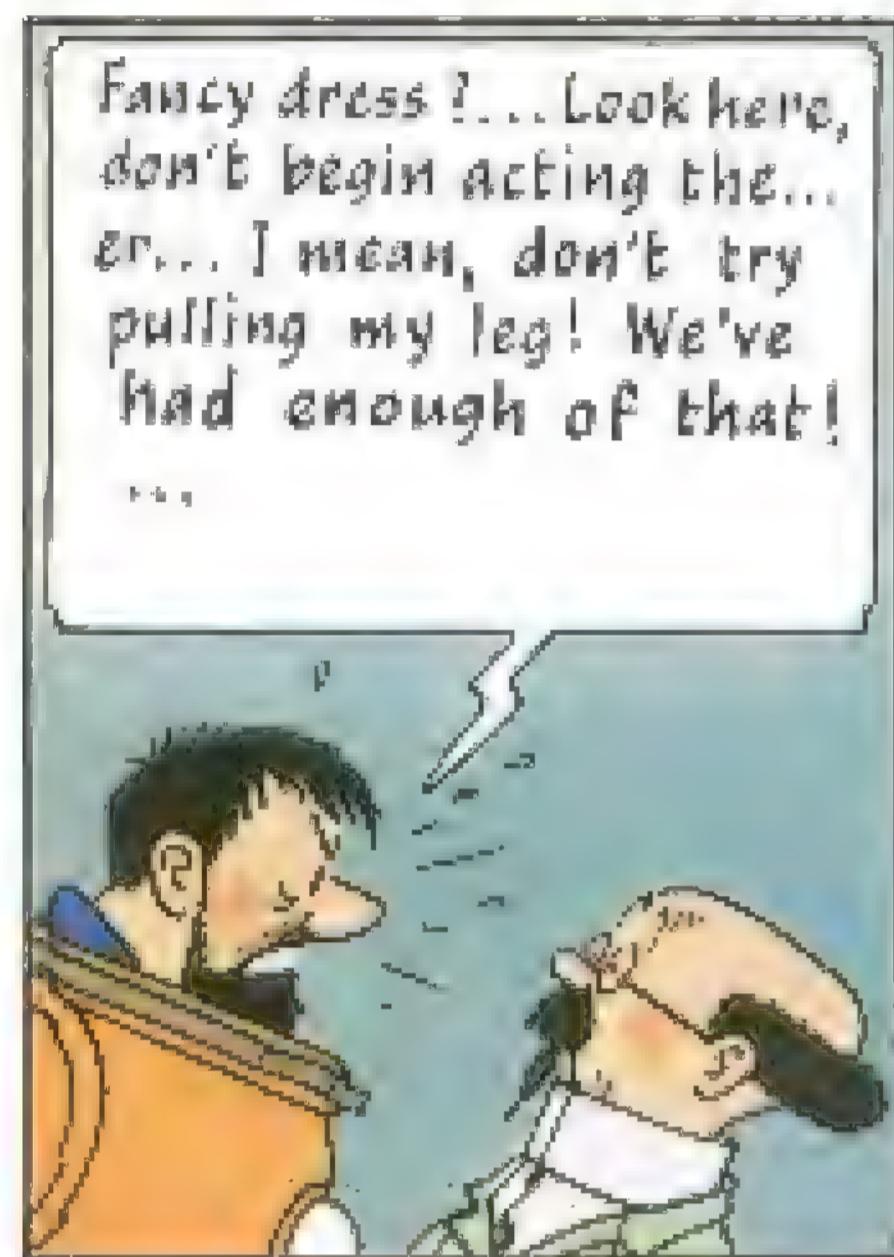
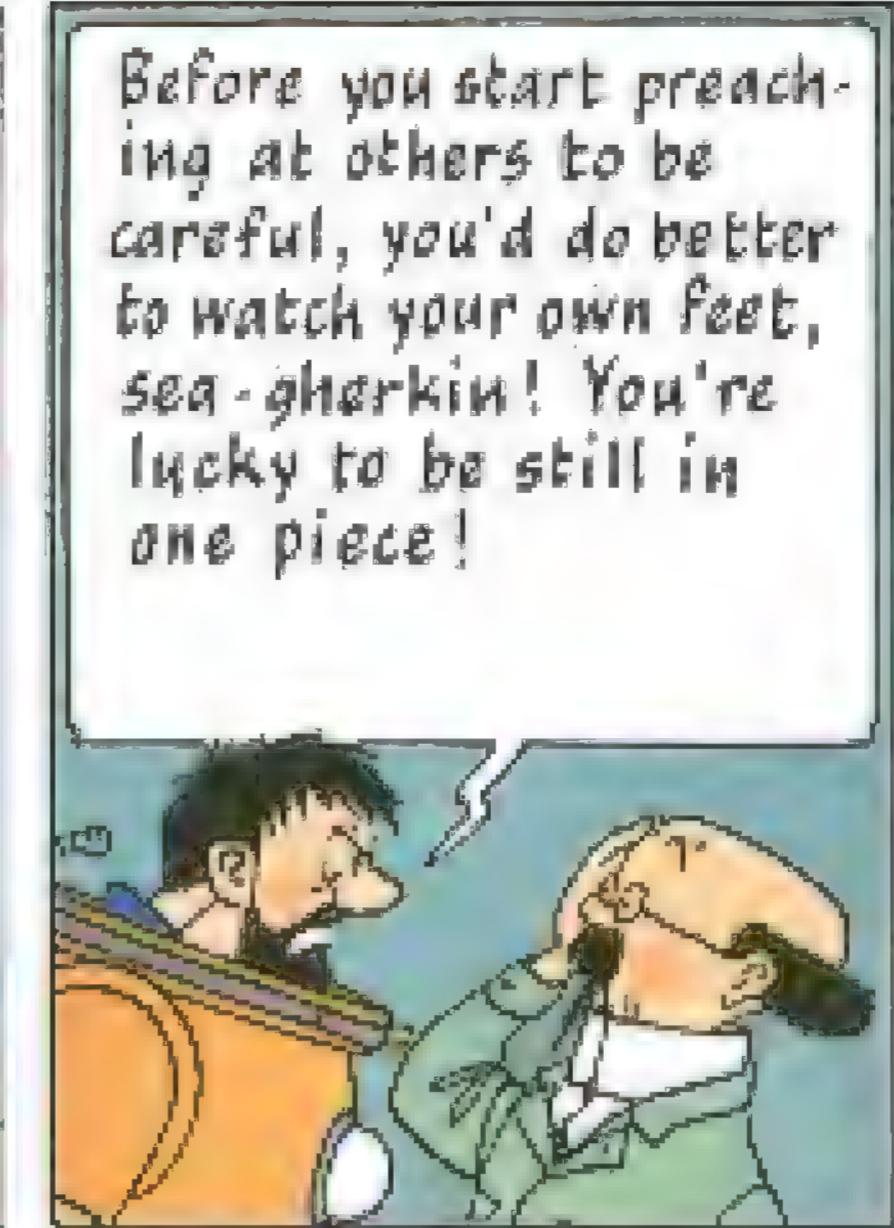
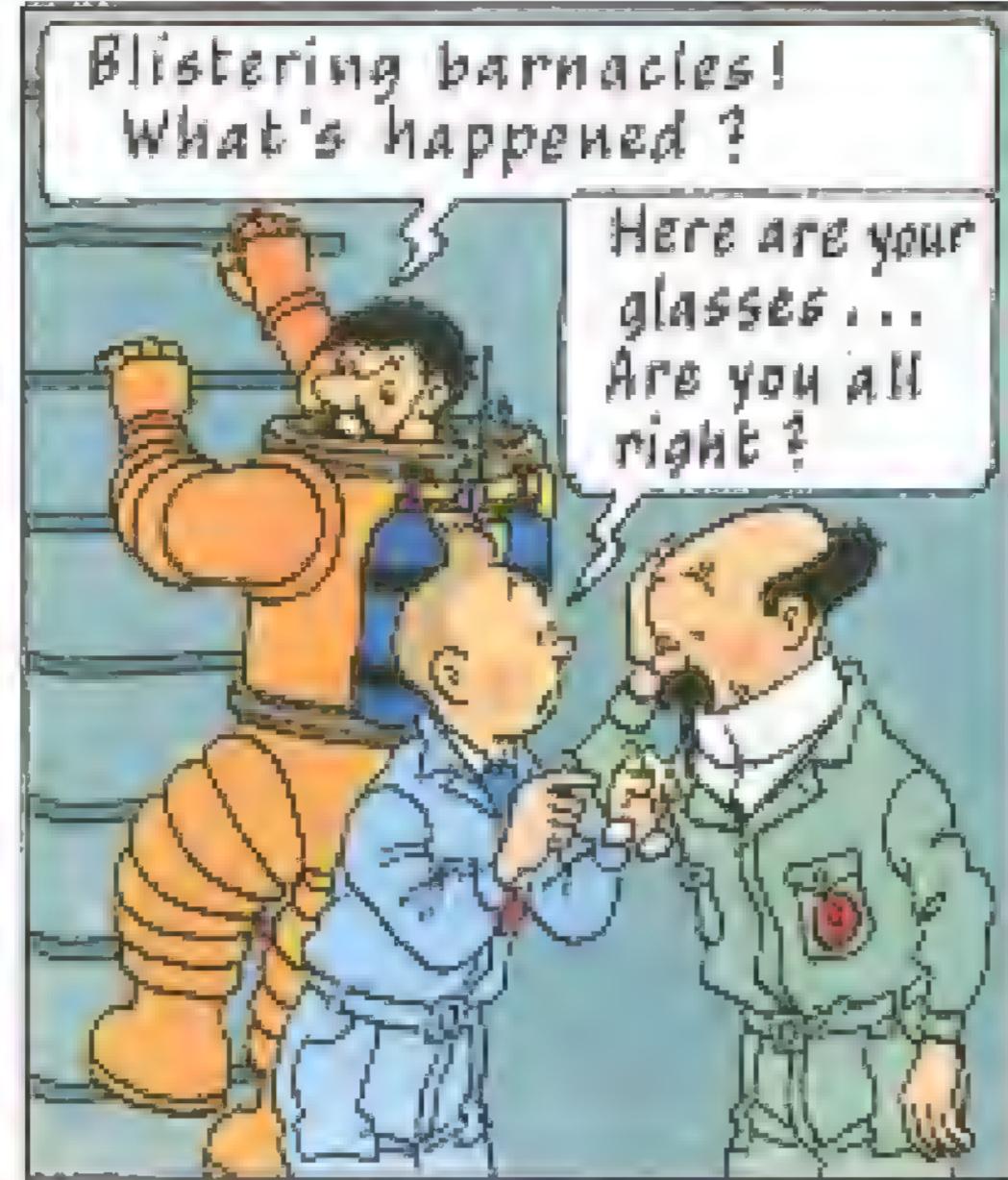
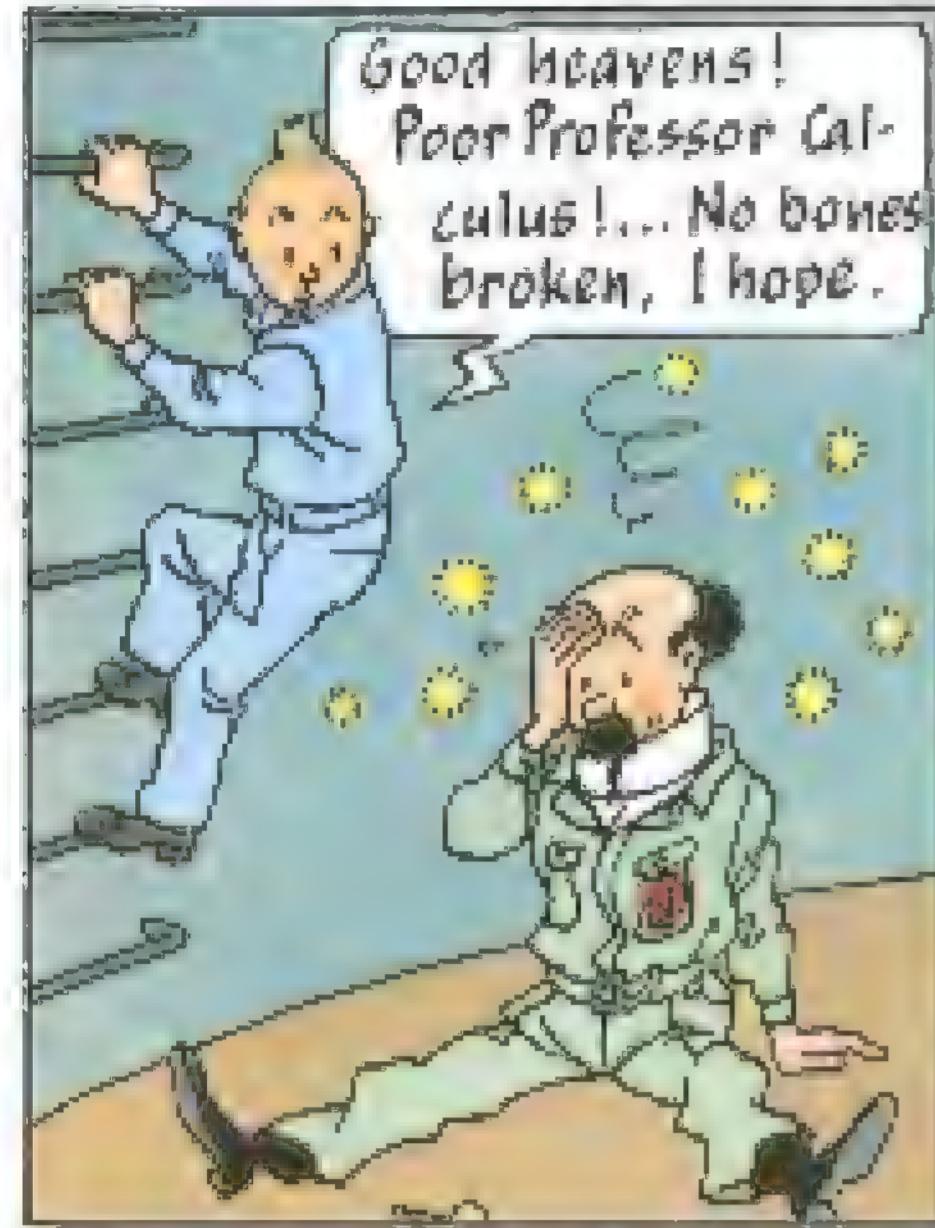
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



And there are the bunks we lie on when...





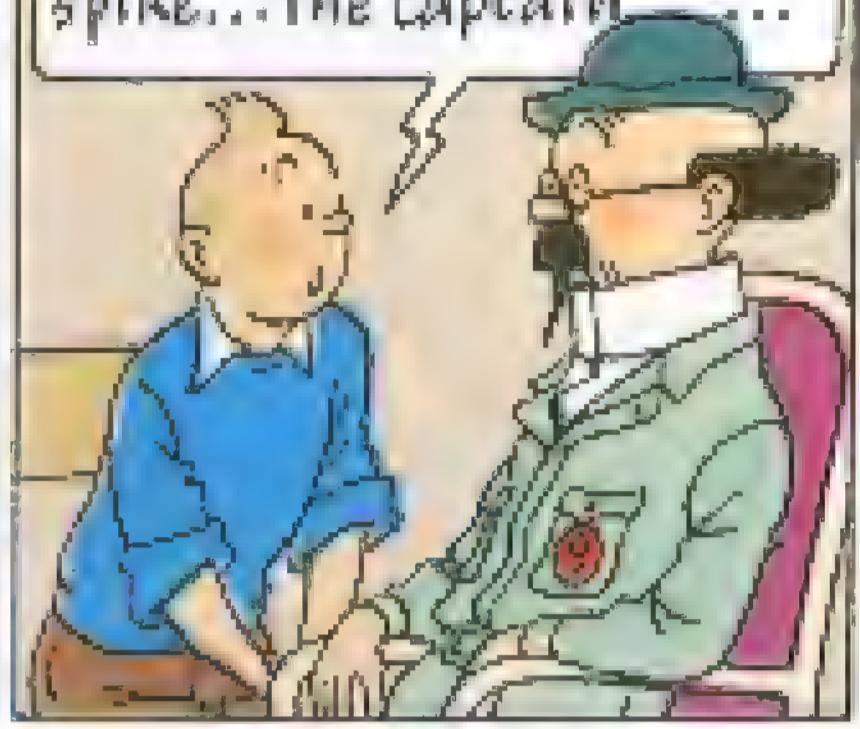


Hmm...yes... I see... Well, we'll do all we can... But try to amuse him yourselves, to arouse some memory... That sometimes works... It is also possible that a violent shock might bring back his memory.



Some days later...

Marlinspike... Marlinspike Hall... Our butler, Nestor... Remember Marlinspike... The Captain...



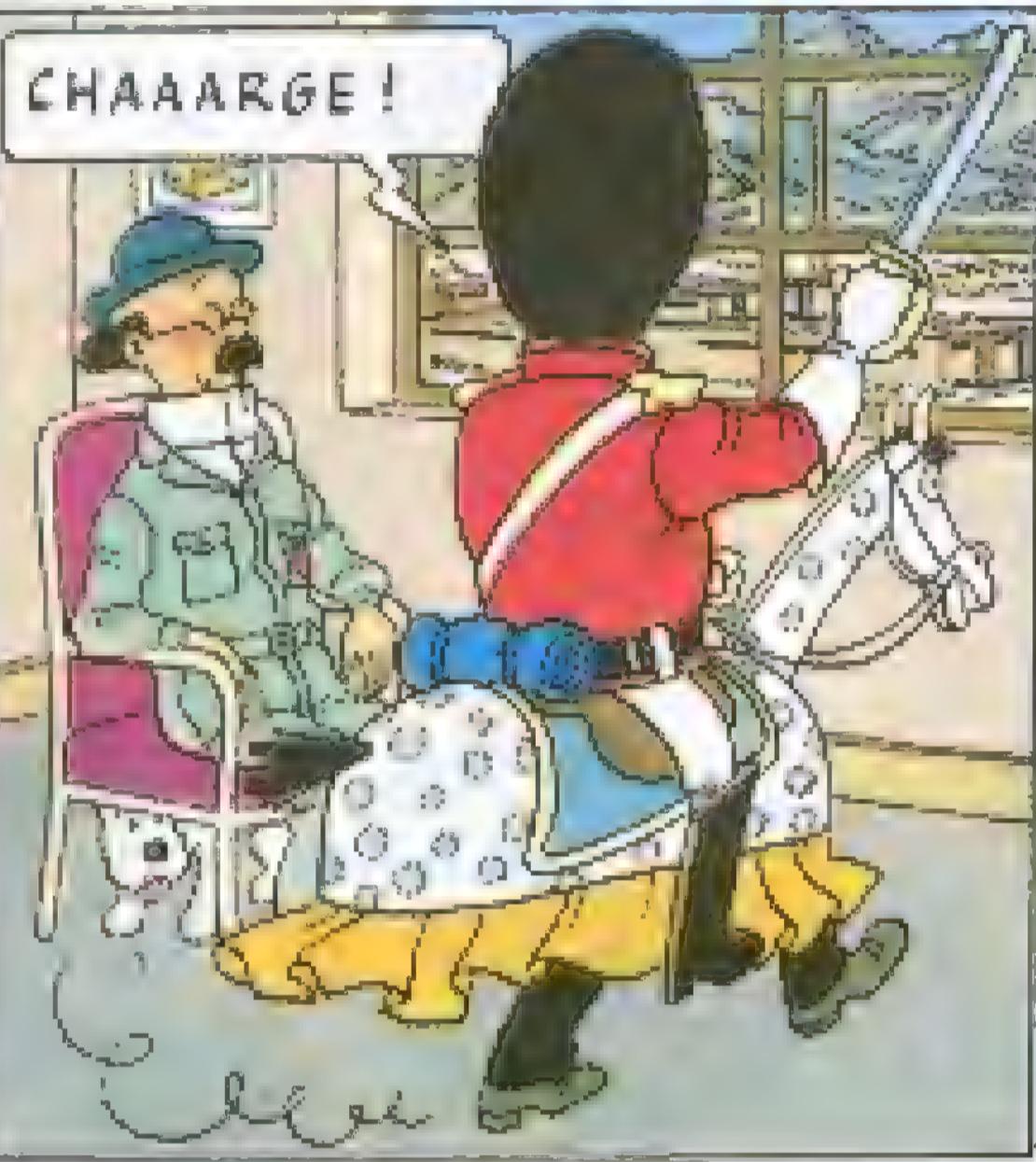
That's no good... Let me try... The doctor told us to amuse him... A fortnight ago we had that fancy-dress party at the Centre... You remember the guard on horseback... Well, you'll see...



Tarantaran... Guards, prepare to attack!...



CHAAARGE!



CLIPPETYCLOP CLIPPETYCLOP



Nothing!... Not a Flicker!



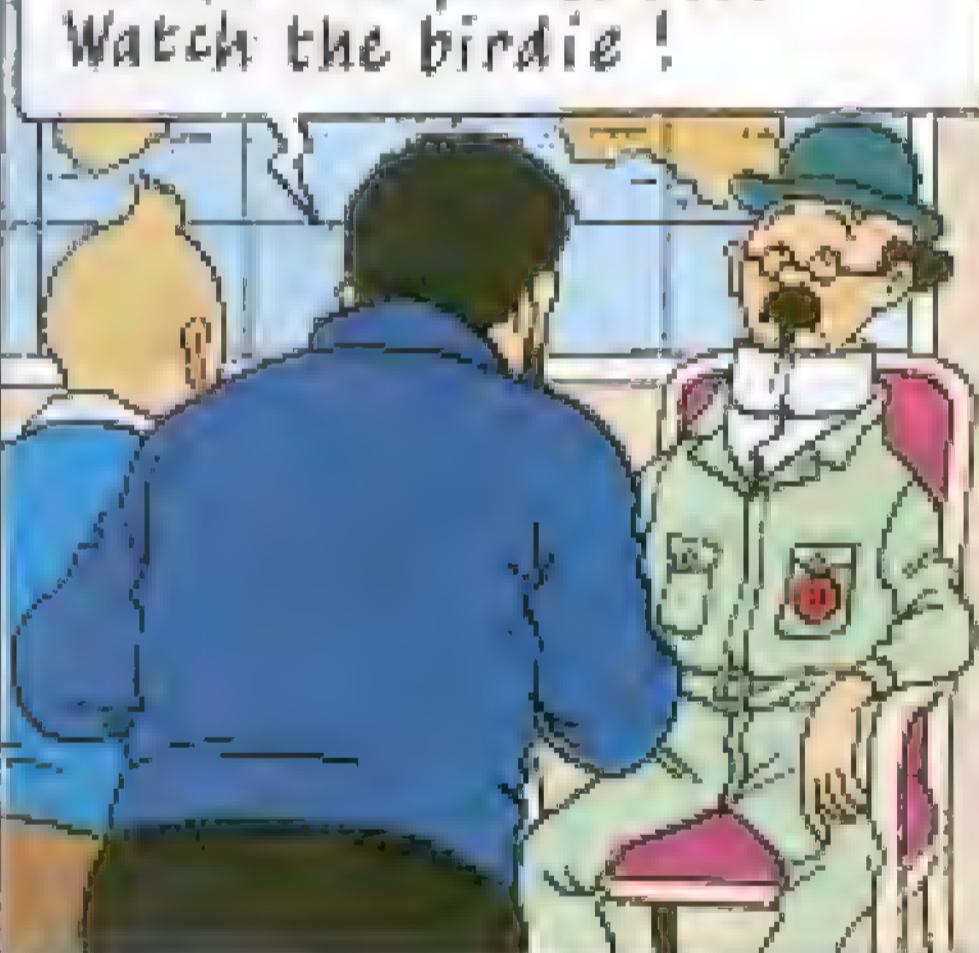
We must try something else... A violent shock, perhaps?



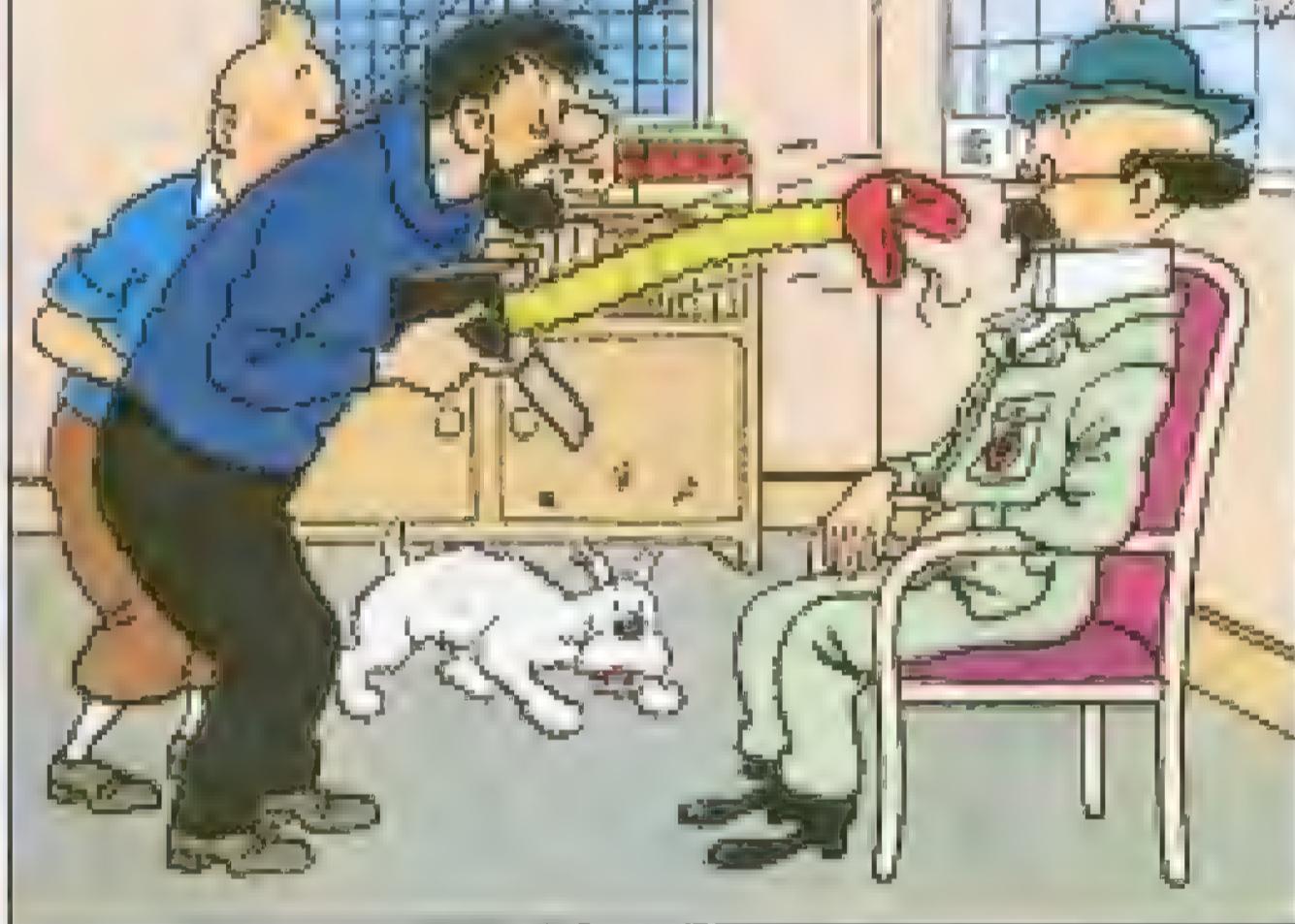
Look here, Tintin. Let's try this... It's a trick camera I managed to borrow. That'll wake him up!



A pretty picture of our little Cuthbert?... Now then, smile please!... Watch the birdie!



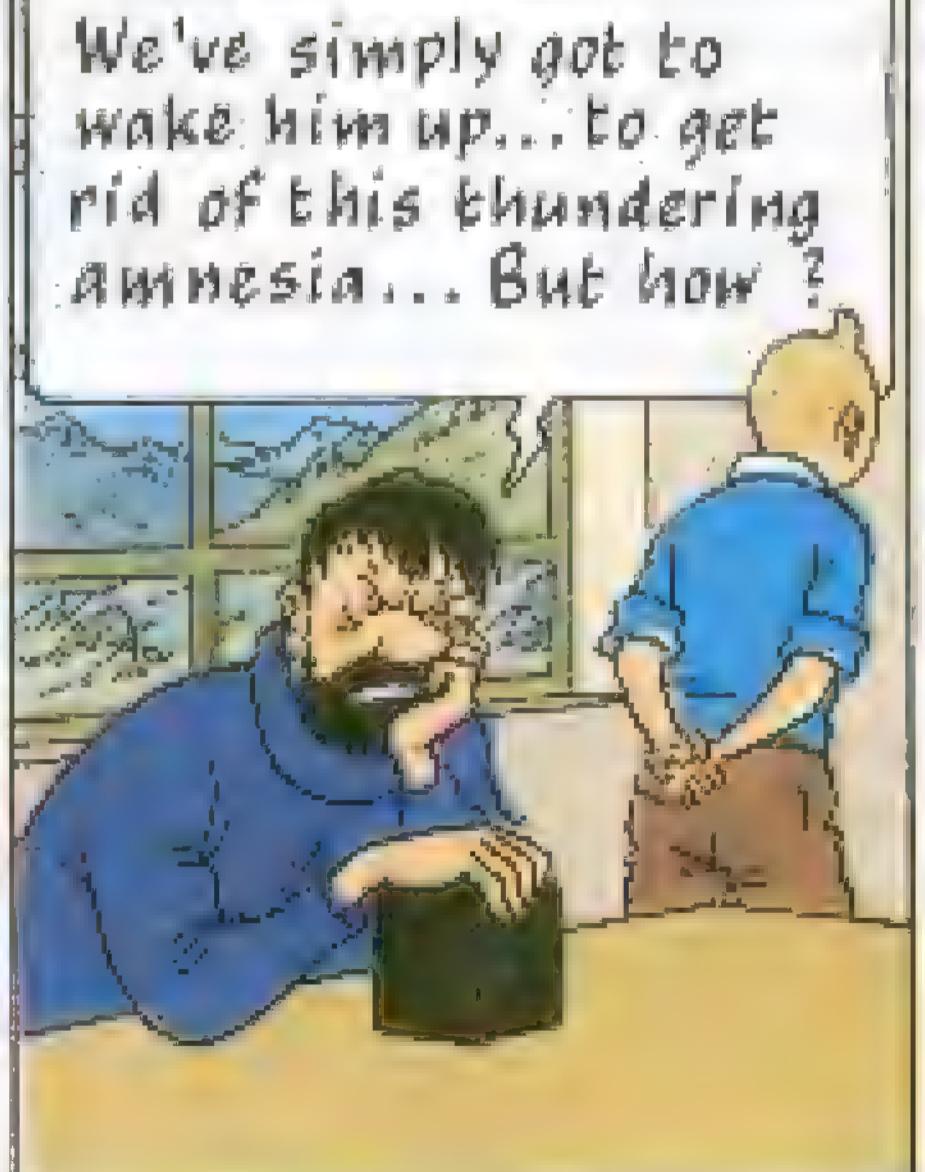
PHHHHHHHHT!



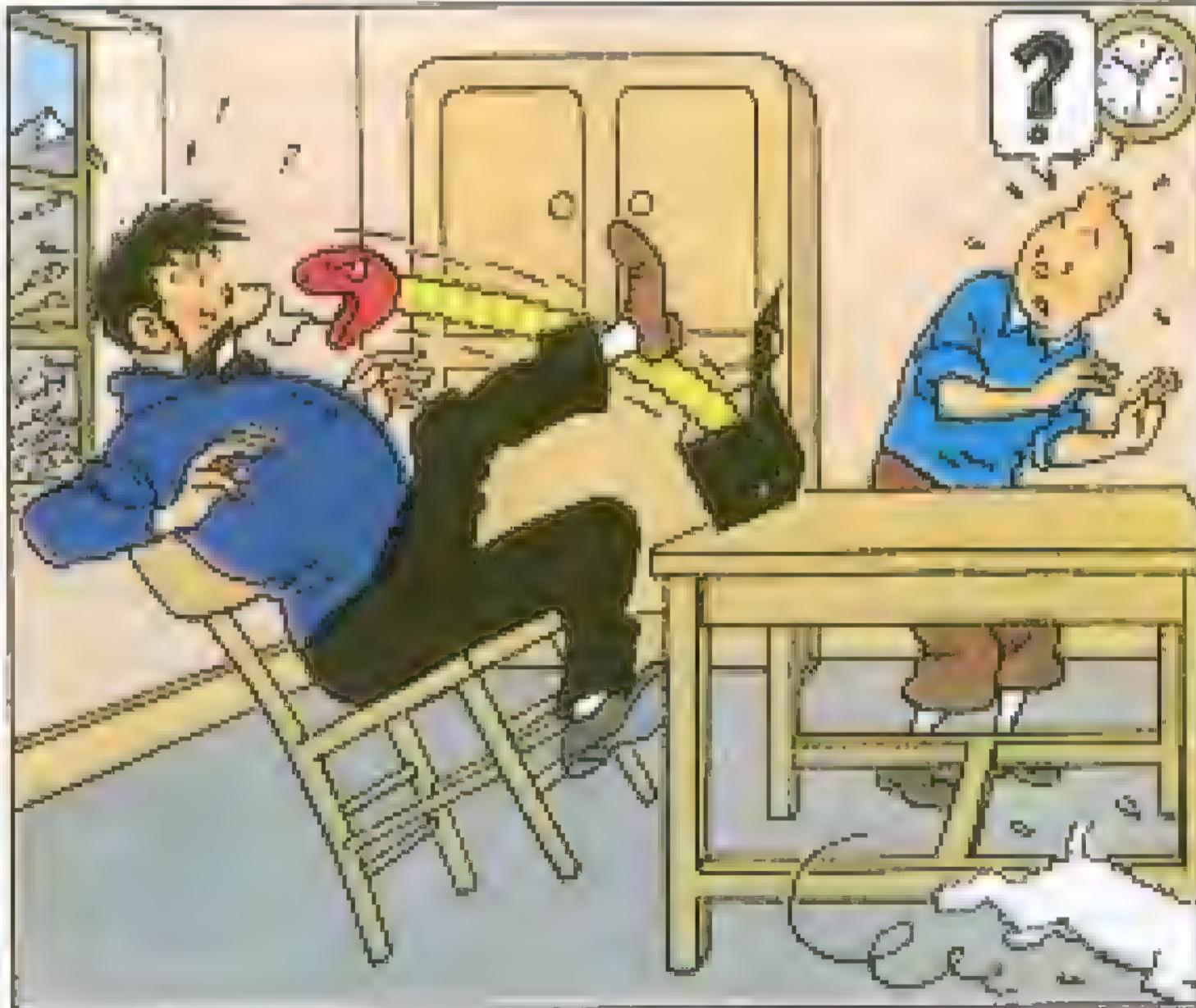
Blistering barnacles, that's no use! He reacted about as much as a tombstone!

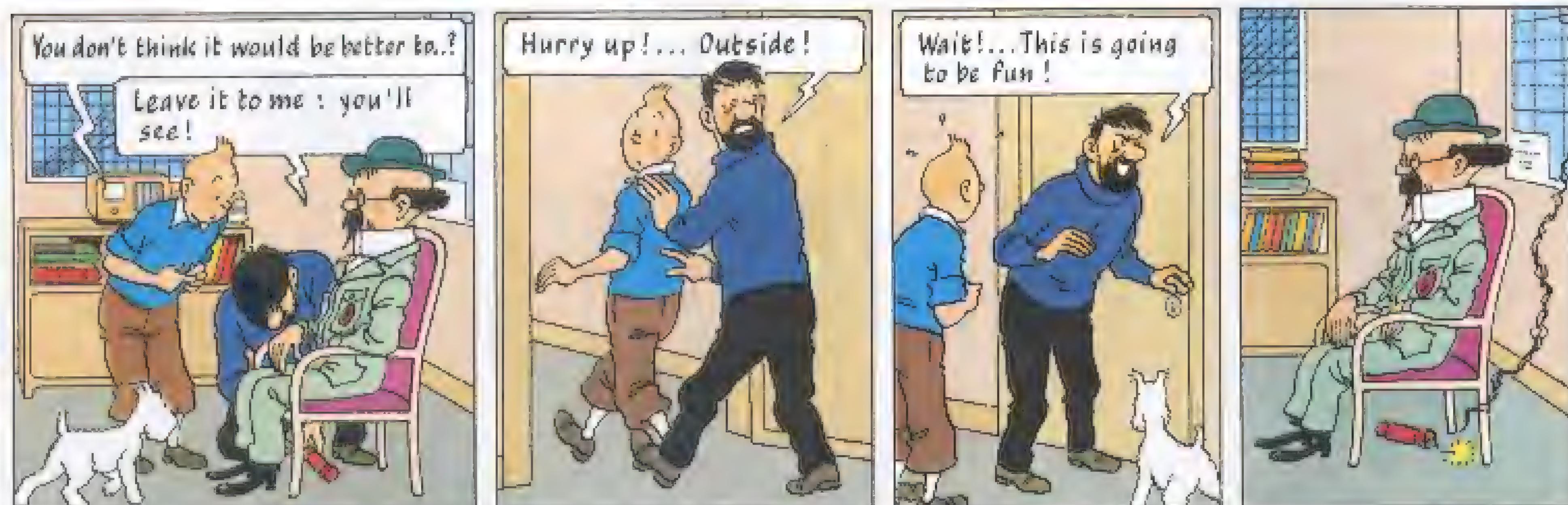


We've simply got to wake him up... to get rid of this thundering amnesia... But how?



Amusing him did no good, nor did a shock... Still, this little snake going PHHHT wouldn't scare anybody.



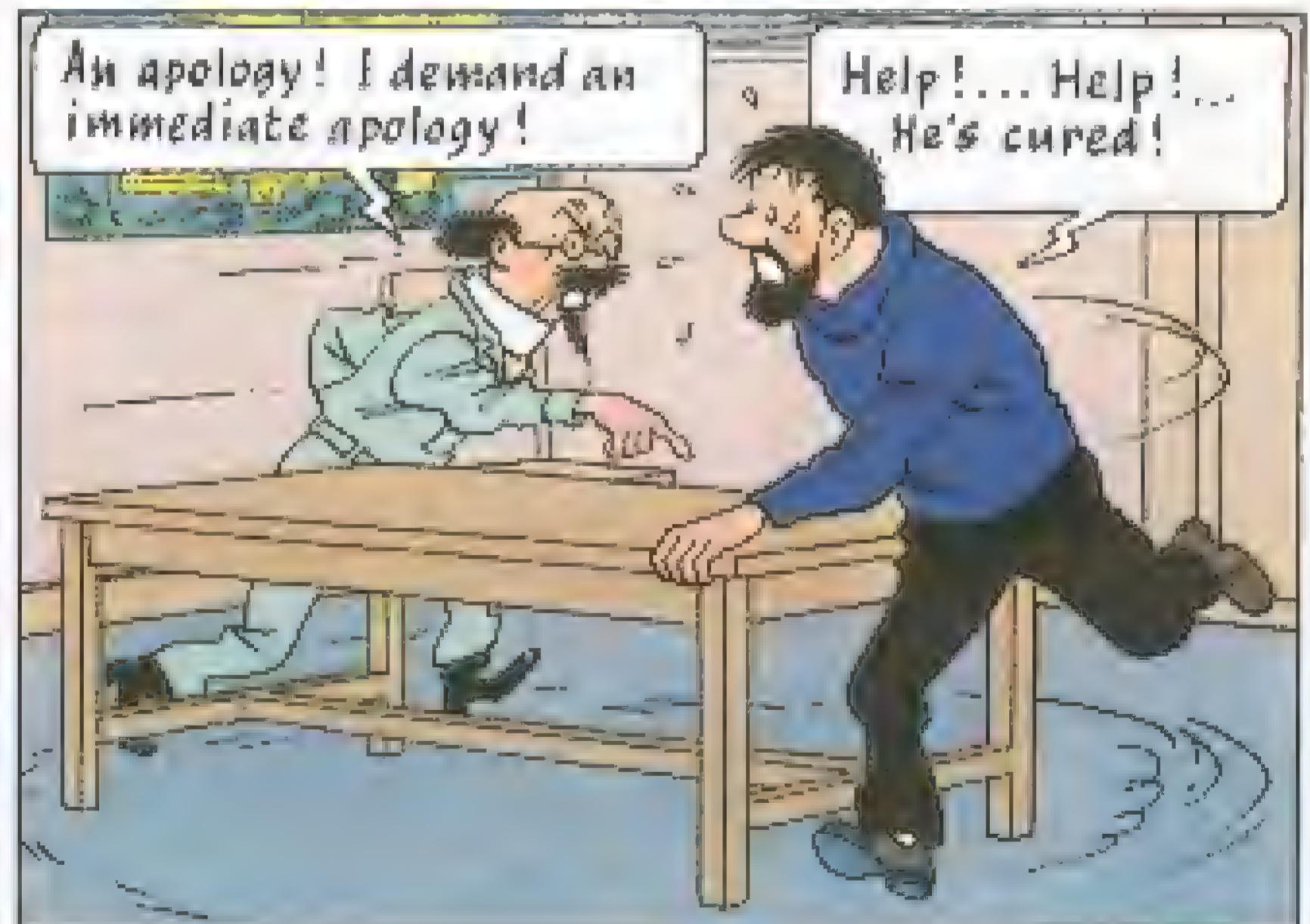
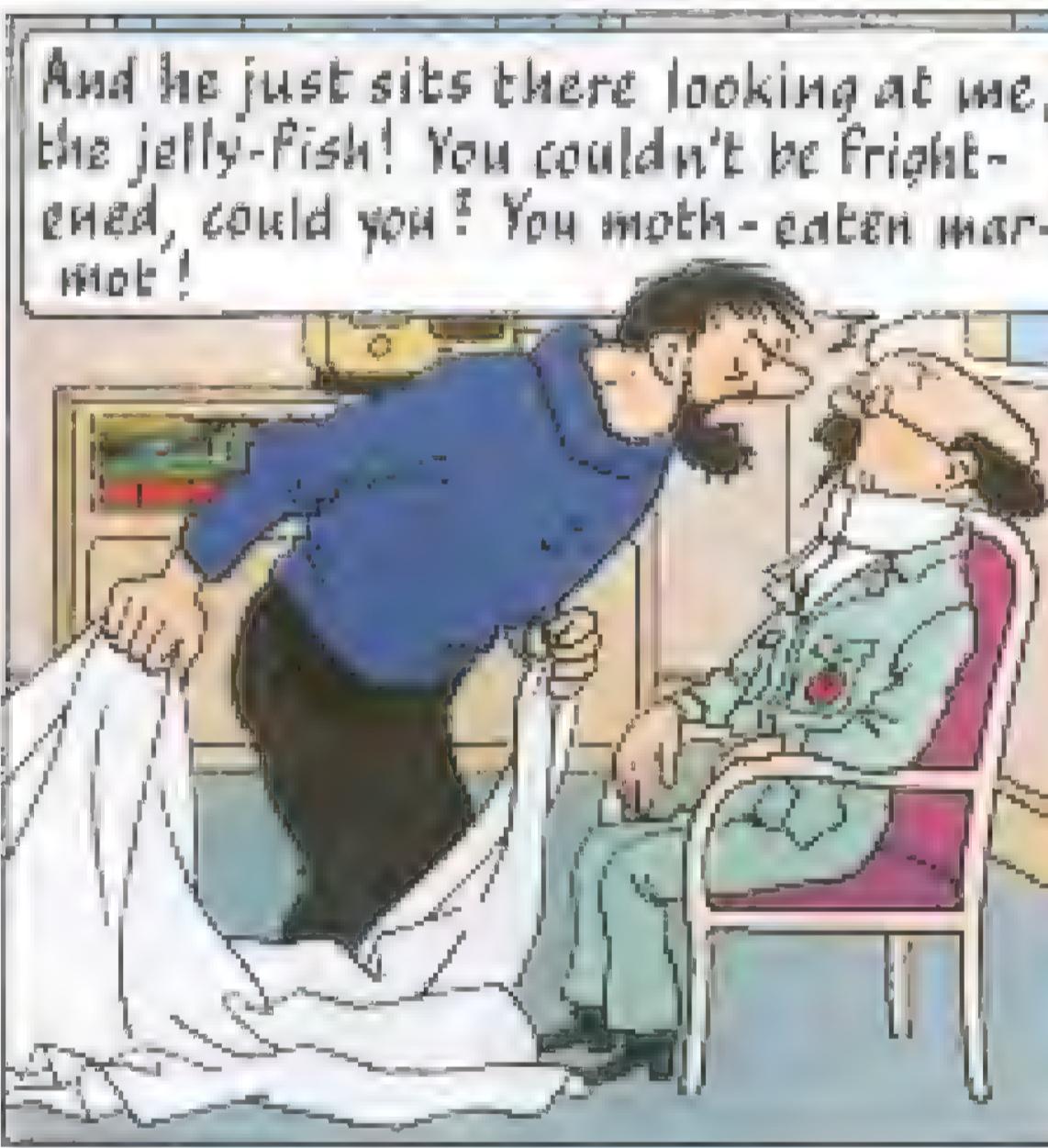
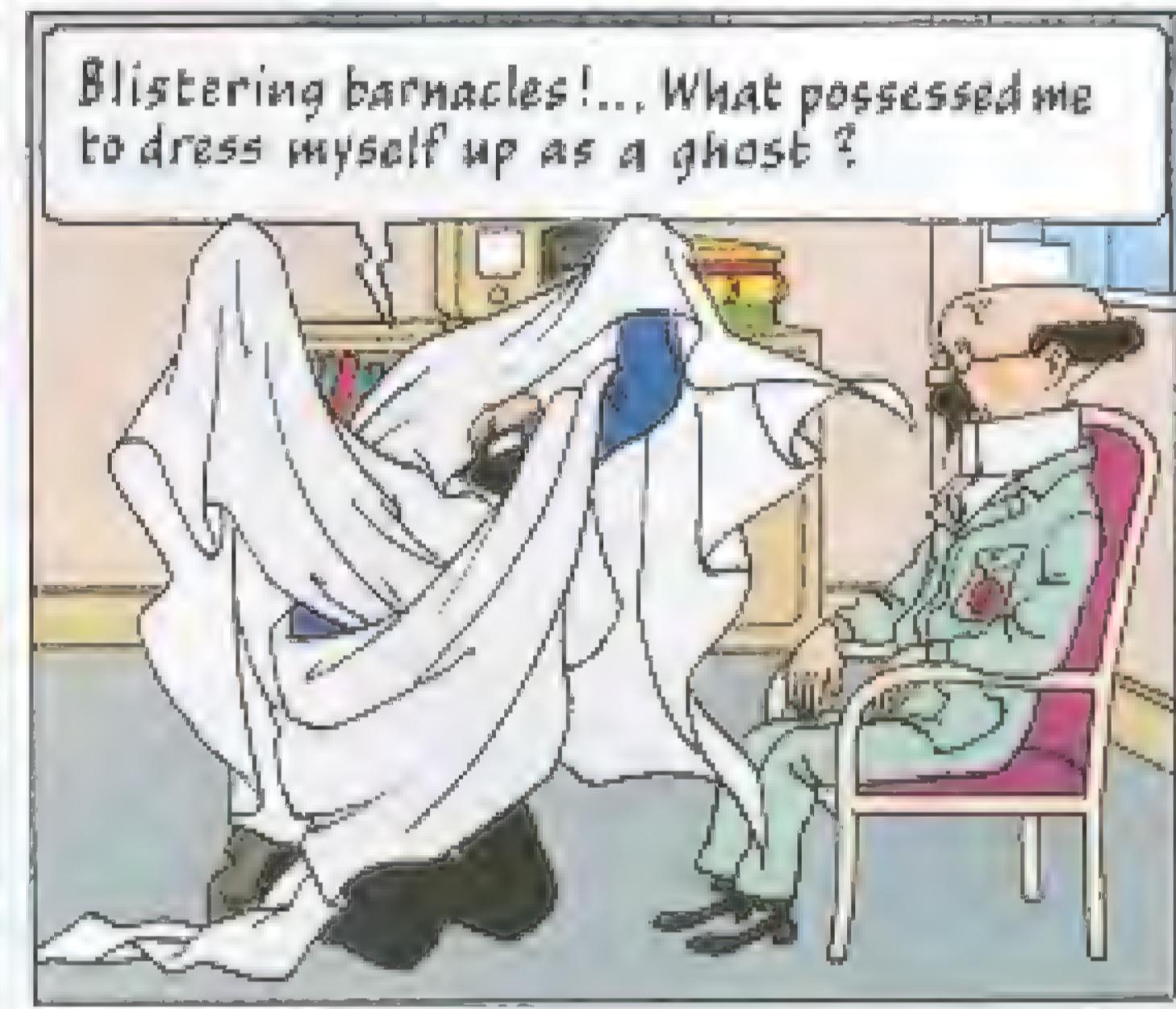
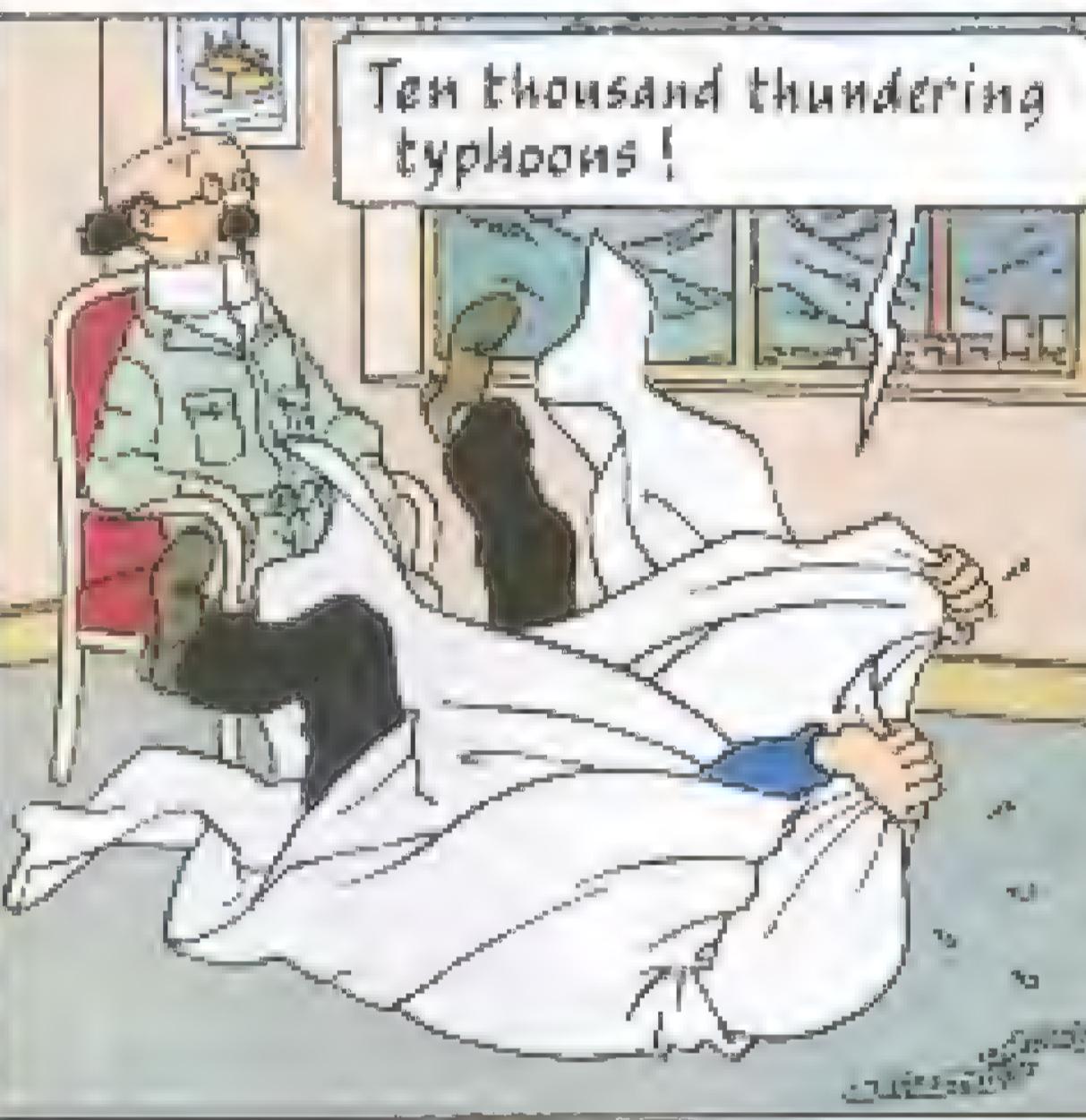
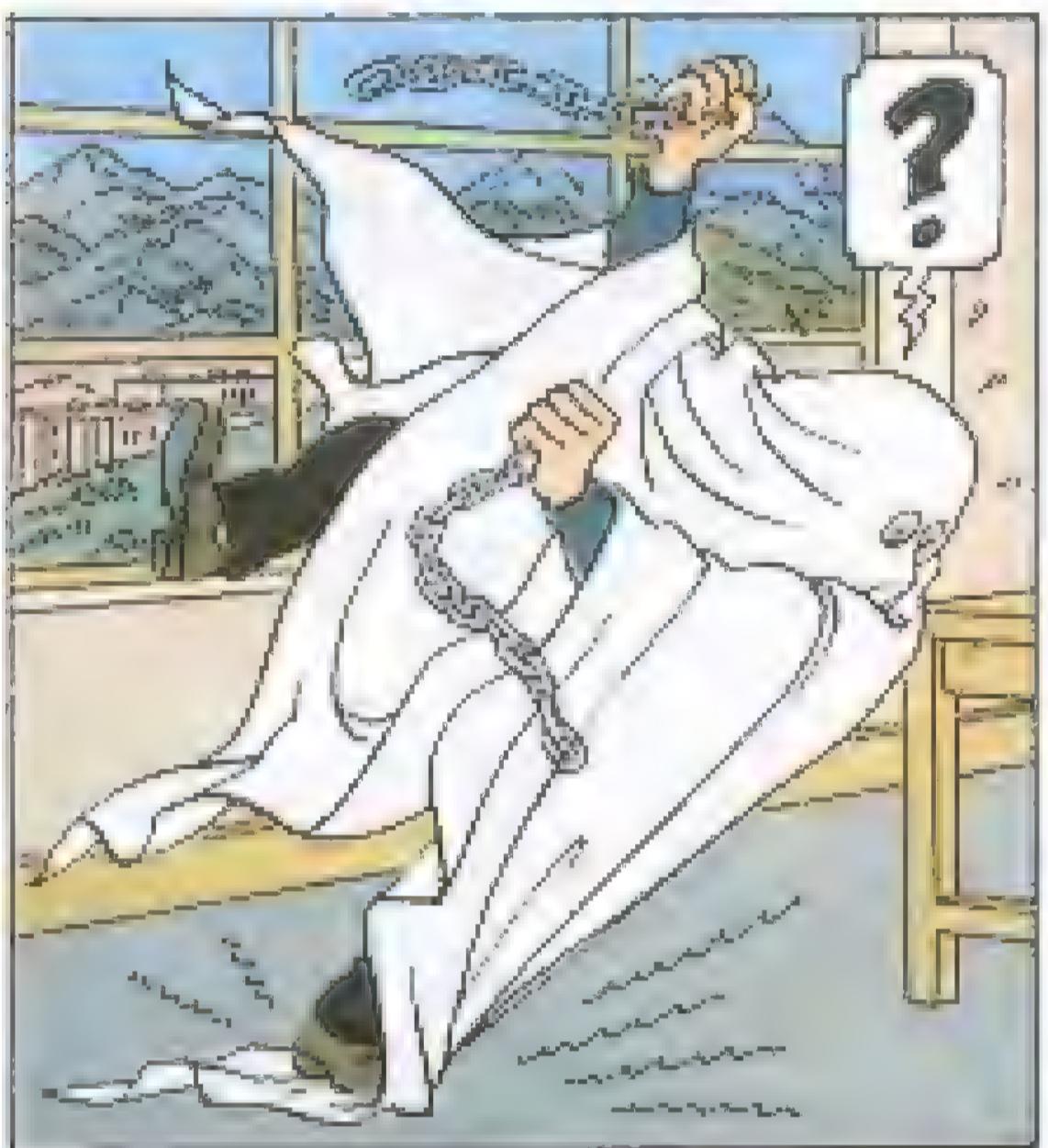


The same evening...

So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!

Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-o-oest!

Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-o-es! I have come for your soul!



A few minutes later...

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you!... Thanks to you Calculus has recovered!... This is splendid news!

Er... I didn't do much.

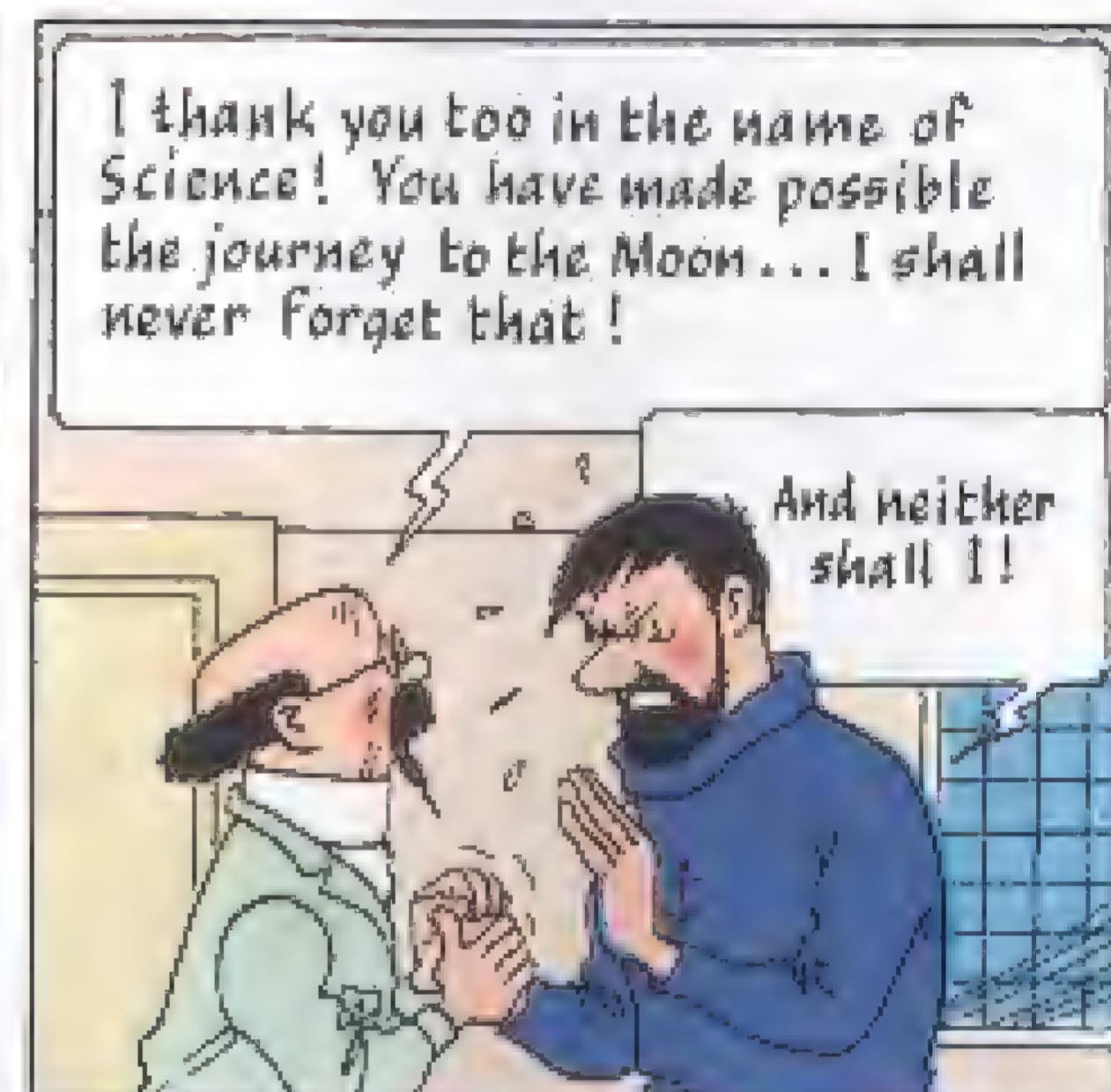
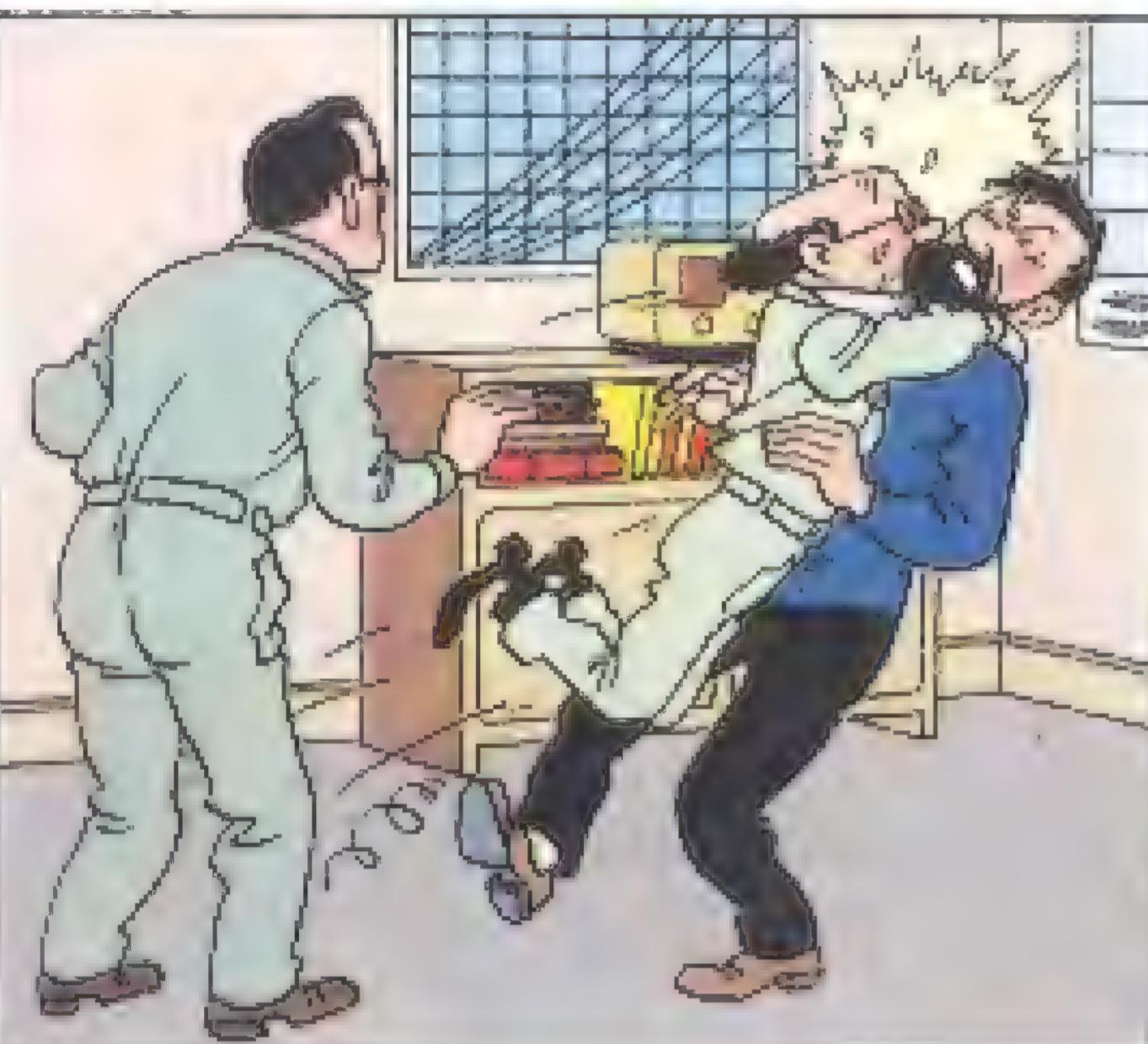
Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible...

Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain!... Give me your hand!



The same evening...

Here's a signal from K.23, sir!

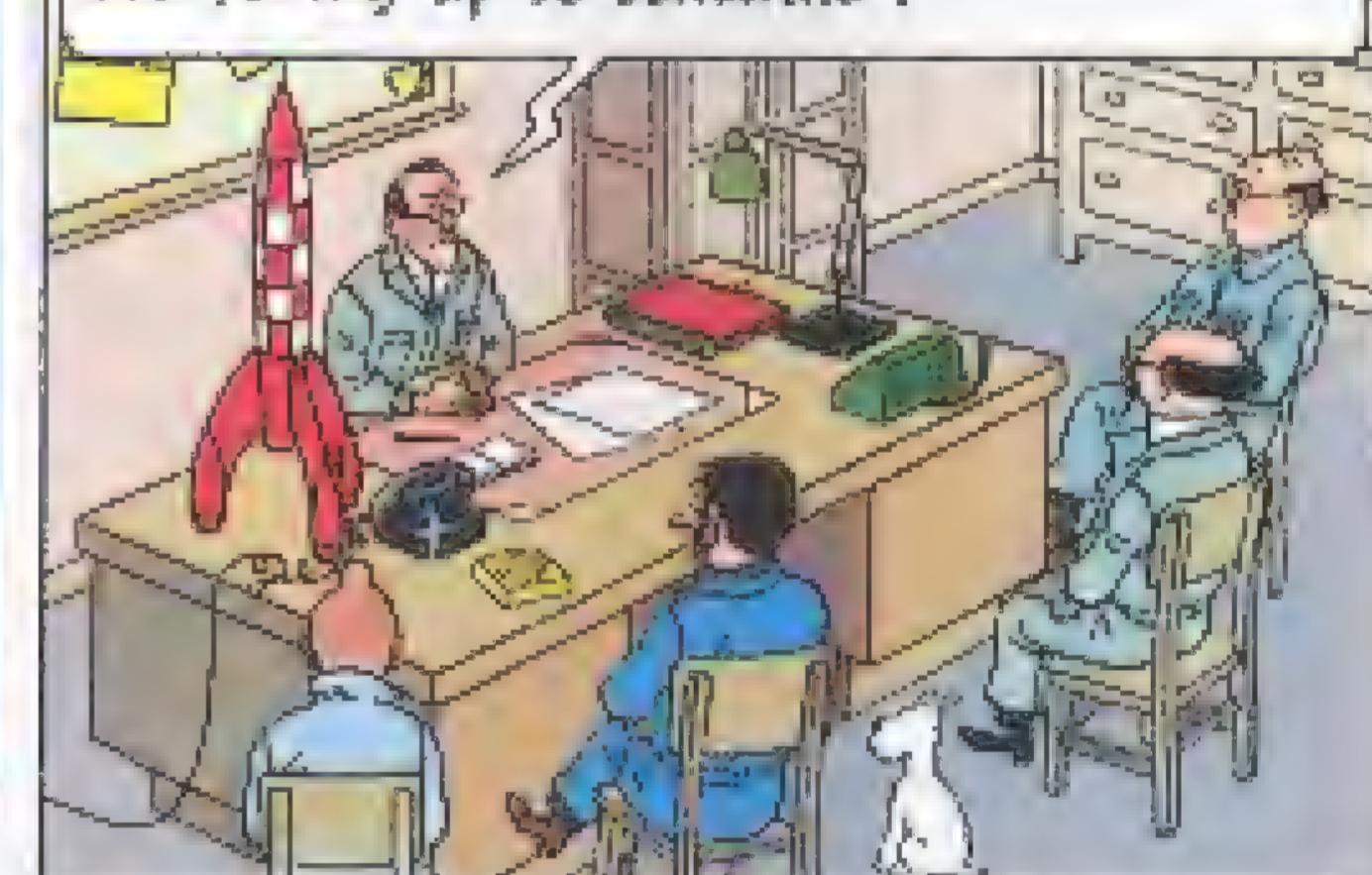
Oh, news from the Main Workshop? Let's hope it is better than last time.

"M. 23.301... Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn... Reply: "M. 23.301 received. Operation Ulysses will proceed according to plan."

The days go by...

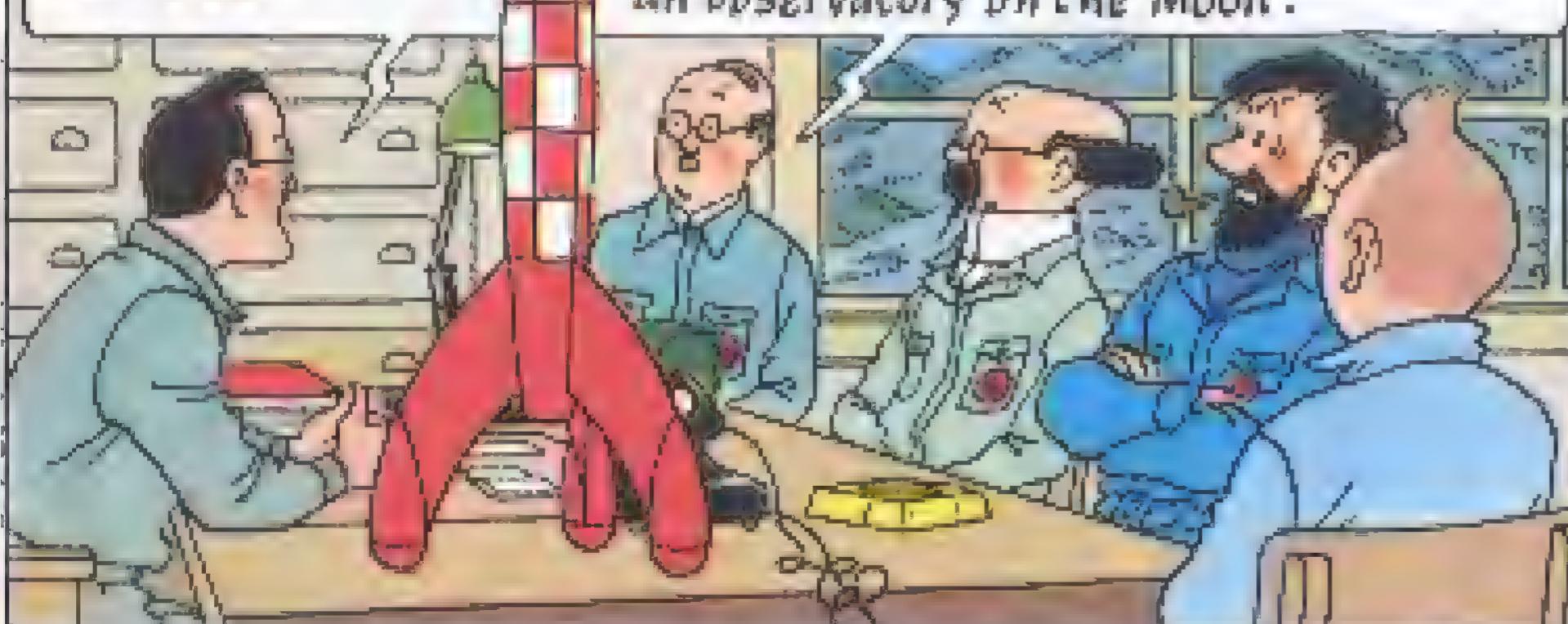


... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, Wolff, are in charge of provisioning and equipment. How are you getting along?

The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.



Unfortunately the factory at Oberköchen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure... In that case!

Excuse me one moment.



Hello... Yes... What? Inside the Security Area? ... Three?... You're questioning them?... All right. Keep me informed.

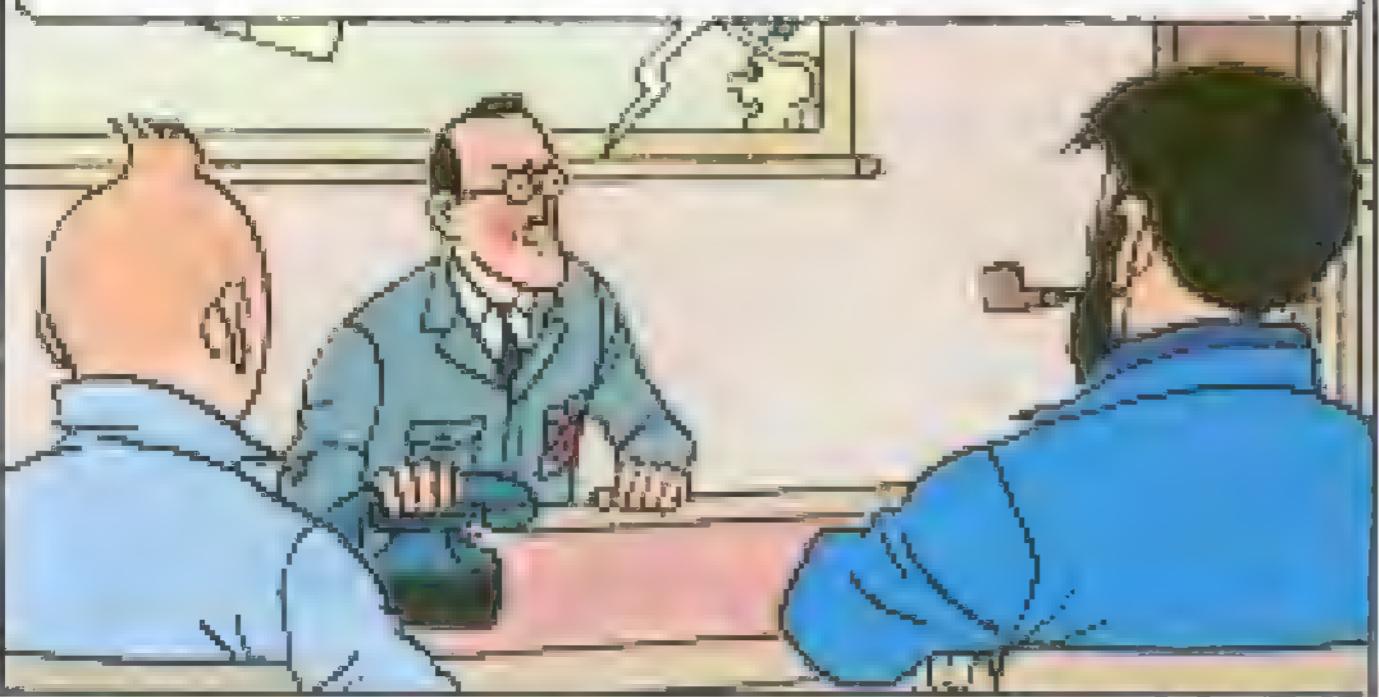


You heard that, gentlemen ? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstopnole, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story ...

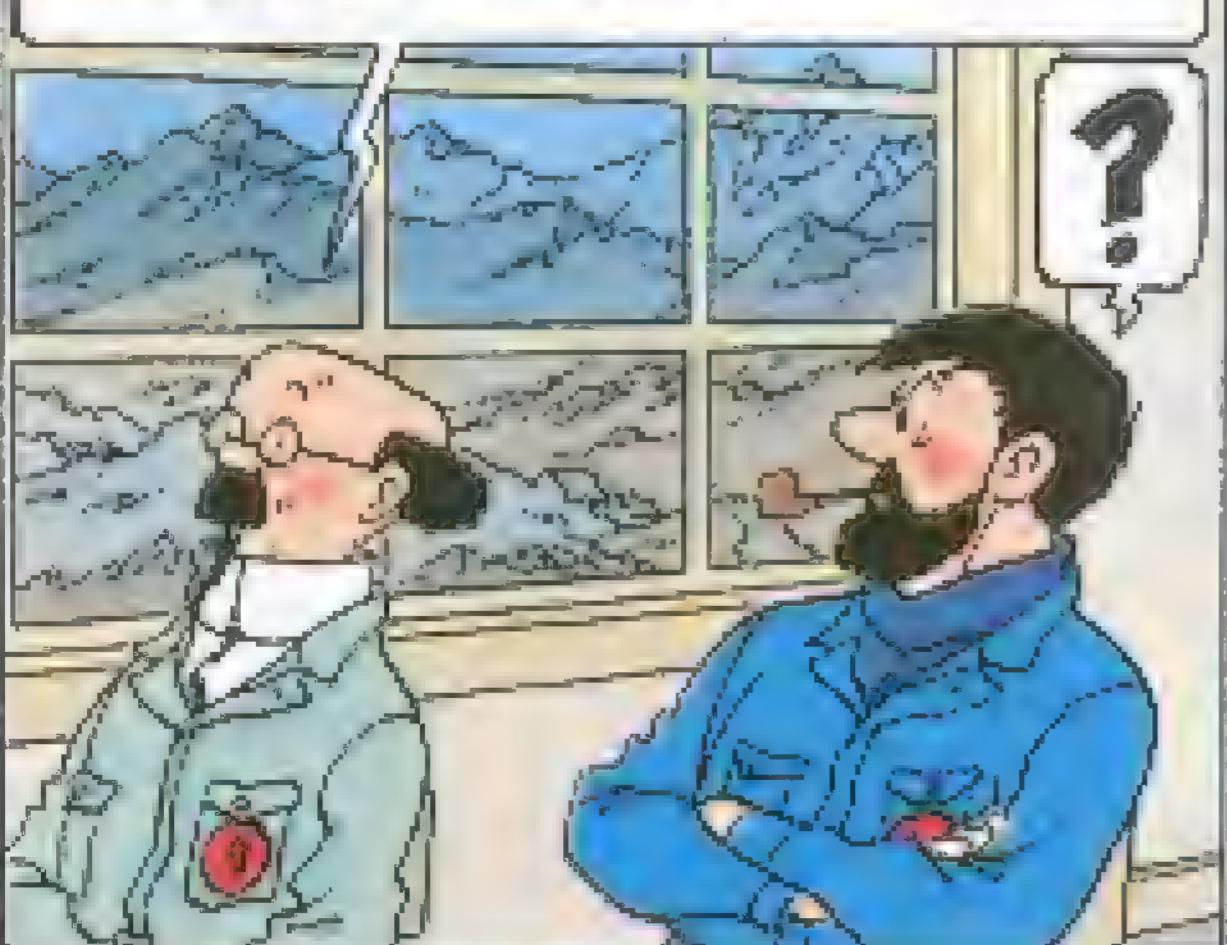
You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.

But where were we ?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...

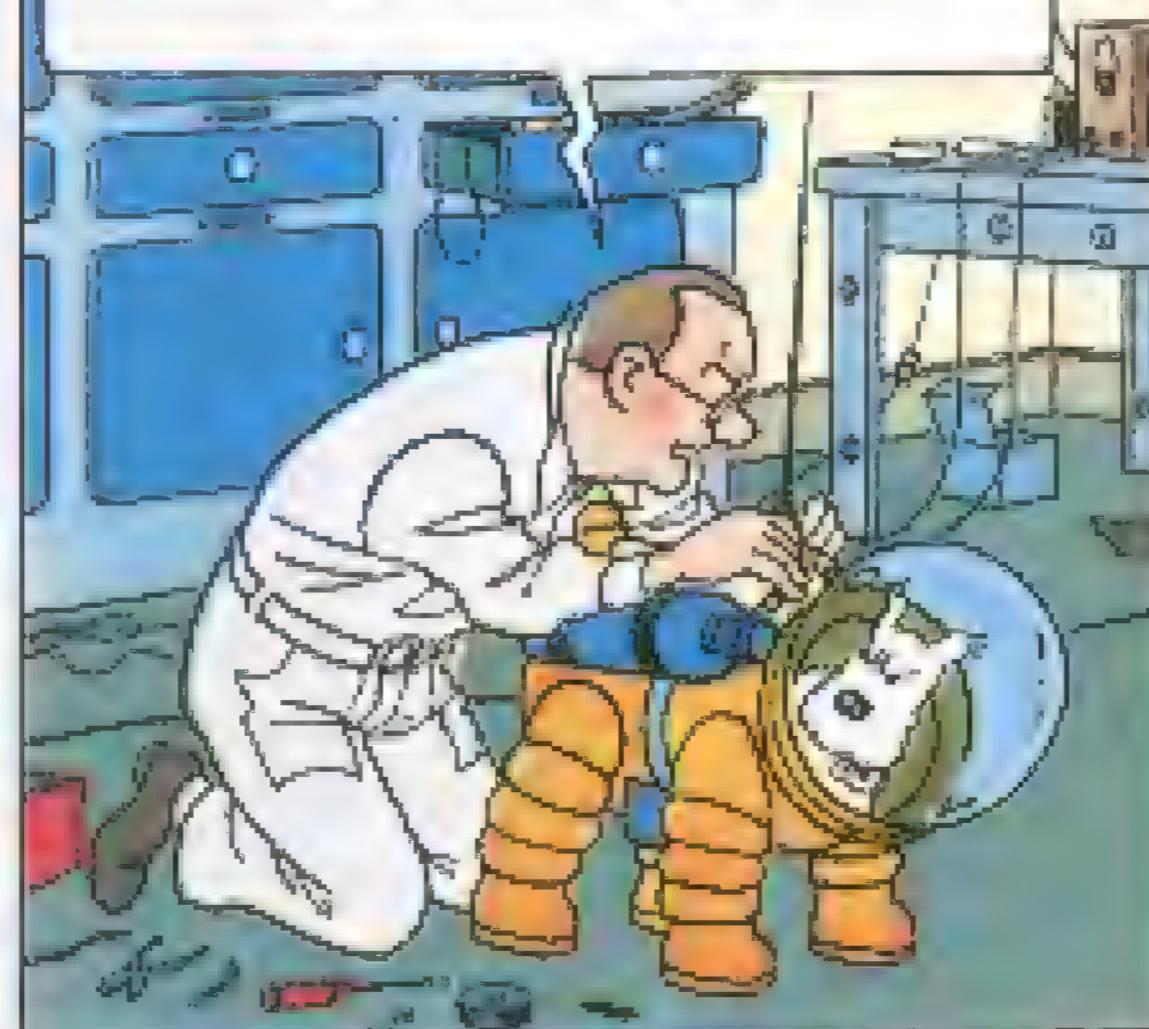
All in order !
And you, Professor ?



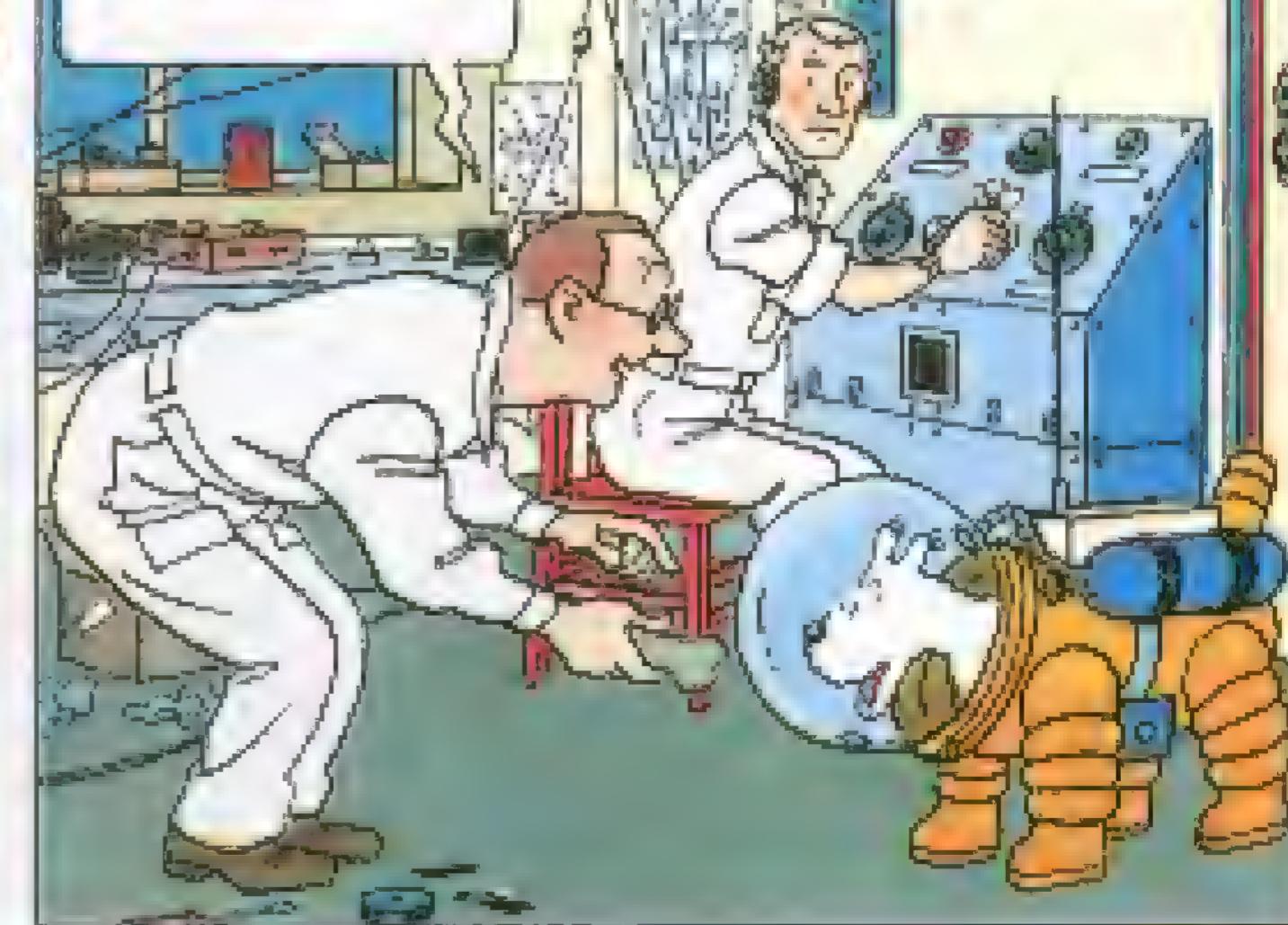
Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.



There we are... Nothing more except to test the radio...



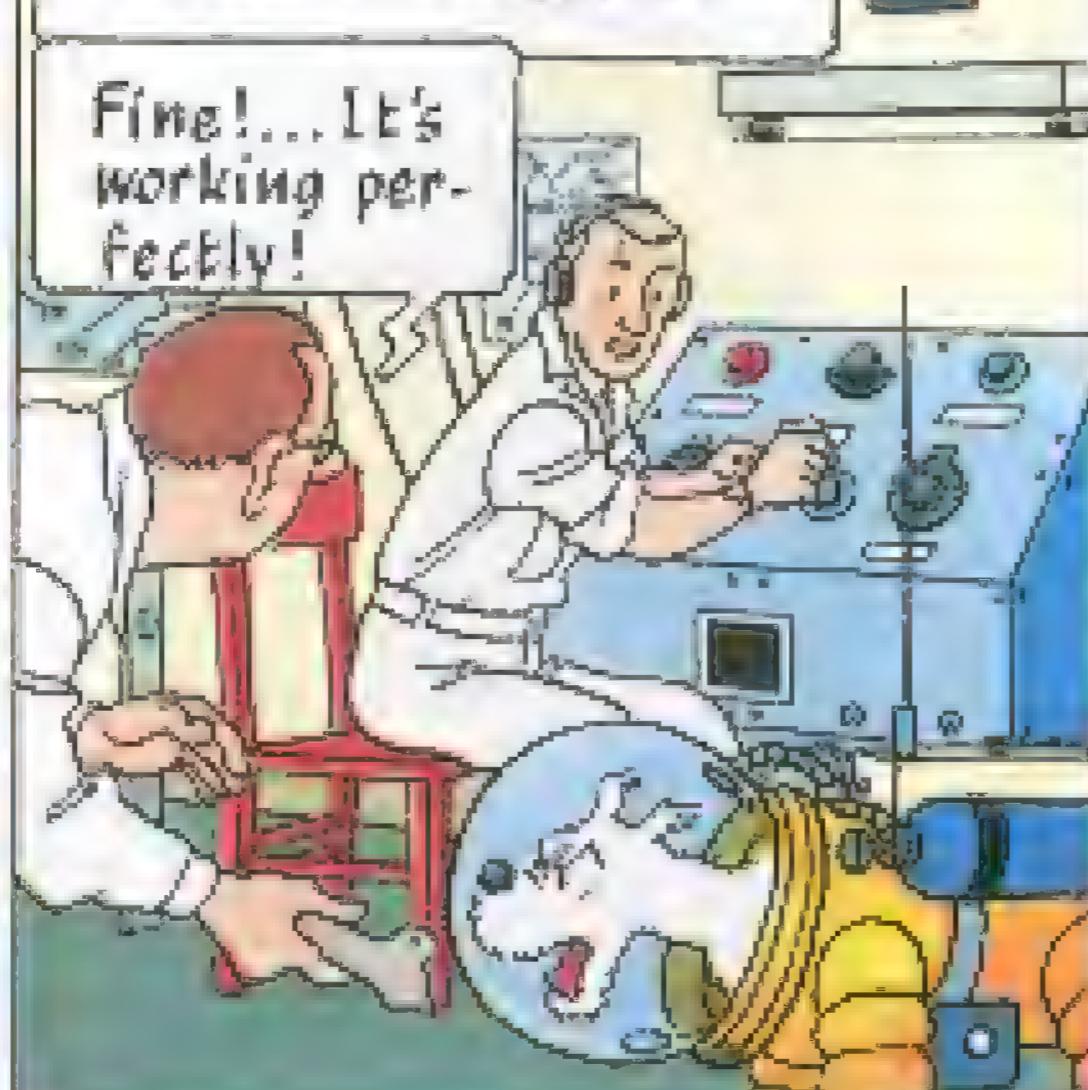
Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?



Golly, what a bone !



Wooah !... Wooah !

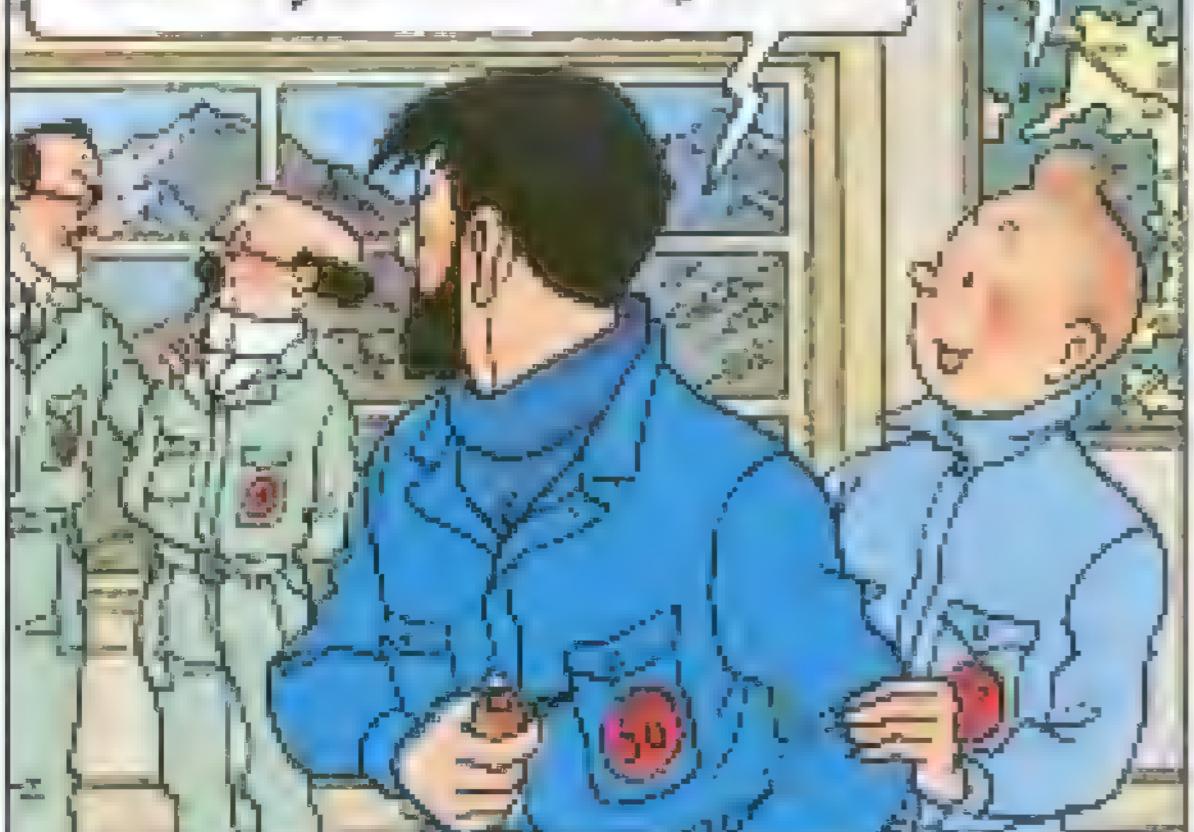


Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain ?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming ... Coming...



I say... Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you ?

No... Not at first glance.



It does me !... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut !



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... And all through looking at our wonder-boy Calculus! Thundering typhoons!



And just why were you looking at the wonder-boy?



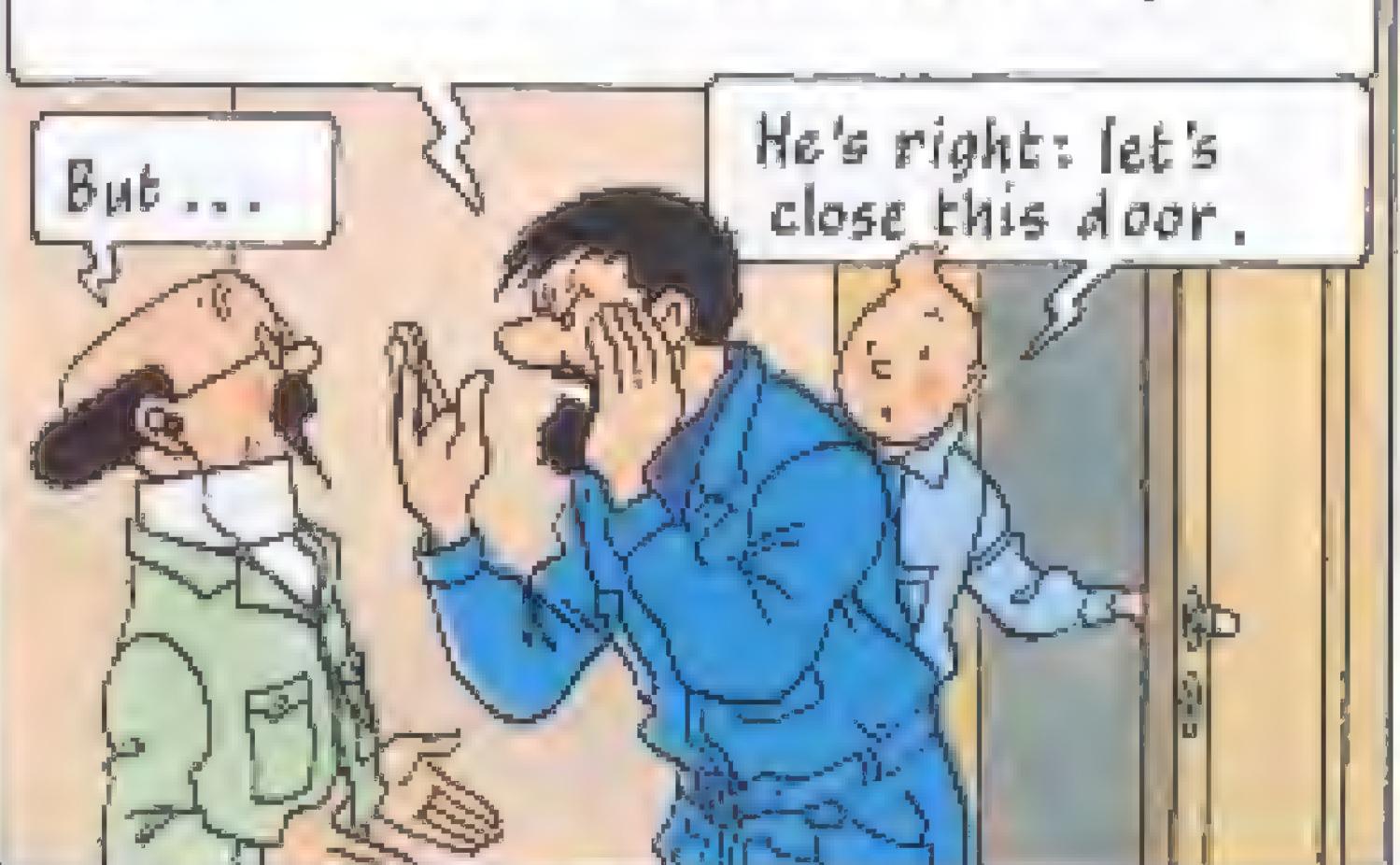
There, you see?... He isn't deaf any more! He can hear as well as you and me!



In the first place, I never was deaf... Just a little hard of hearing in one ear... But for the Moon journey I need to hear the radio signals perfectly... So that's why I obtained a hearing aid...

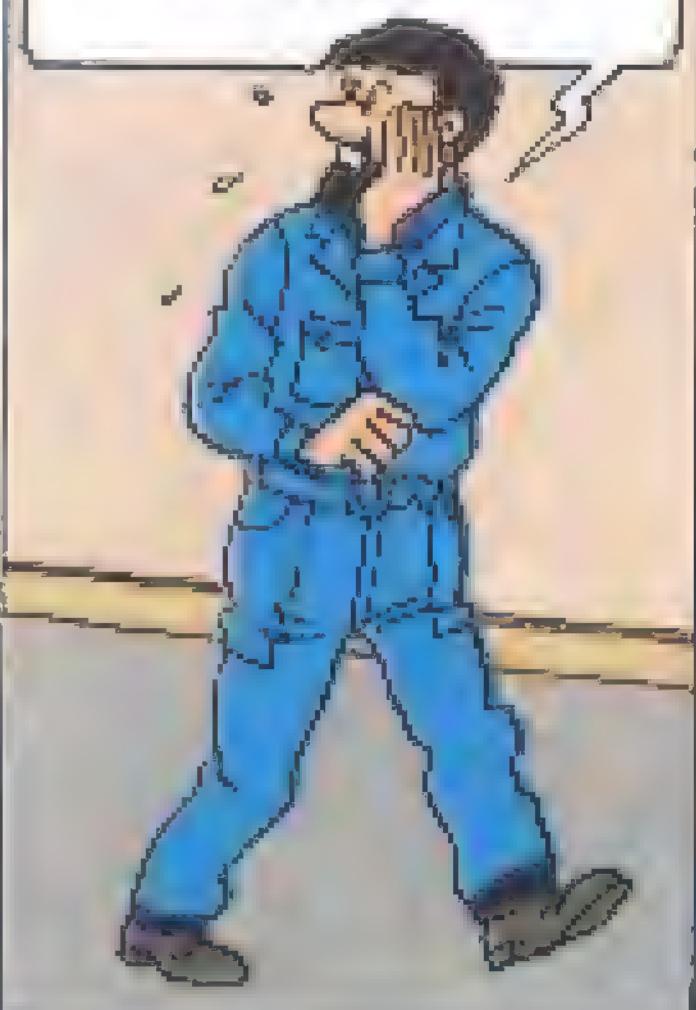


You couldn't have told us before, could you?... And stopped me from bumping into that door!... And of all the crazy things...



He's right: let's close this door.

...to keep leaving doors open...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Who's the joker who shut this door?... Why couldn't he wait till I'd gone out?...



Thundering typhoons! I forgot to pick up my pipe.



They've left that door open again!



Poor Captain Haddock... Never any luck!



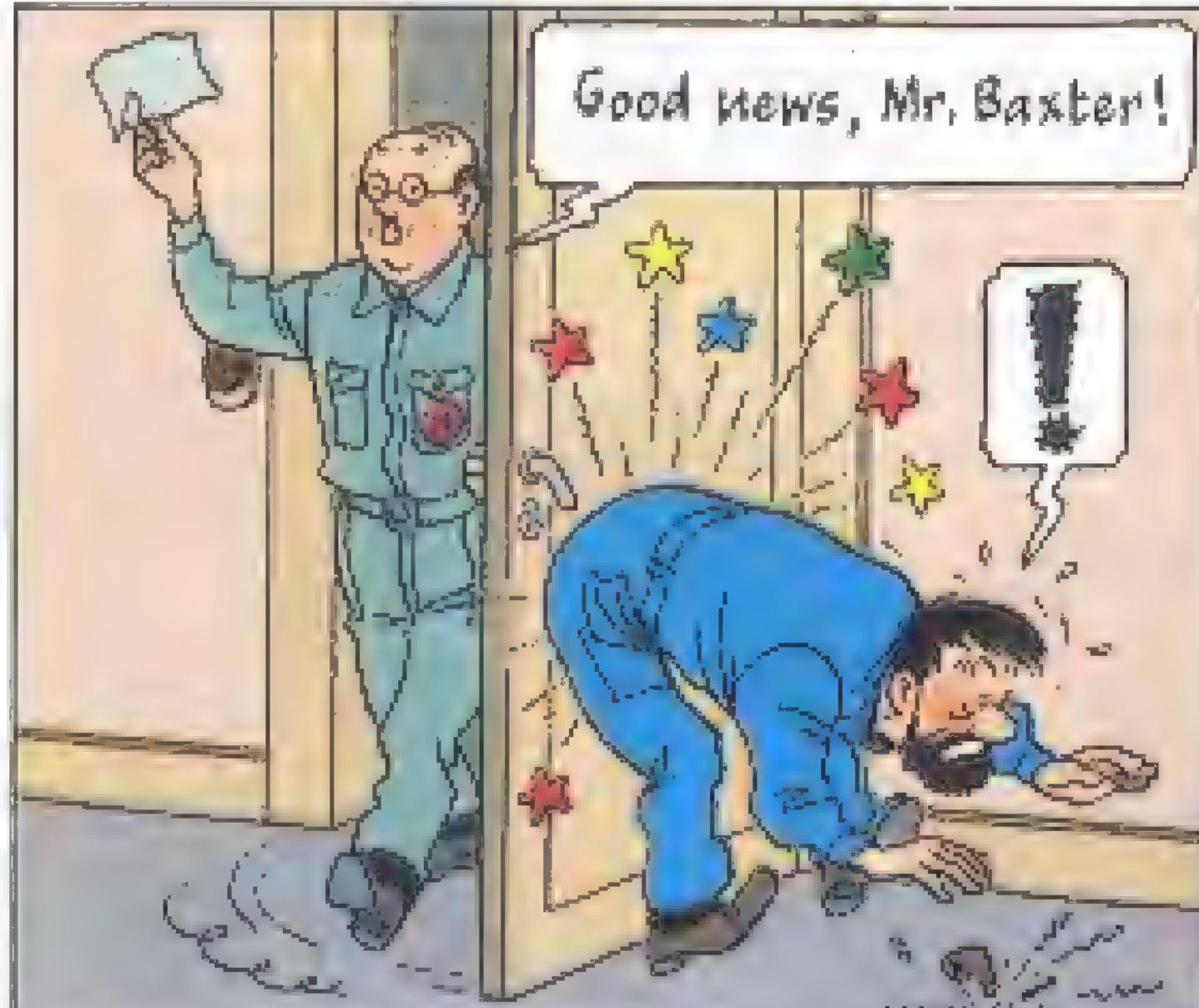
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Did you do that on purpose?



That's the last time a door wallops me!... Ah, here's my pipe... Lucky it isn't broken!

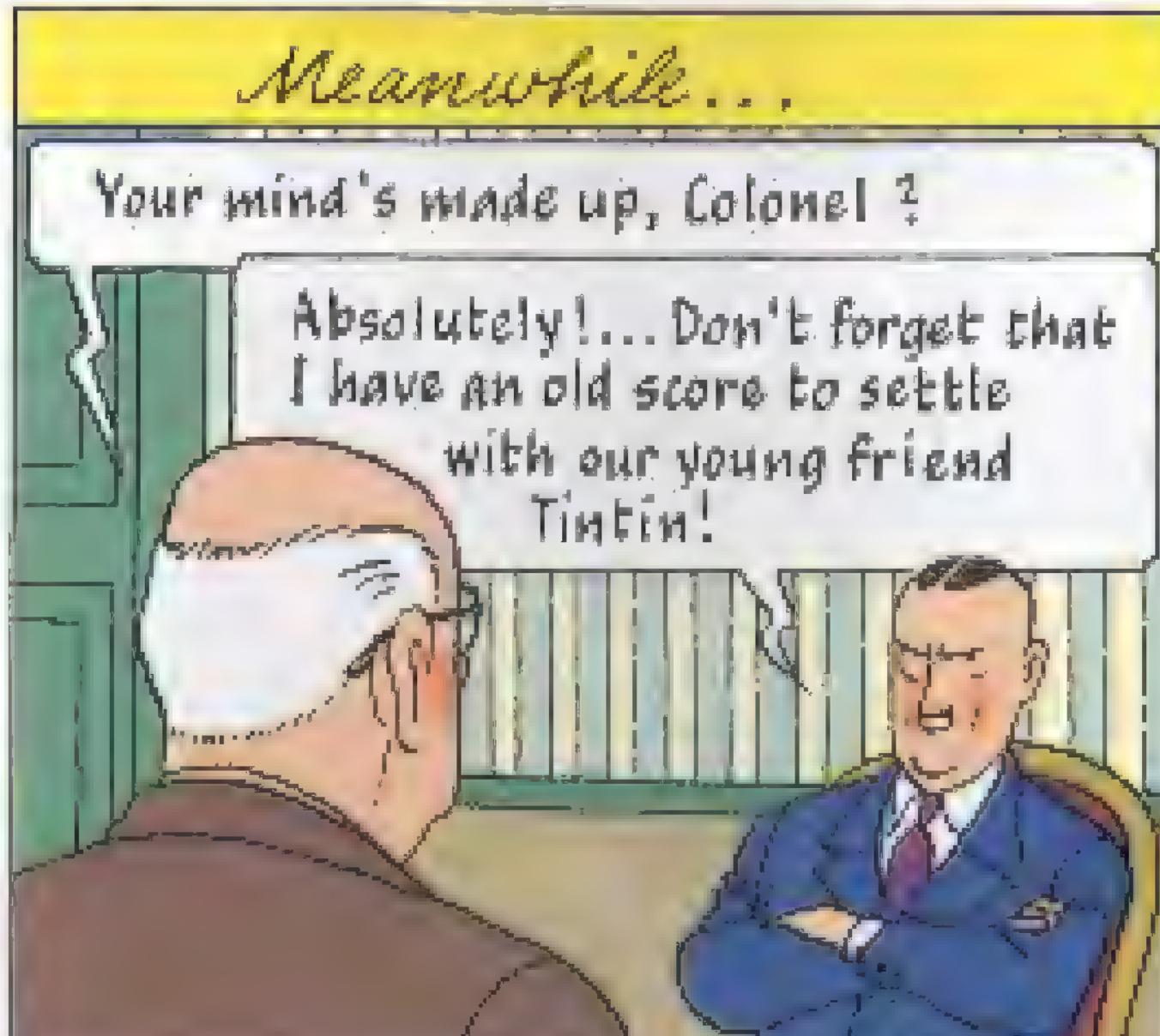


Good news, Mr. Baxter!



Meanwhile...

Your mind's made up, Colonel?



Absolutely!... Don't forget that I have an old score to settle with our young friend Tintin!

Now then Wolff... What's your news?

Why, I'd forgotten all about it, Mr. Baxter...

A telegram from the works at Oberköchen: the optical instruments will arrive on Monday morning.

Splendid!... Certainly this is excellent news.

Are you going back to the site?

Yes, I'm going to supervise the loading of equipment.

Would you mind waiting a few minutes for me? There's one small package to go in my locker on board...

Of course.

A few moments later...

Here I am... I haven't kept you waiting?



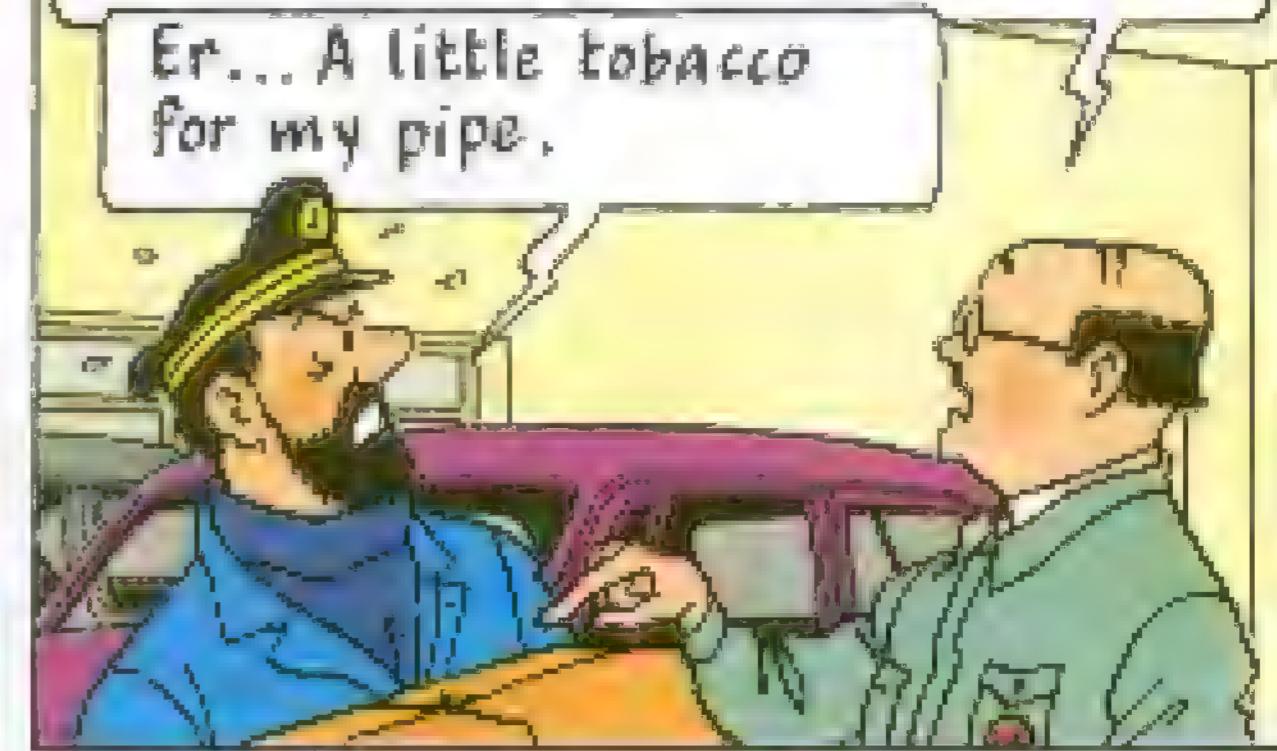
Not at all... But tell me: what's in that crate behind you?

Just two or three bottles of whisky... You know it may be freezing cold up there, so I'm just taking precautions...



I'm awfully sorry, Captain, but no alcoholic liquor is allowed on board... We've a little rum, for emergencies, but that's all... And what's in this parcel?

Er... A little tobacco for my pipe.



Forgive me, Captain, but I have explicit instructions: no smoking on board... The oxygen supplies are more than sufficient for the journey, there and back, but we can't waste them... Believe me, I'm terribly sorry...



So, it's like that, is it?... You don't think I'll go up in your flying cigar under such conditions, do you?... Never, you hear me, never! This is the end: I've had enough. You go to the Moon! Go to Mars, or Jupiter, or dance with the Great Bear if you want!



As for me, my decision is final: I'm not going!



Hello, Captain... You look cross. Is anything wrong?



Anything wrong, blistering barnacles? Only that I'm not allowed to take a little whisky and a few ounces of tobacco! And under such conditions I refuse to go!... That's what's wrong!



No "ifs" or "buts" or "maybes"... Once for all, I'm not going!... And don't let me have to tell you again...



How right you are!



Why?... What do you mean?



Well, you're very wise not to go on such a wild goose chase!... It's a ridiculous idea!... Besides, at your age it would be sheer madness!

To be precise: sheer madness at your age.



What? At my age?!... I suppose you take me for a rusty old tub, ready for the scrap-heap?... You'll see how old I am, you Bashibazouks!... I'm going, d'you hear?... And I'll send you a postcard from the Moon!



The following Monday...

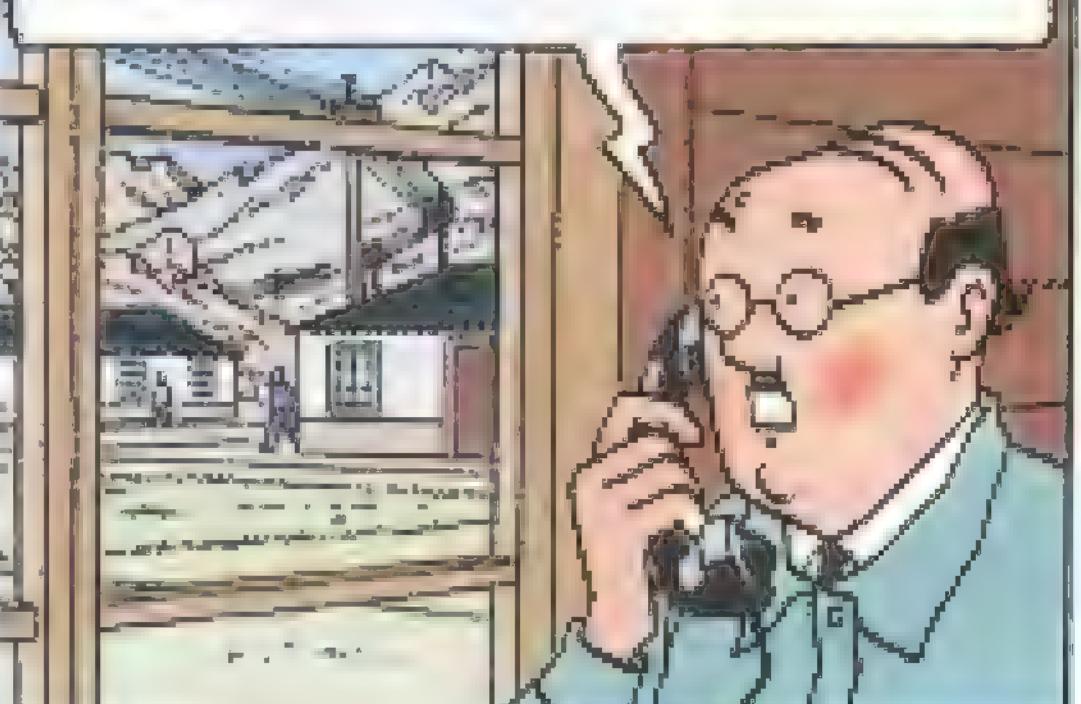
RRRING
RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Yes... Oh, it's you Wolff... What is it?...

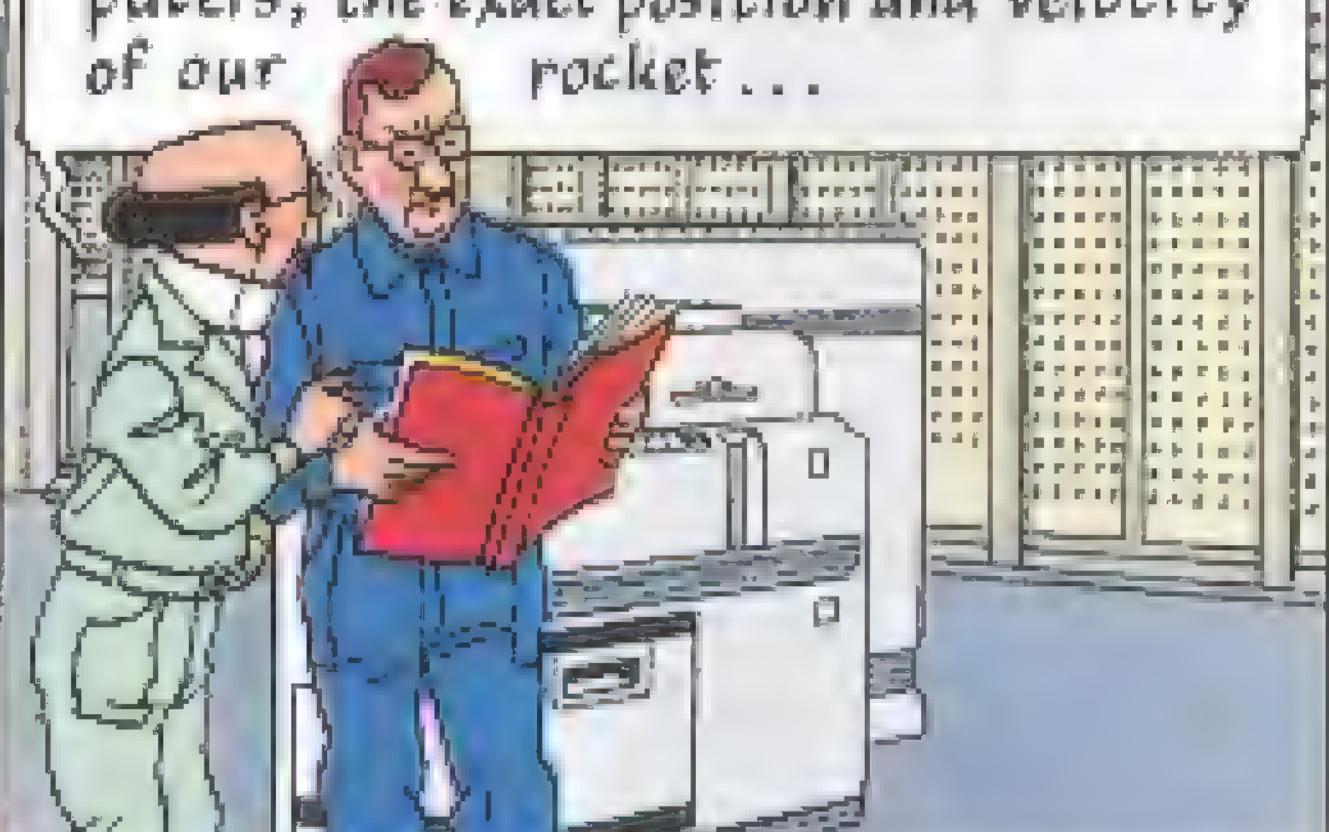


The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now... The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...



Meanwhile...

From these tables you can tell instantly, with the aid of your electronic computers, the exact position and velocity of our rocket...



Good gracious Captain, what an enormous letter!

This is no letter, young man... it's my Will!



And that evening...

Gentlemen, the great day—or rather, the great night—has arrived... In a few hours you will embark upon the greatest adventure the world has ever known... How anxiously we shall follow your progress towards the Moon!



For you will certainly run grave risks... A simple short-circuit means a crash on the Earth or the Moon, or an everlasting journey in space... There are great hazards on landing, and taking off from the Moon... You may be pulverised by meteorites...

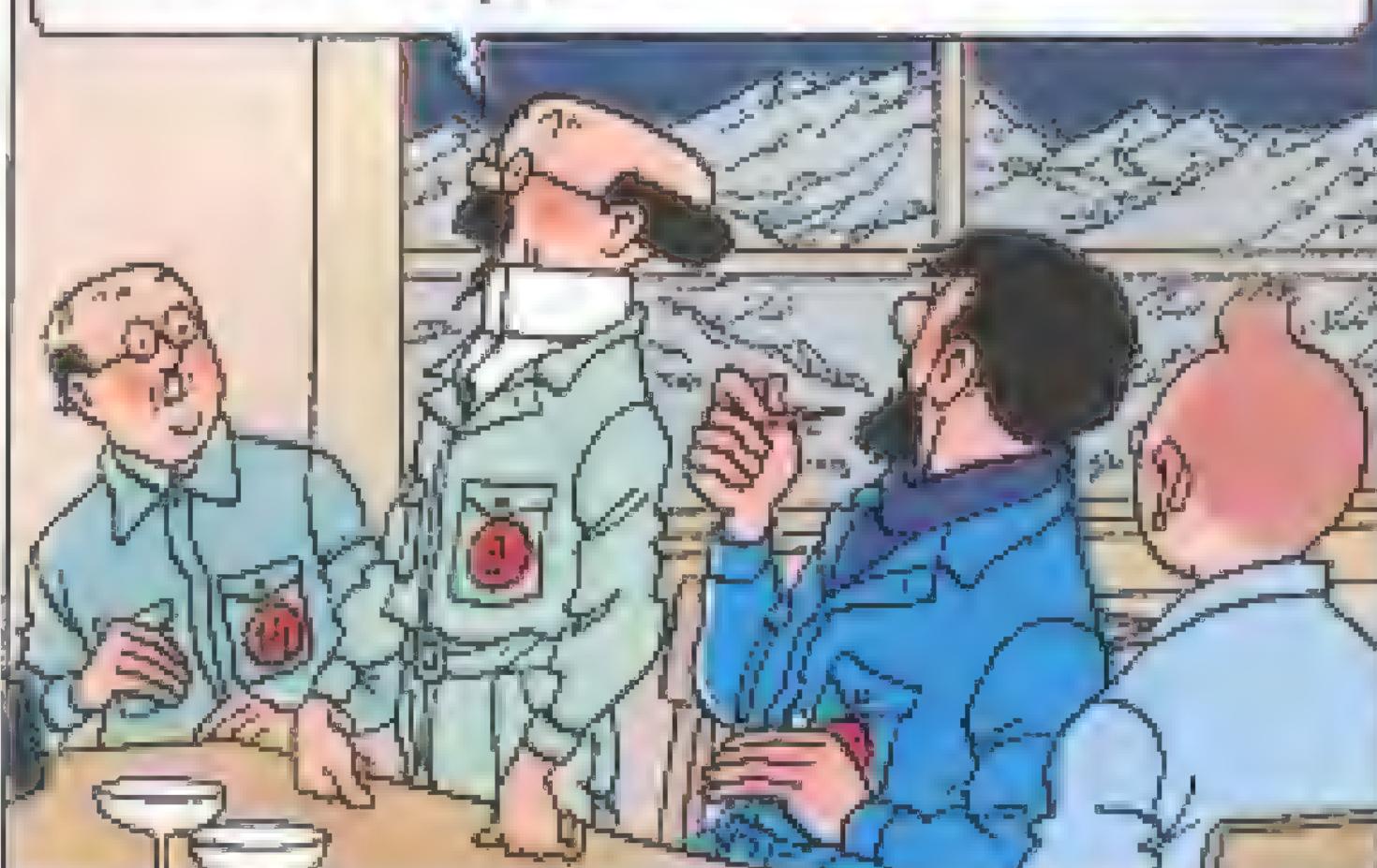


You are aware of all these dangers, and you have chosen to brave them... But there is another thing... The fate of the trial rocket could be re-enacted... Our enemies could try to divert you from your course by giving you false directions, in order to seize the rocket...

It looks like being a jolly outing!



Never fear Mr. Baxter... We would all prefer to blow ourselves up, rather than let that happen!



Good-evening, Minister... This is Miller speaking... I've just received the following signal: "Mission completed. Operation Ulysses going ahead". All is well!



Blow yourselves up? I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle!
Will you, Captain?



With pleasure, Mr. Baxter... I'm an old hand...



Thundering typhoons! Why does this cork have to be so stubborn?



Would you like me to try, Captain?

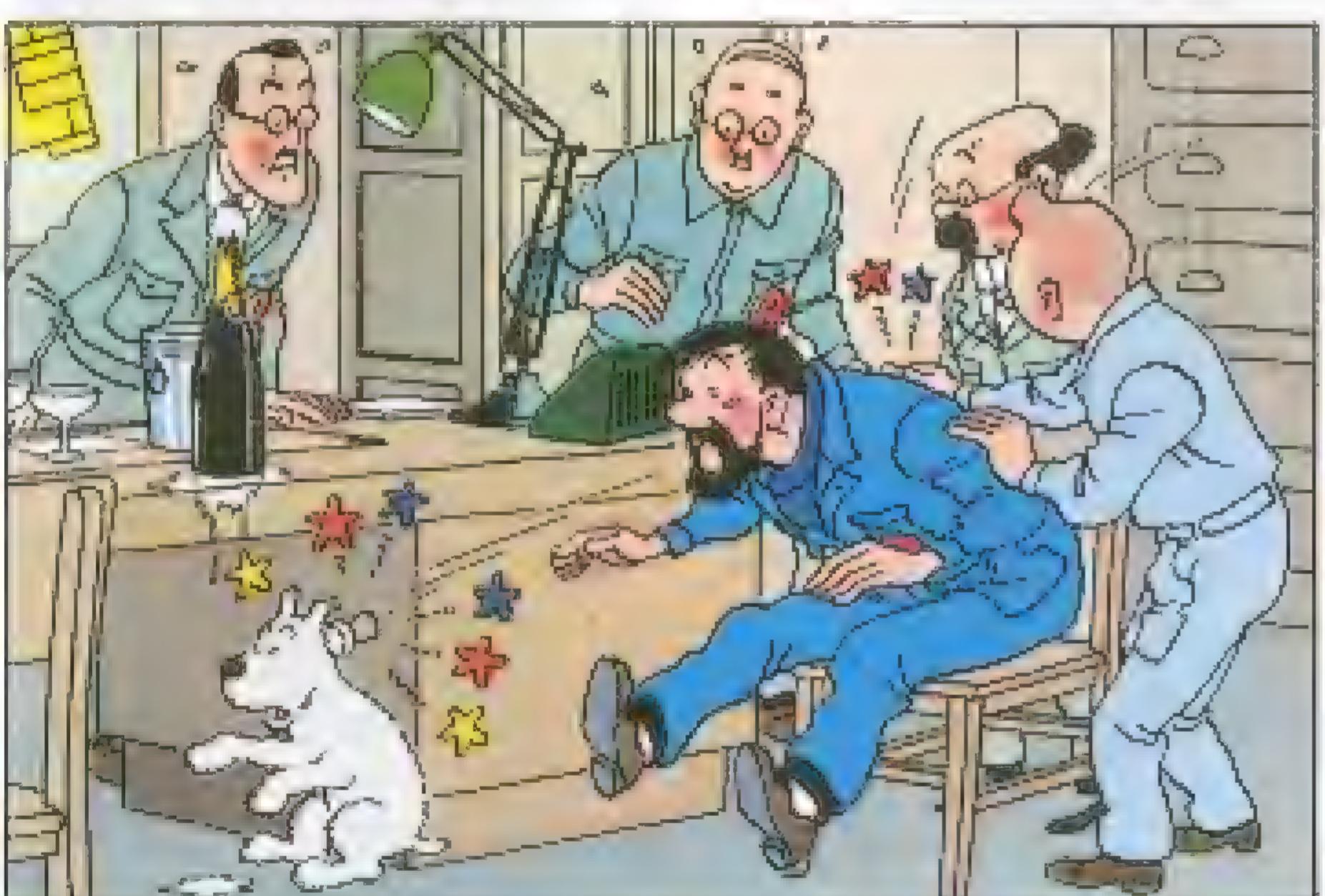
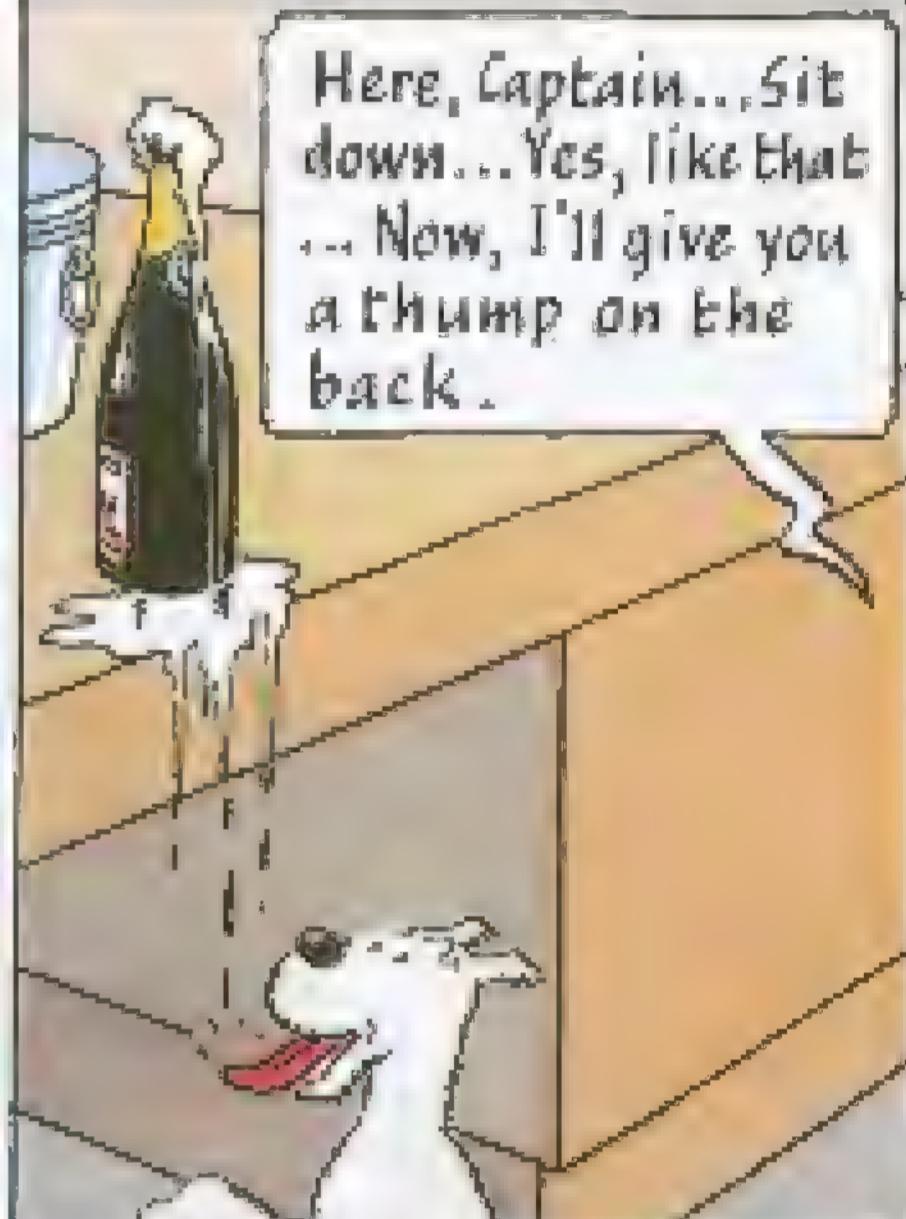


Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

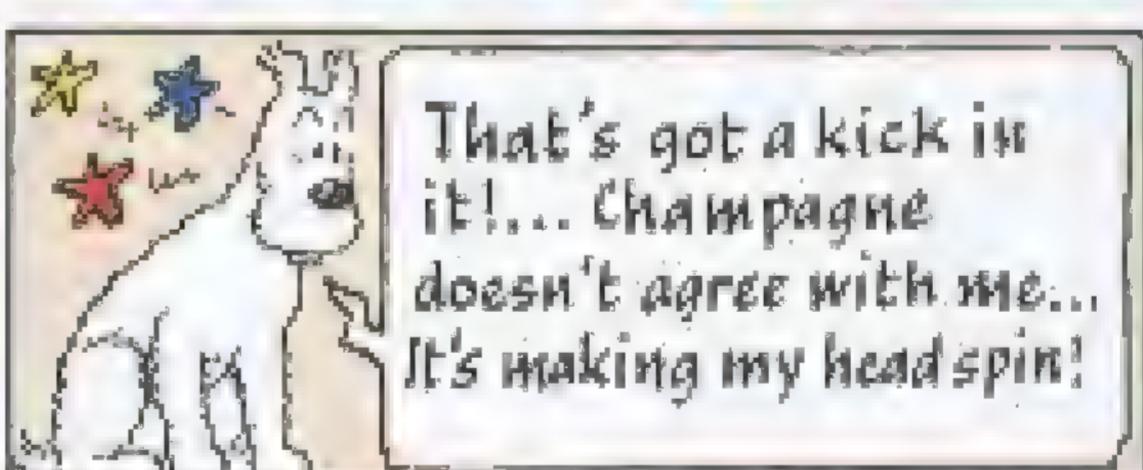
But...



The cork! He's swallowed the cork!



That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened. It's the first time...



Come, gentlemen. The incident is closed... Here, Captain...



Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise... And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon...

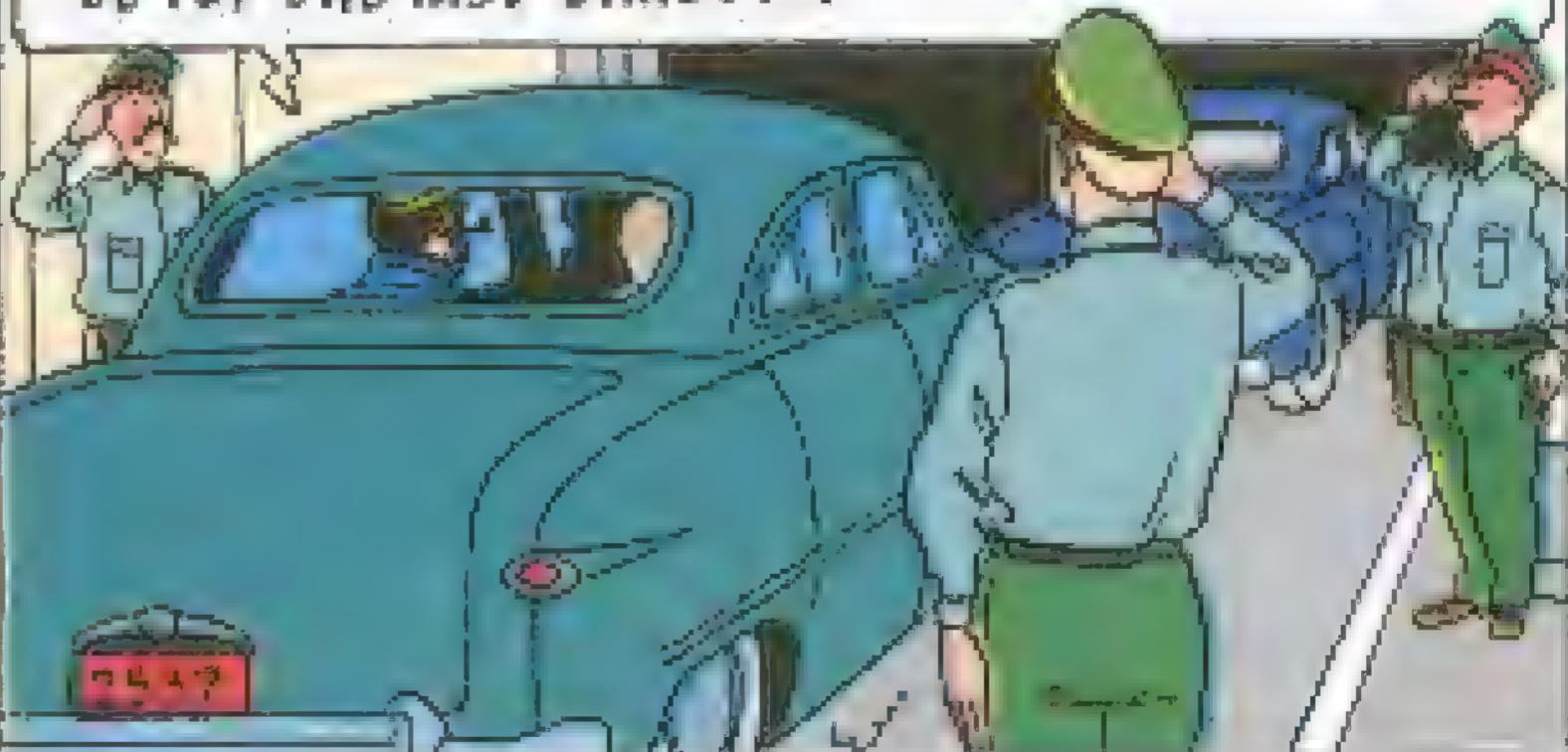


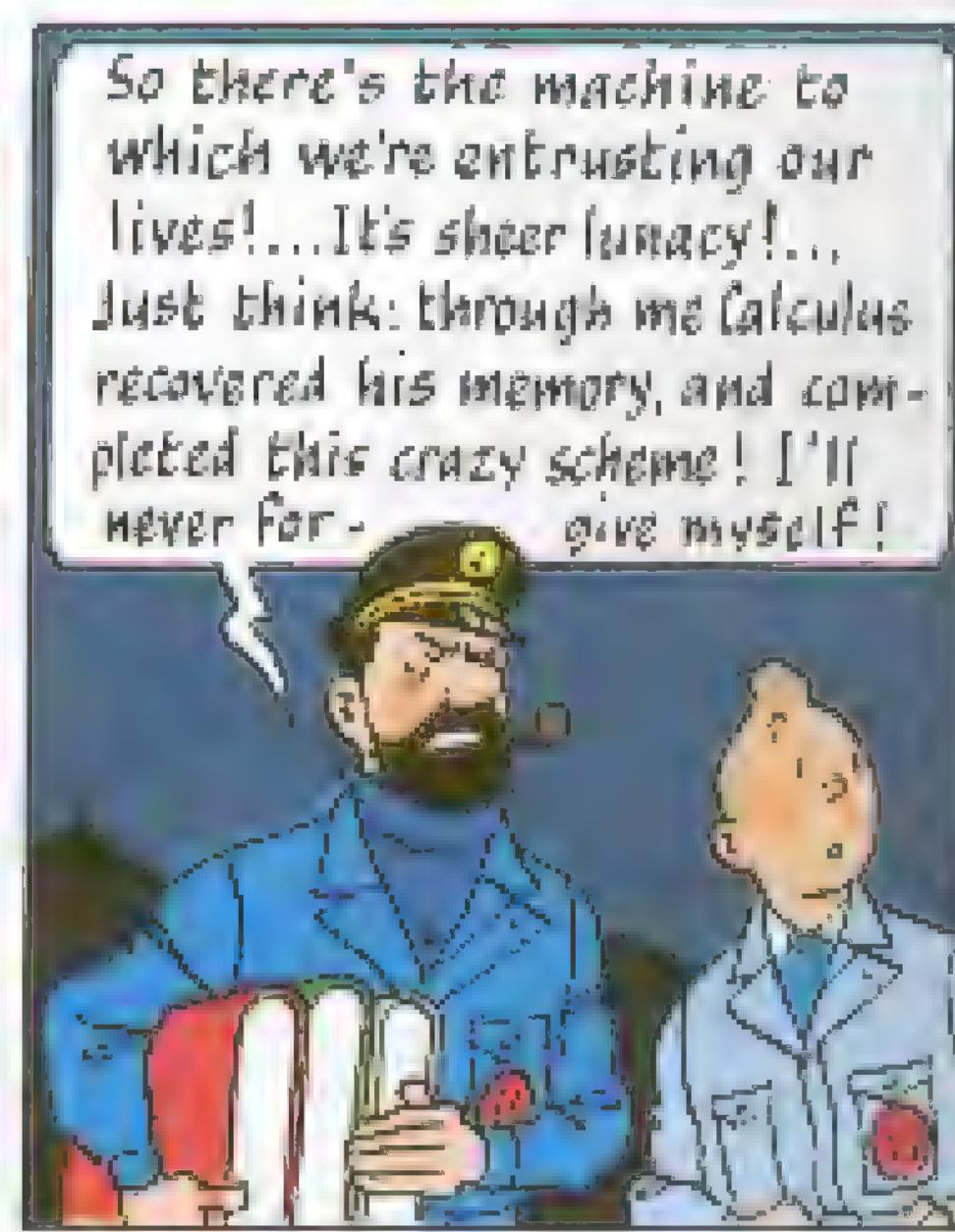
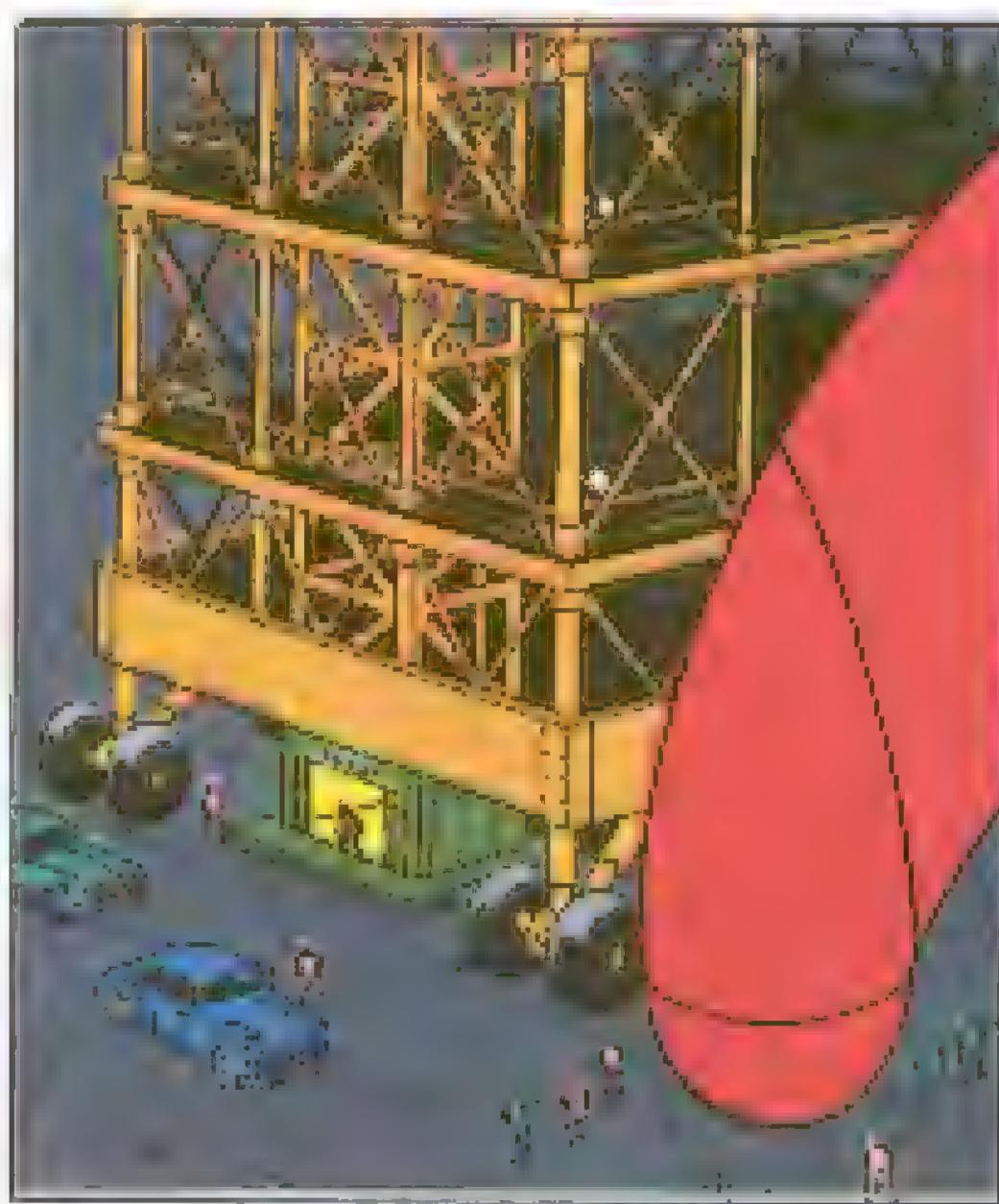
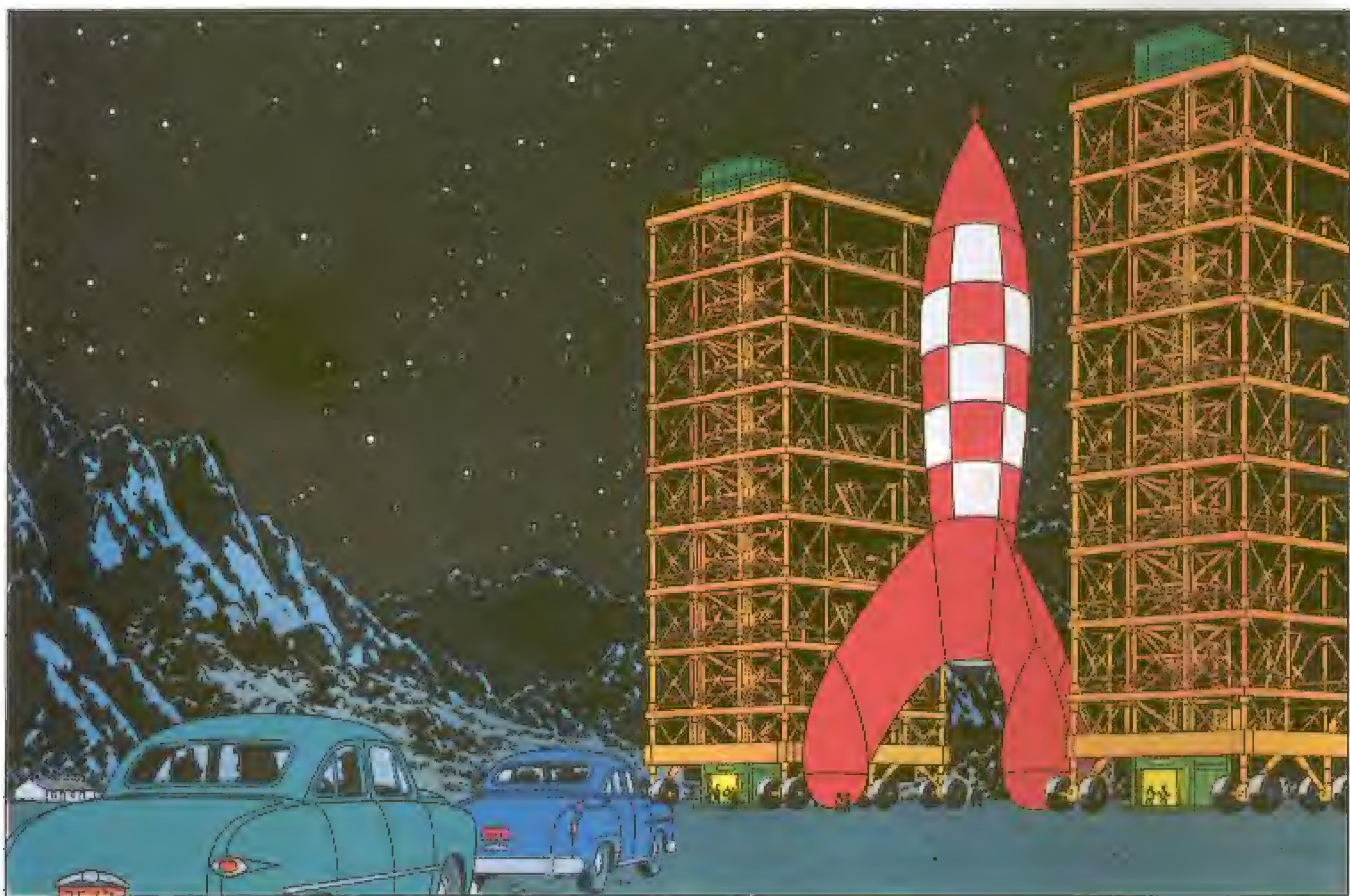
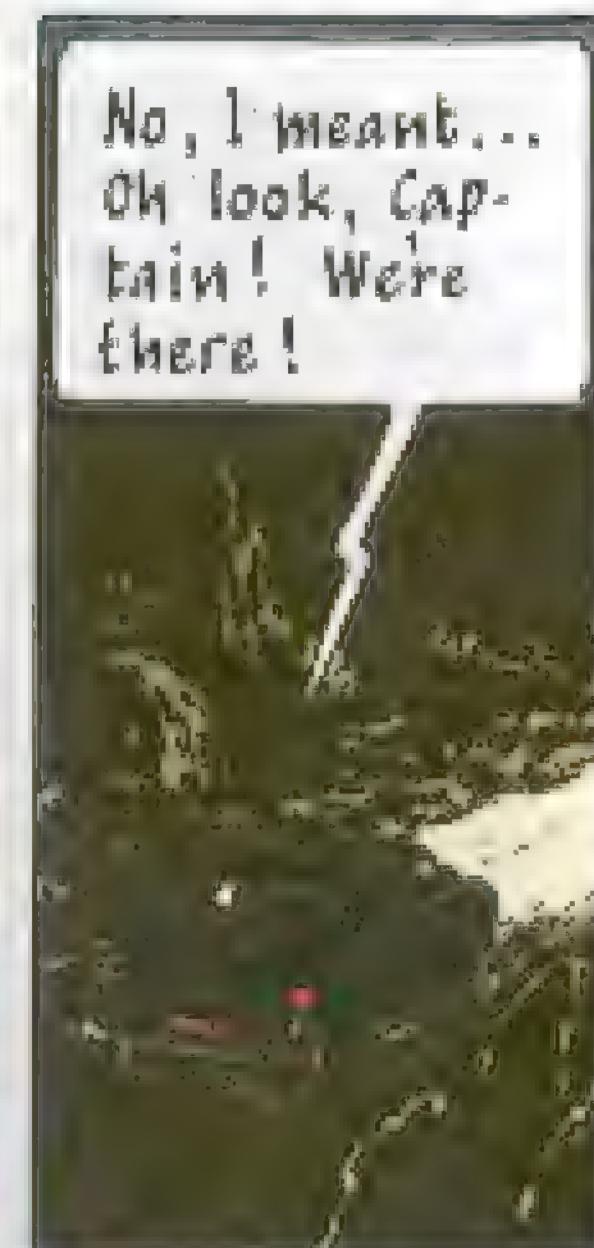
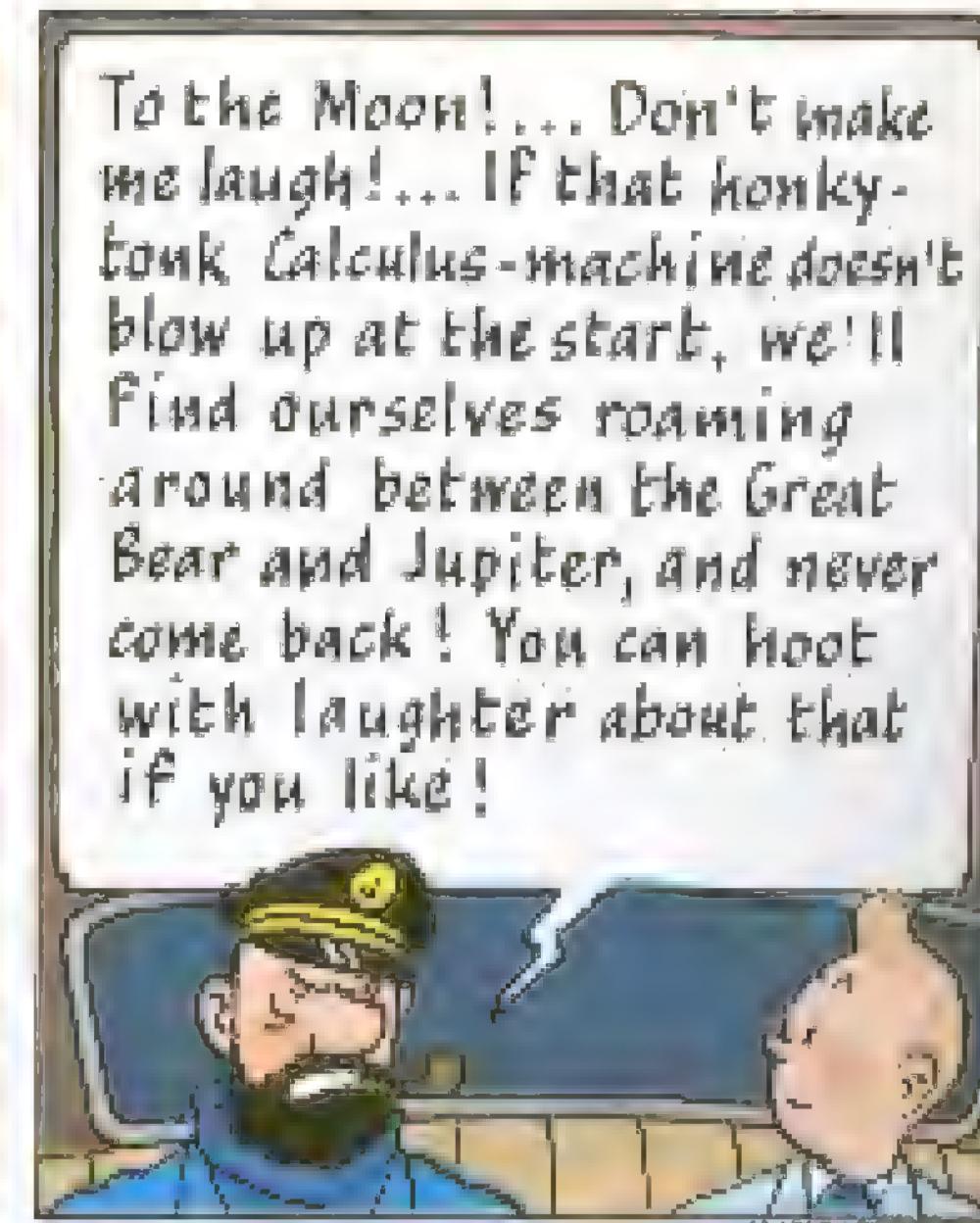
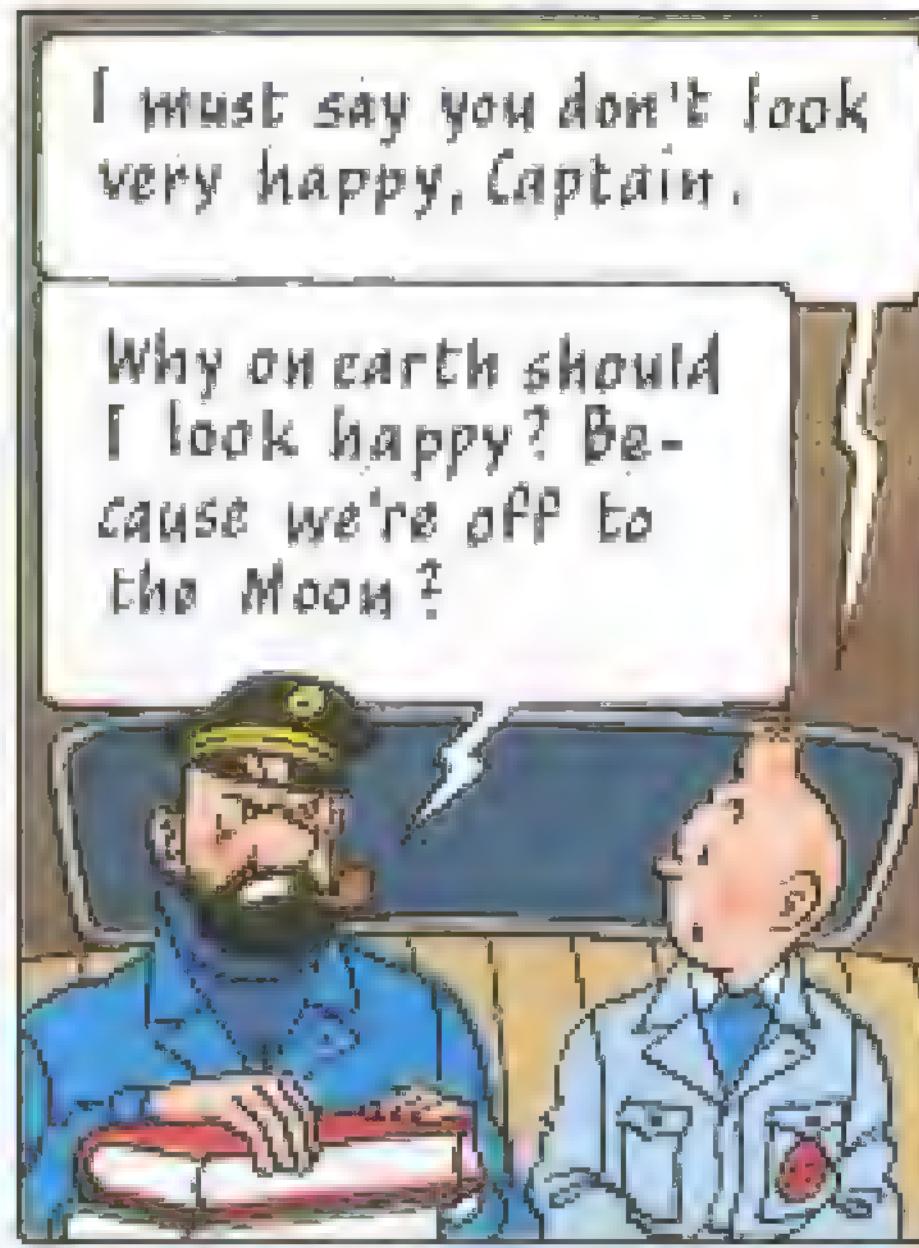
And now the hour of departure approaches... The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!



A few minutes later...

Hail Caesar: those about to die salute thee!... But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles! And who knows, by thunder: it may be for the last time!...





Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.

Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!

Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you ...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place ...

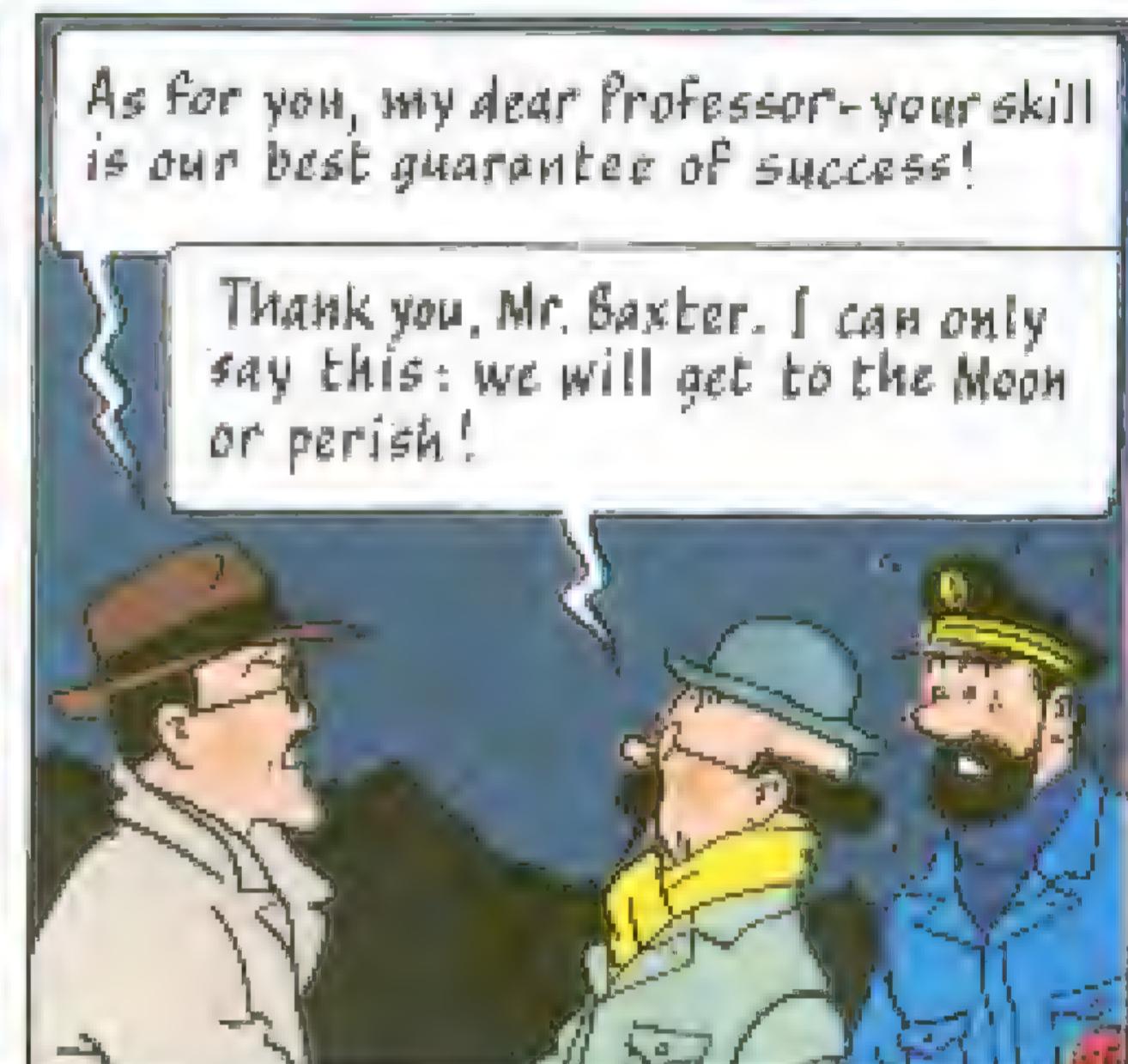
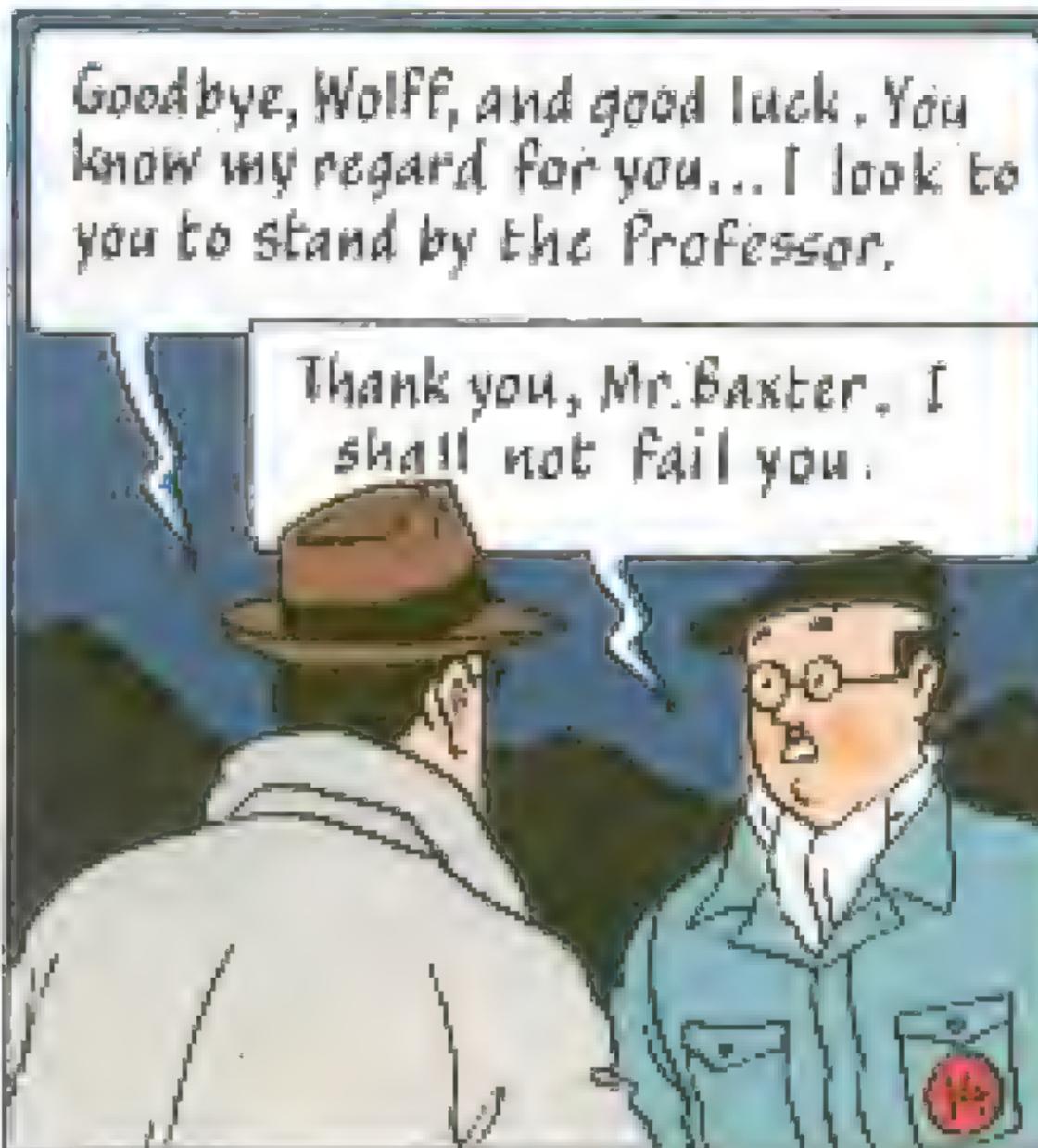
Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!

Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear Professor - your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.

Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading ...

Yes, I want to improve myself ...

Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.

In you go, gentlemen!

Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



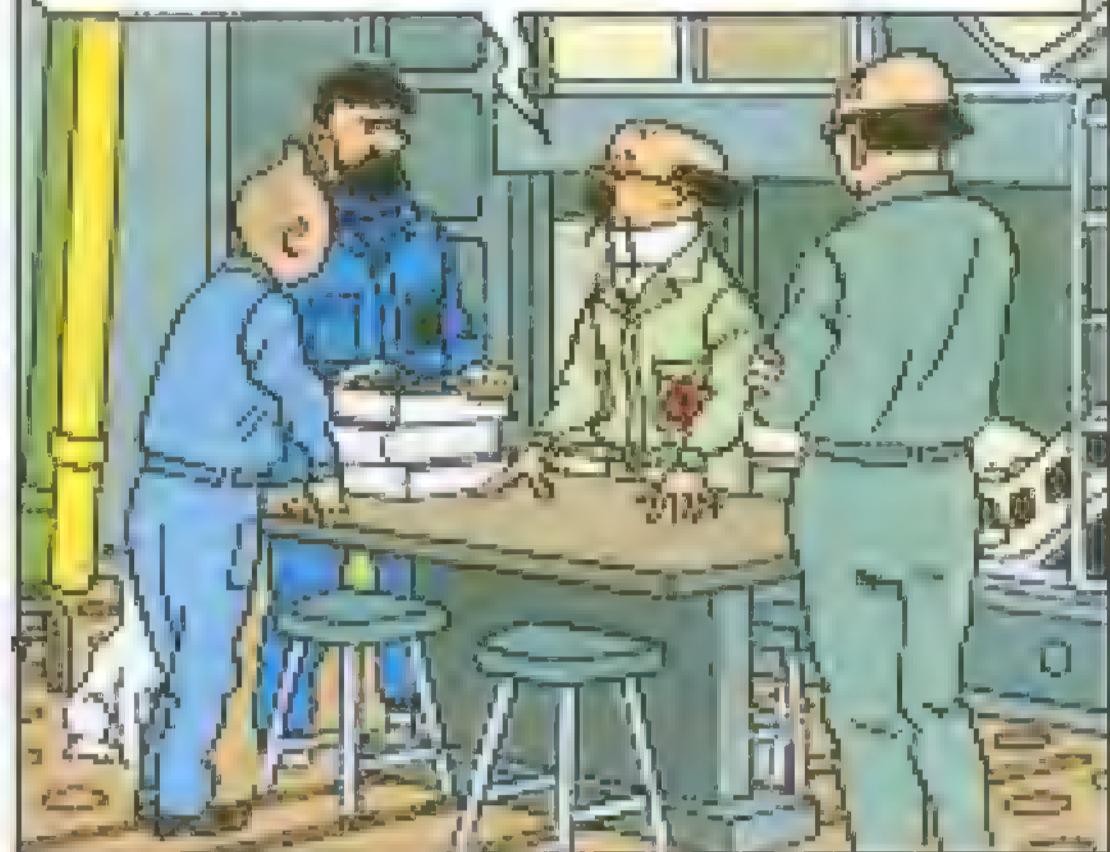
Farewell, Earth!



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



...that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible - even probable - that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but ...



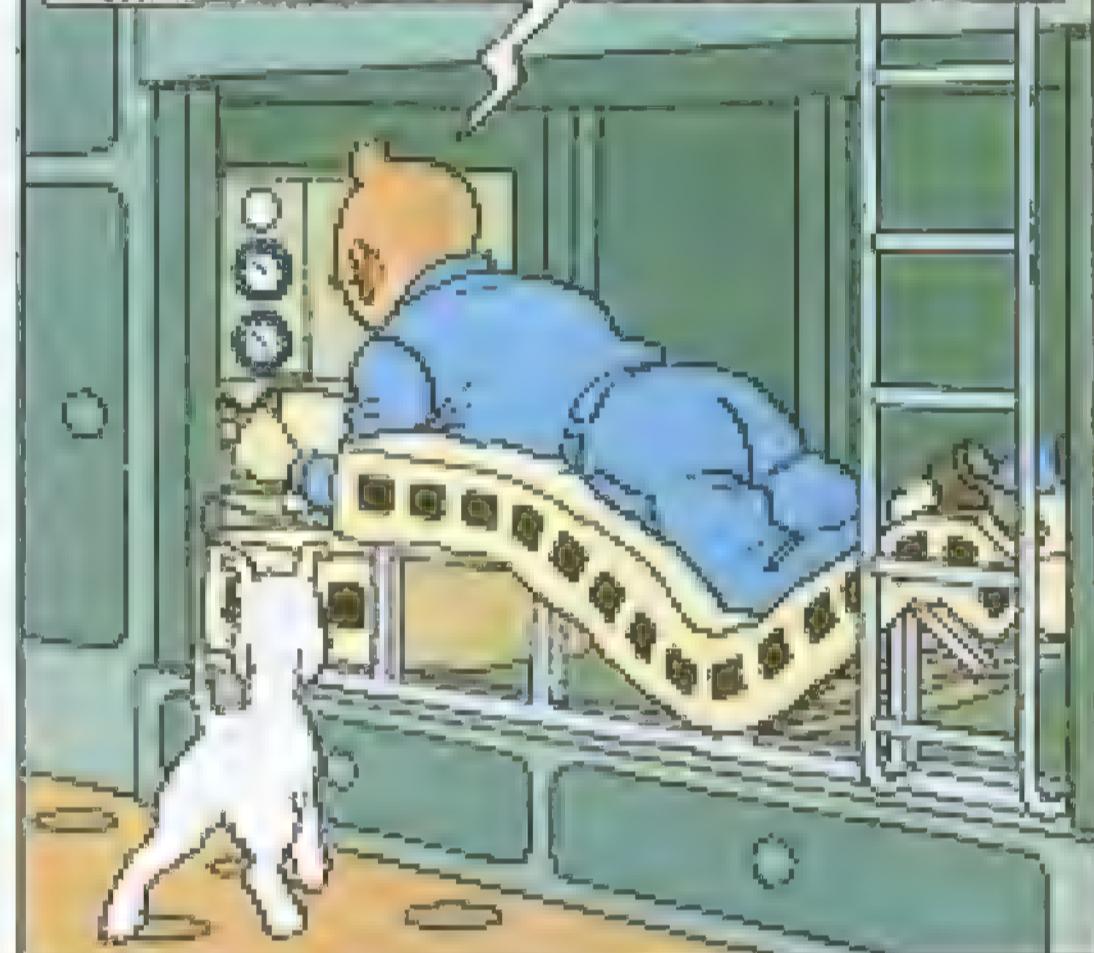
During this first phase of the ascent - I don't know how long it will last - the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.



Moon-Rocket calling Earth...
Moon-Rocket calling Earth...
Are you receiving me?

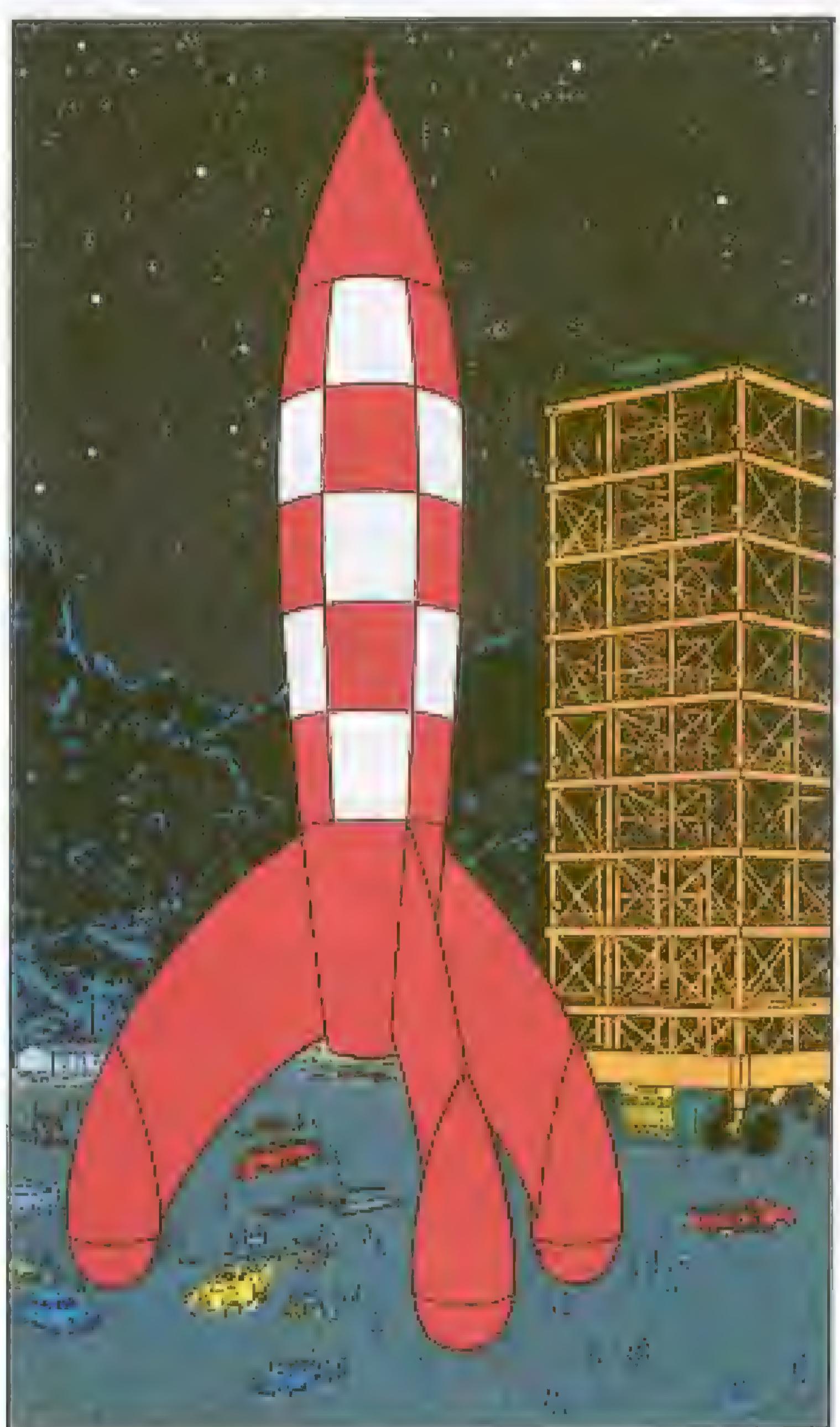
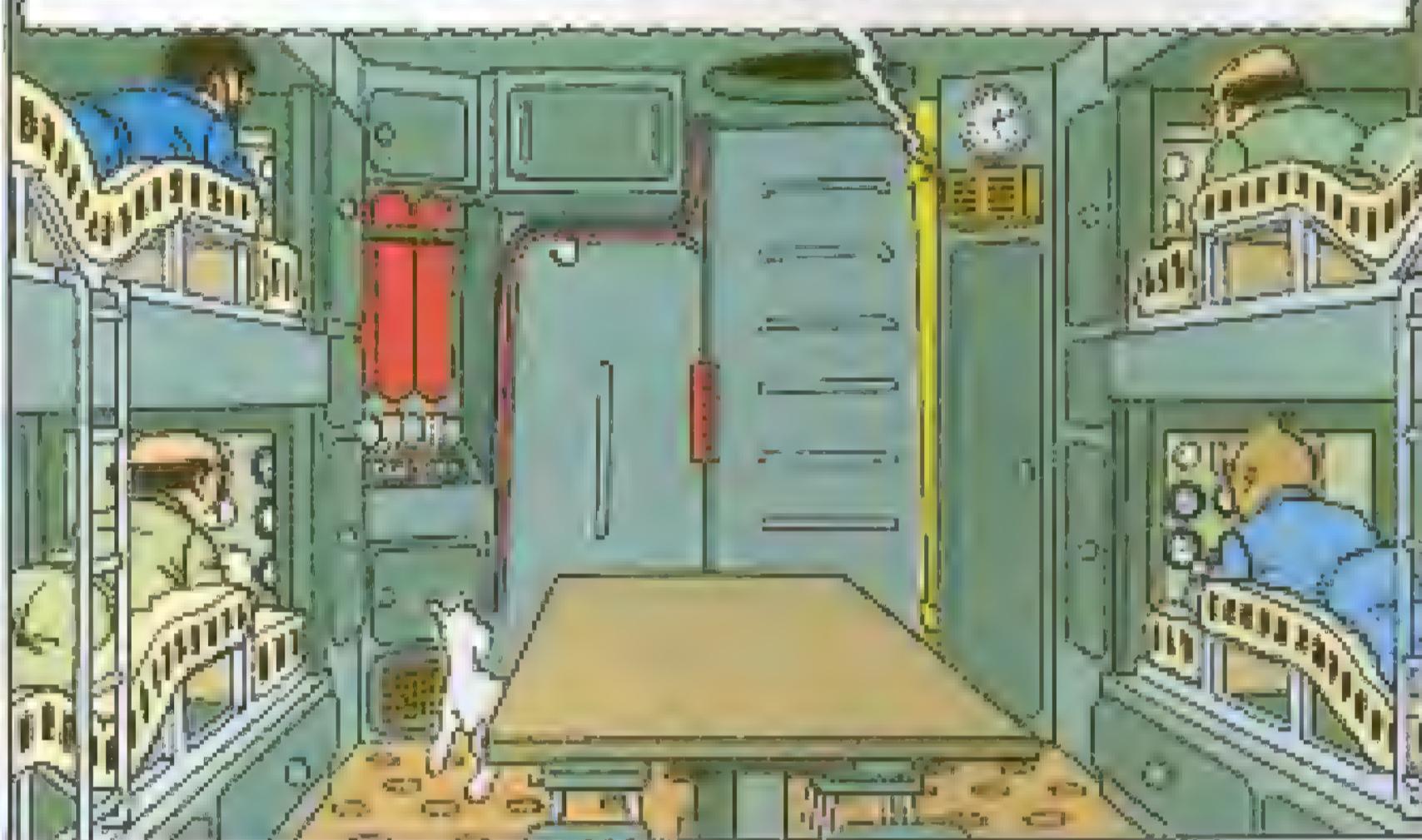


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

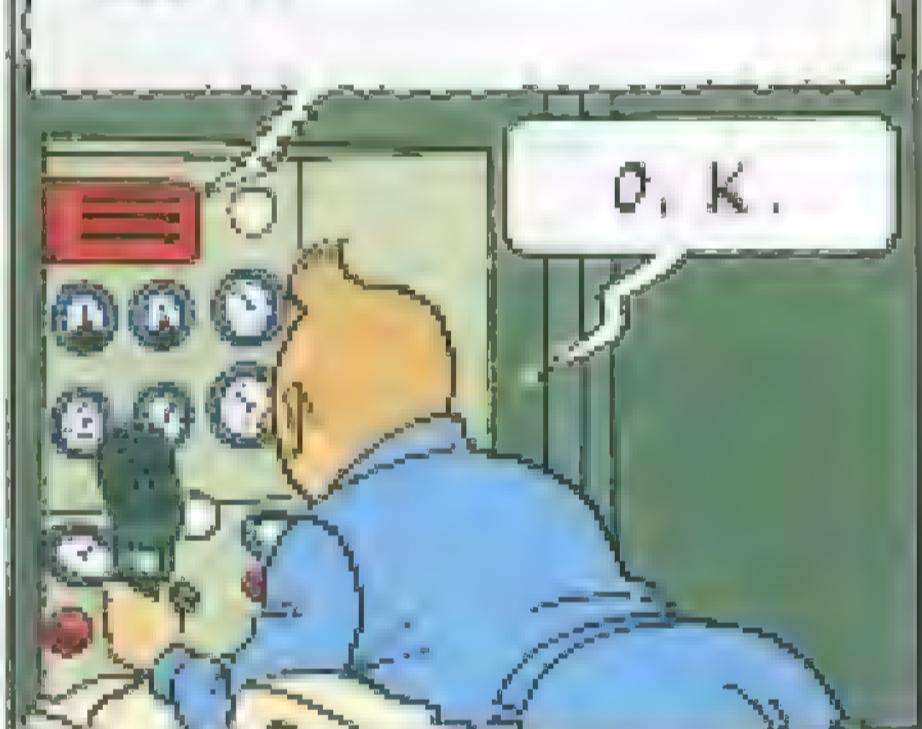


Right.

Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Earth to Moon-Rocket...
Gantries removed... We
are clearing the launching site...



Attention please: clear the
launching site!... I repeat:
clear the launching site!

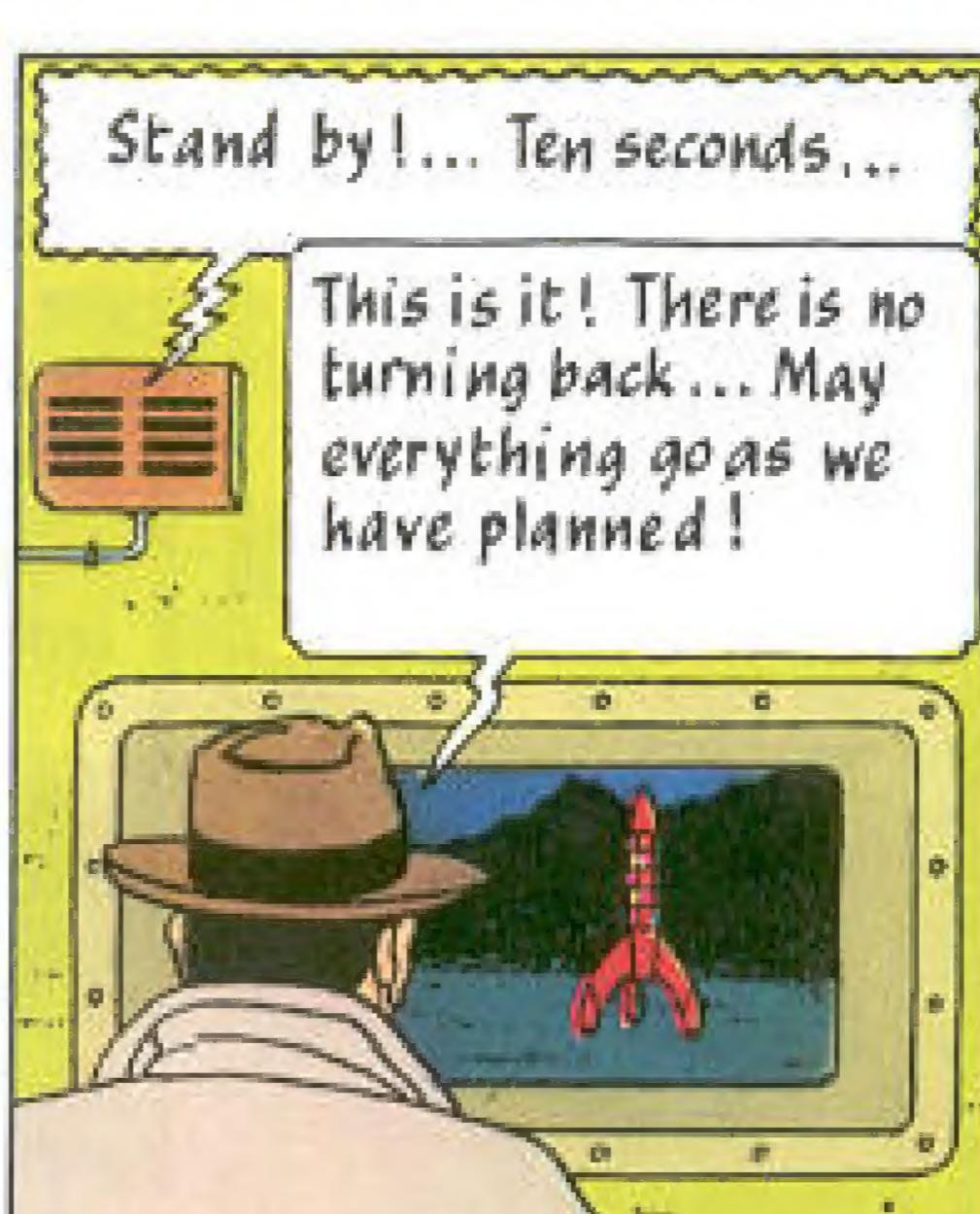
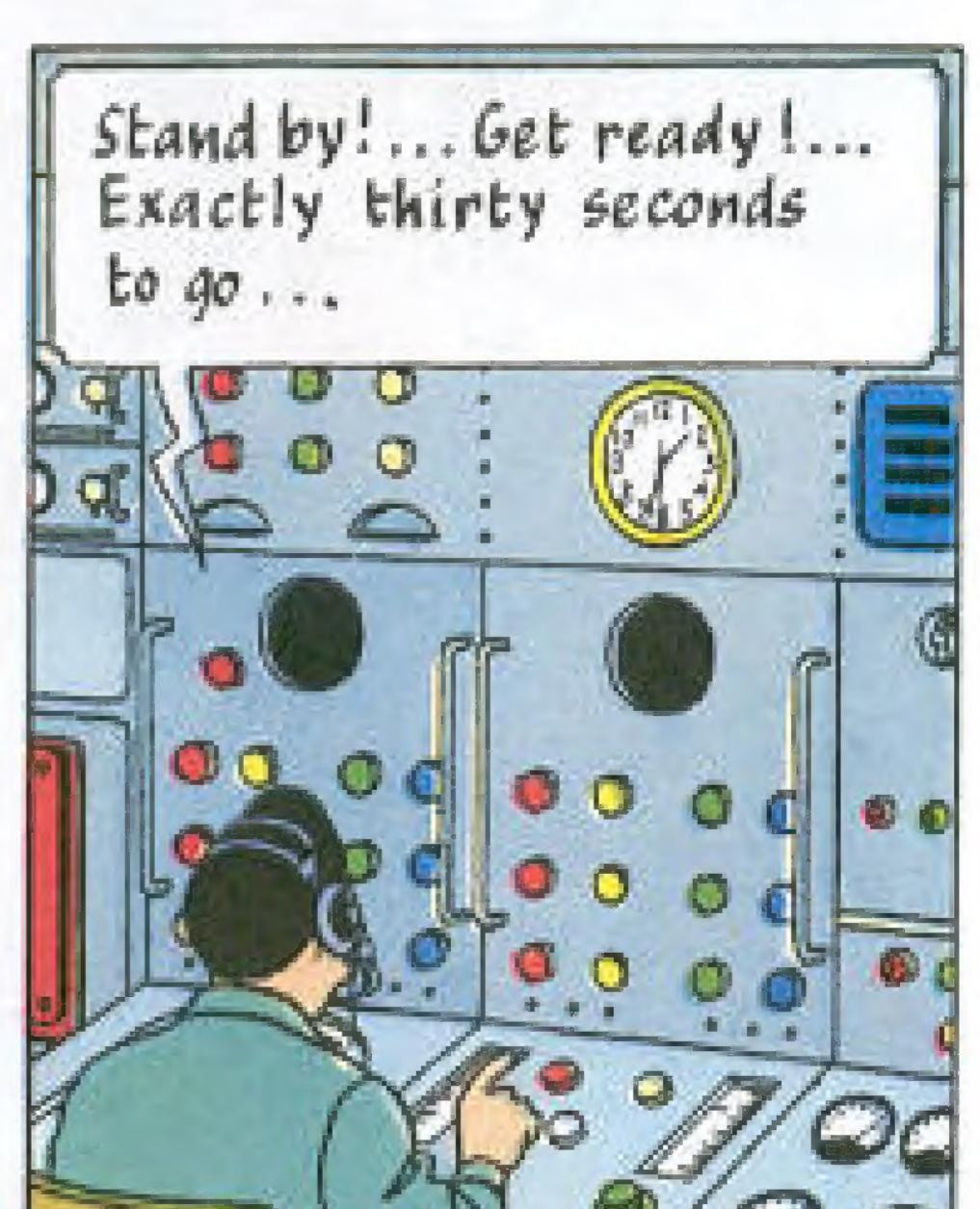
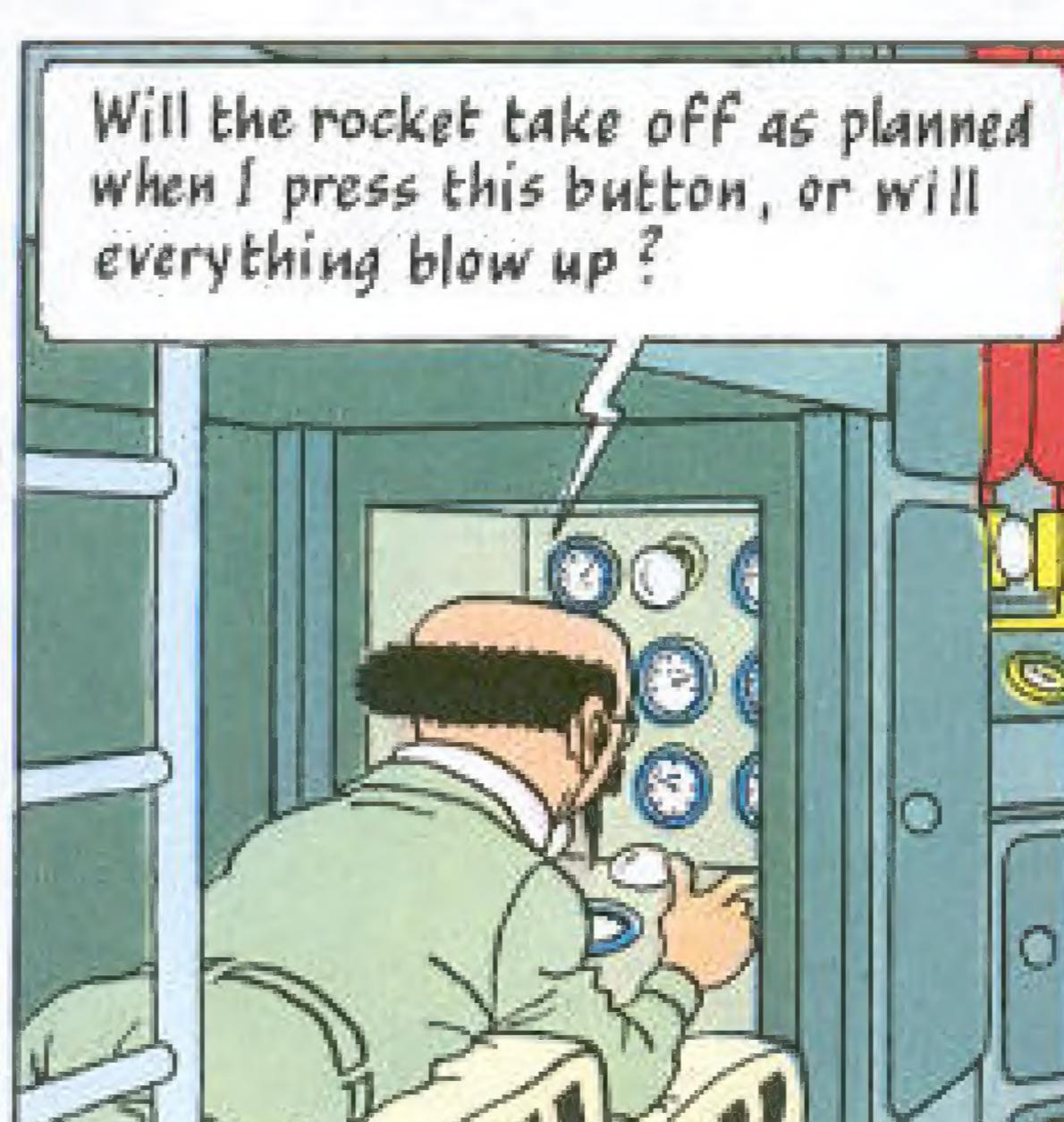
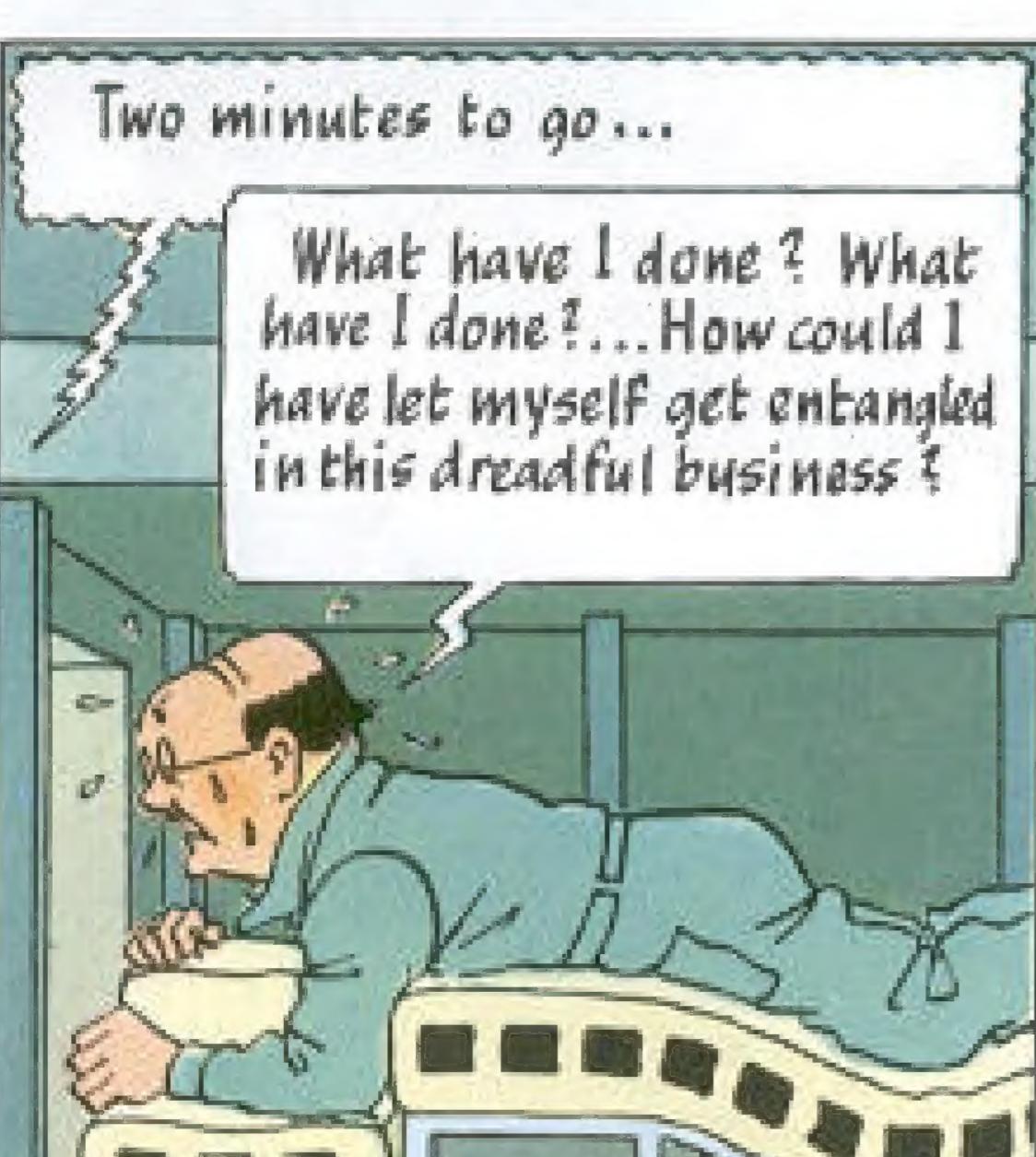
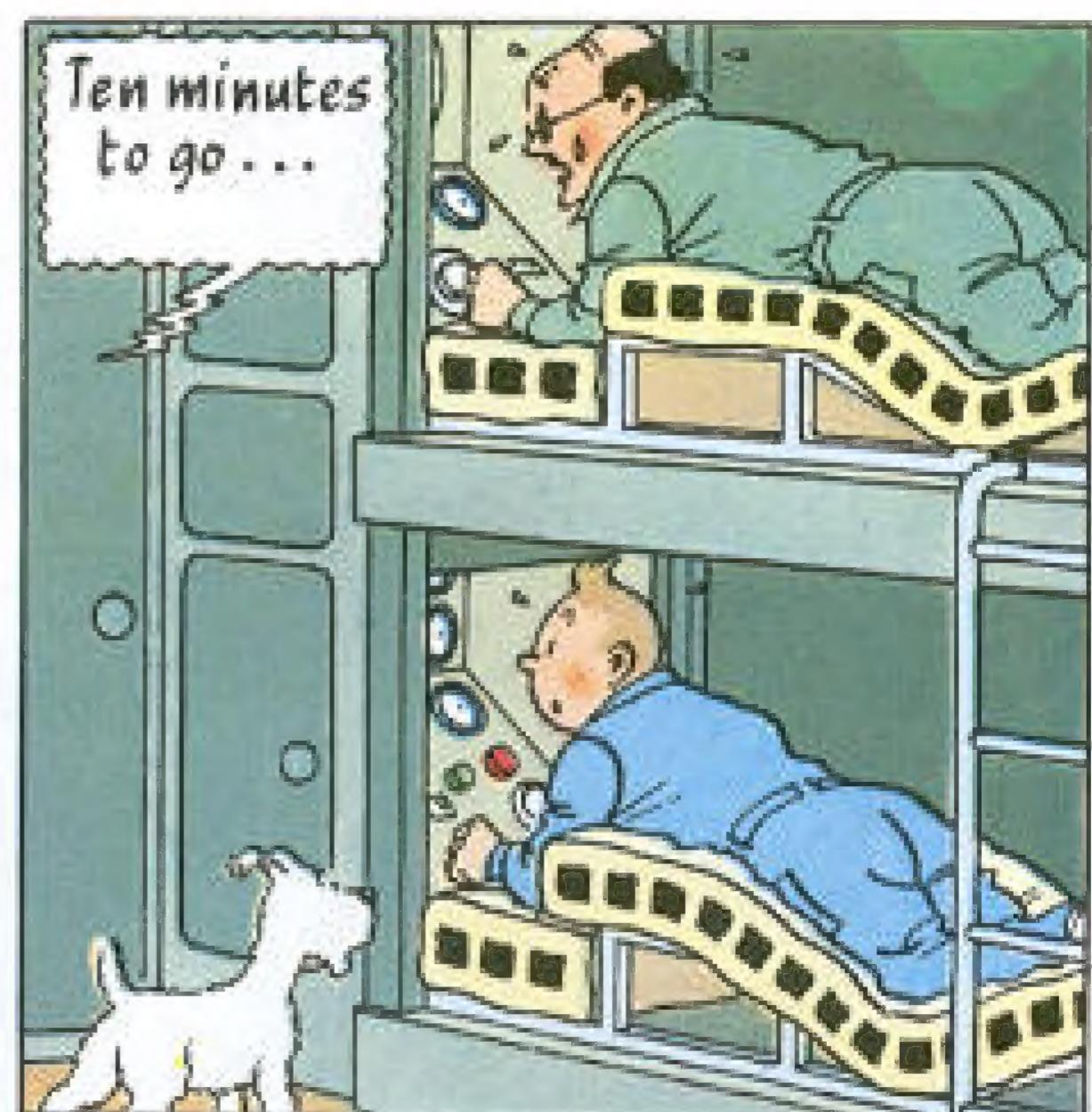
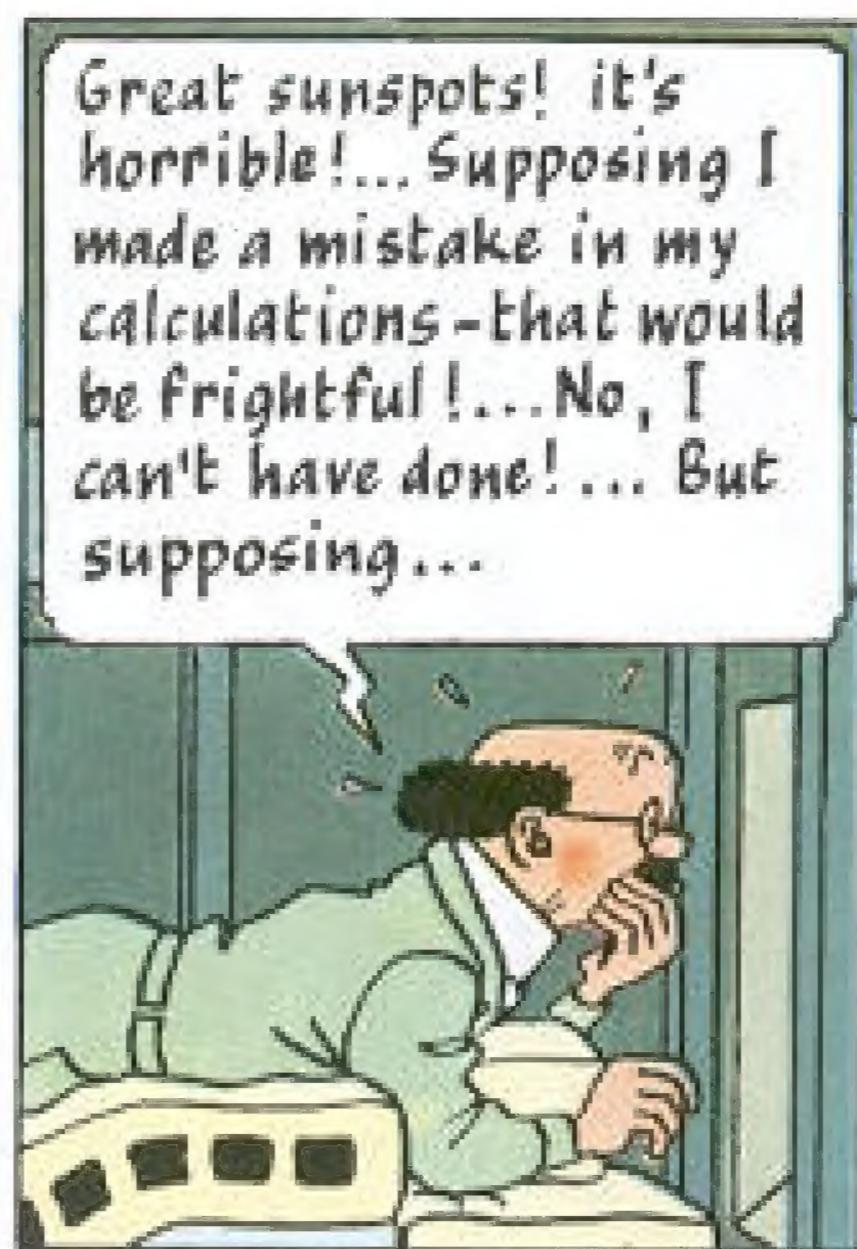
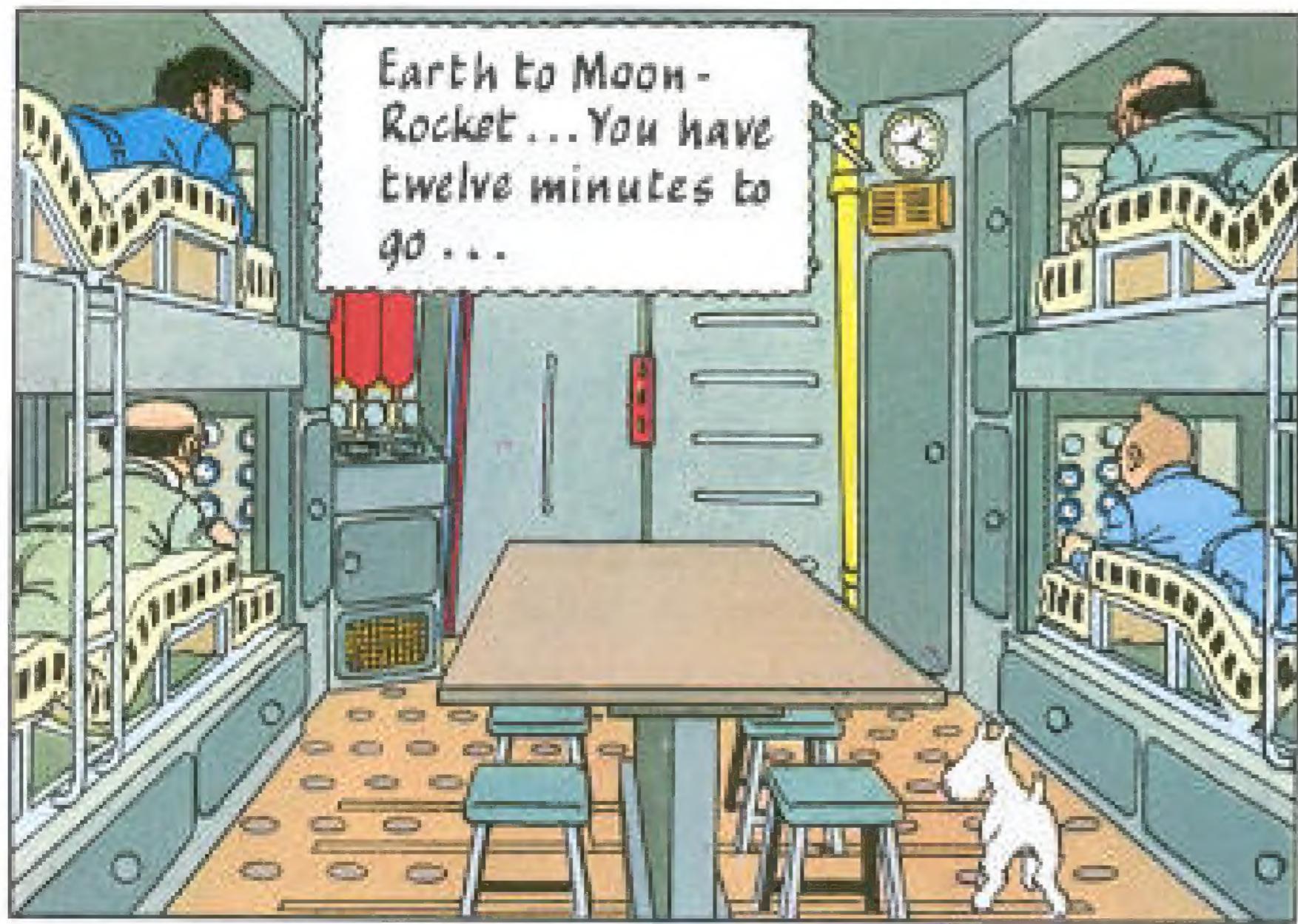


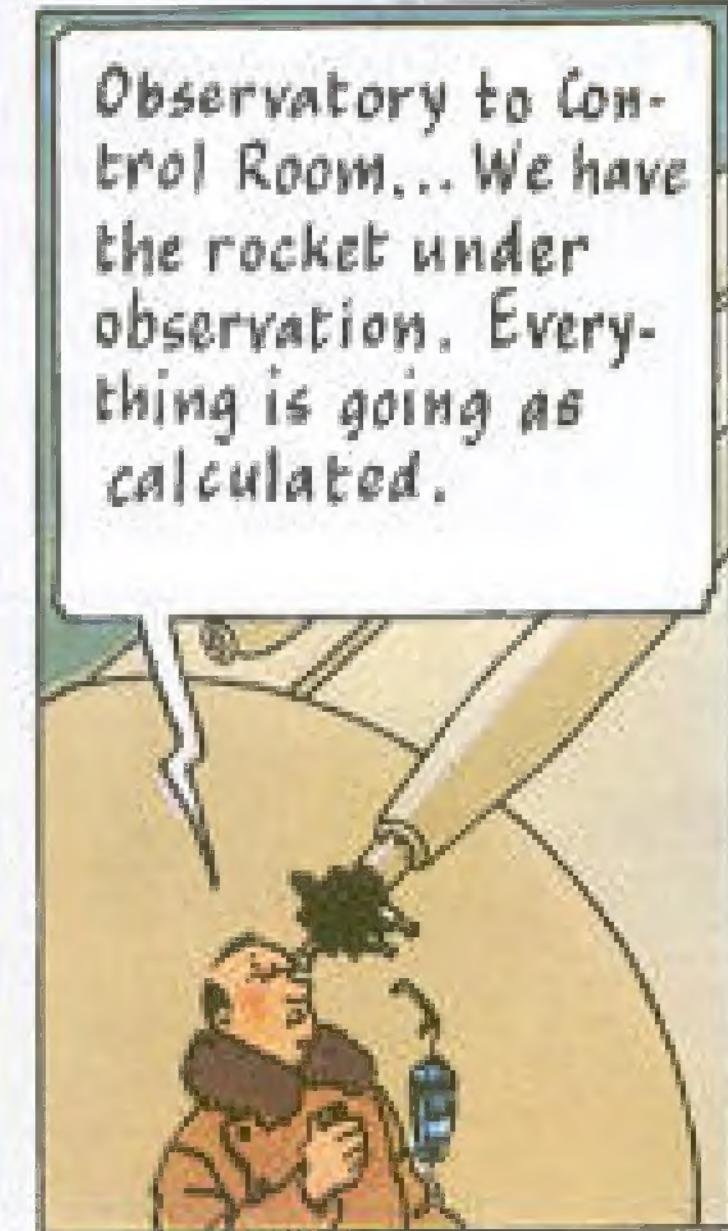
Earth to Moon-Rocket...
The site is clear... Twenty-
eight minutes to go... Are
you ready?...

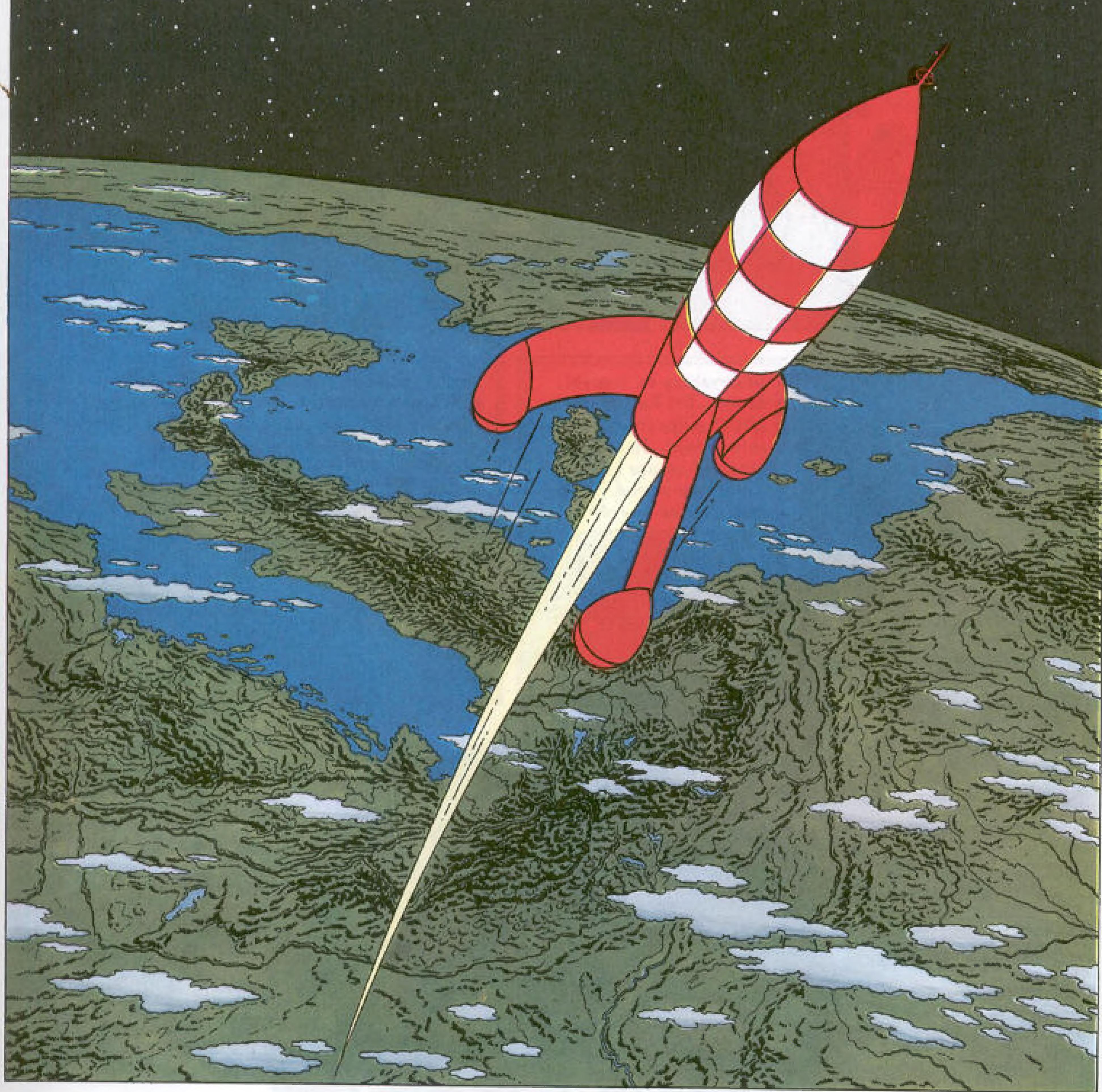


Moon-Rocket
ready for
launching!





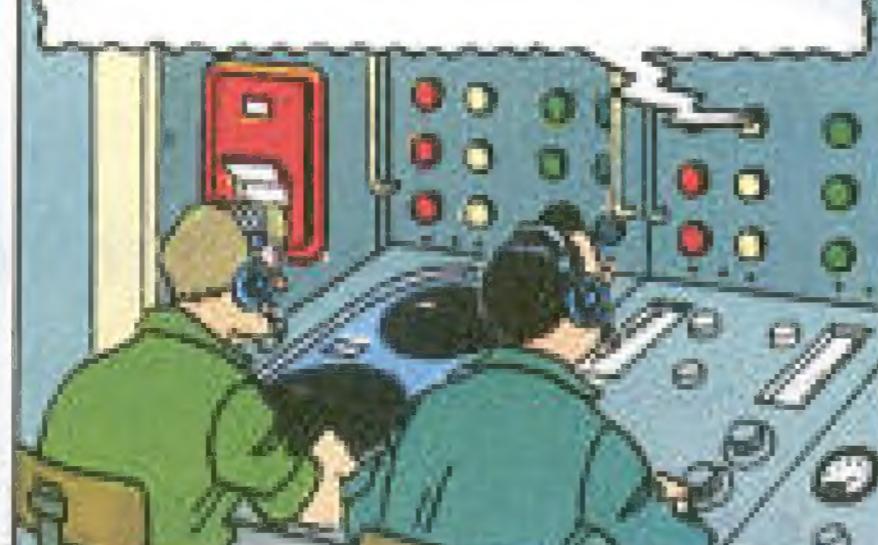




Earth calling Moon-Rocket
... Are you receiving me ?
... Are you receiving
me ? ...



Observatory to Control
Room ... The rocket's
altitude is now 1000
miles. Have you suc-
ceeded in establishing
radio contact yet ?
Please report ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket...
Are you receiving me ? ... Earth
calling Moon-Rocket ...



Control Room to Ob-
servatory ... The Moon-
Rocket is not answering.

Earth calling Moon-
Rocket ... Are you receiving
me ? ... Earth calling ...

By Lucifer! Surely
nothing can have
gone wrong ?



Ah, Mr. Baxter, you've come back...

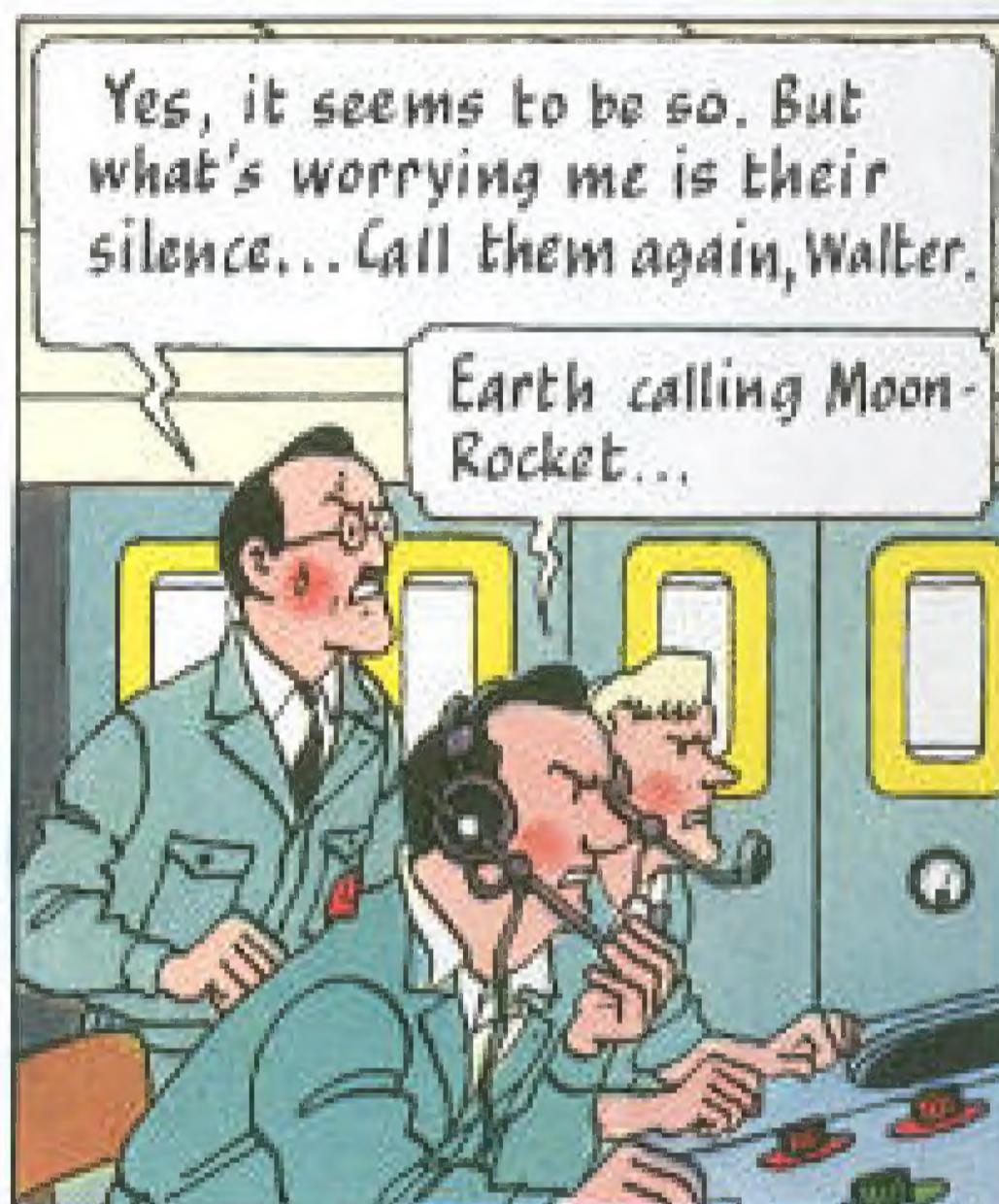
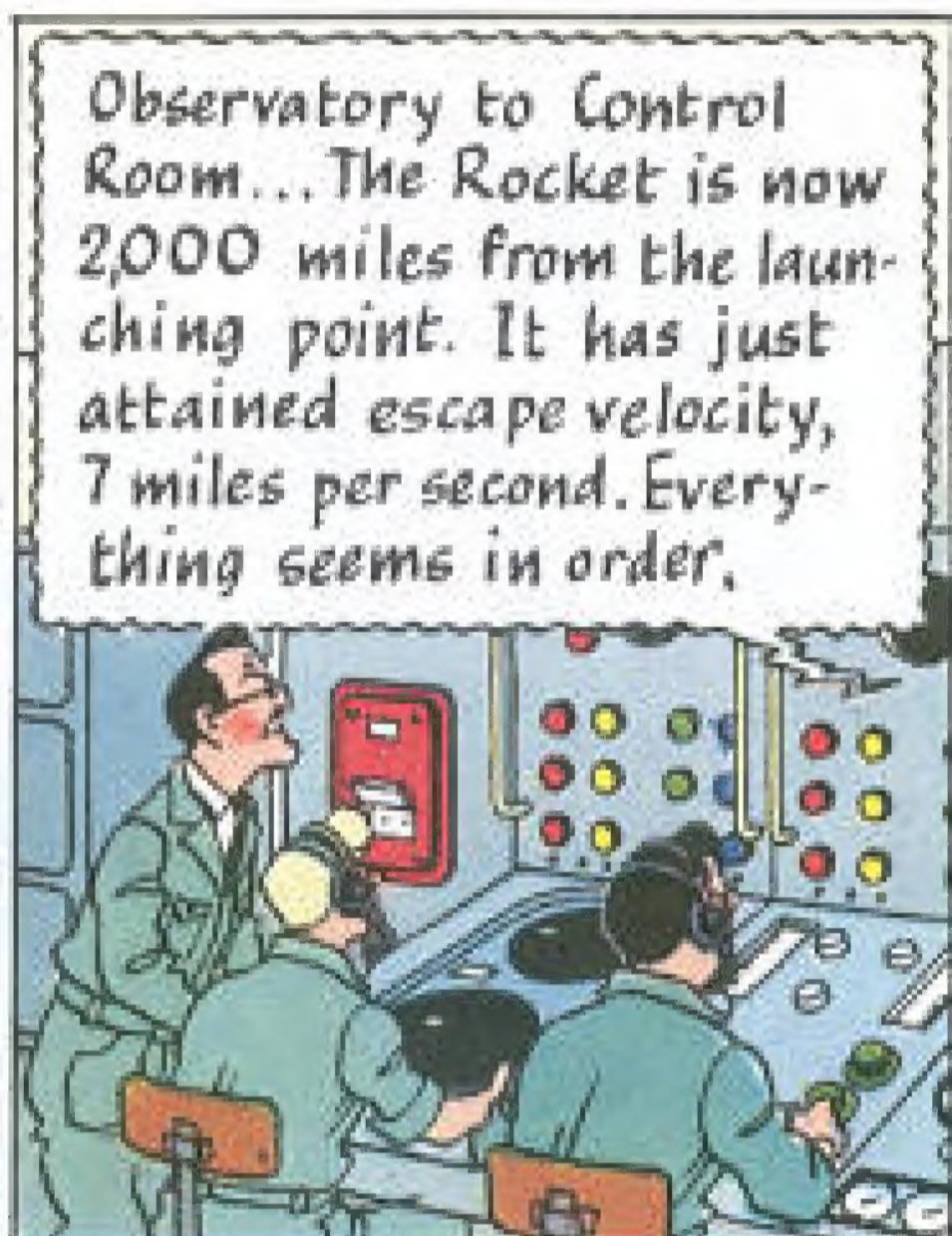
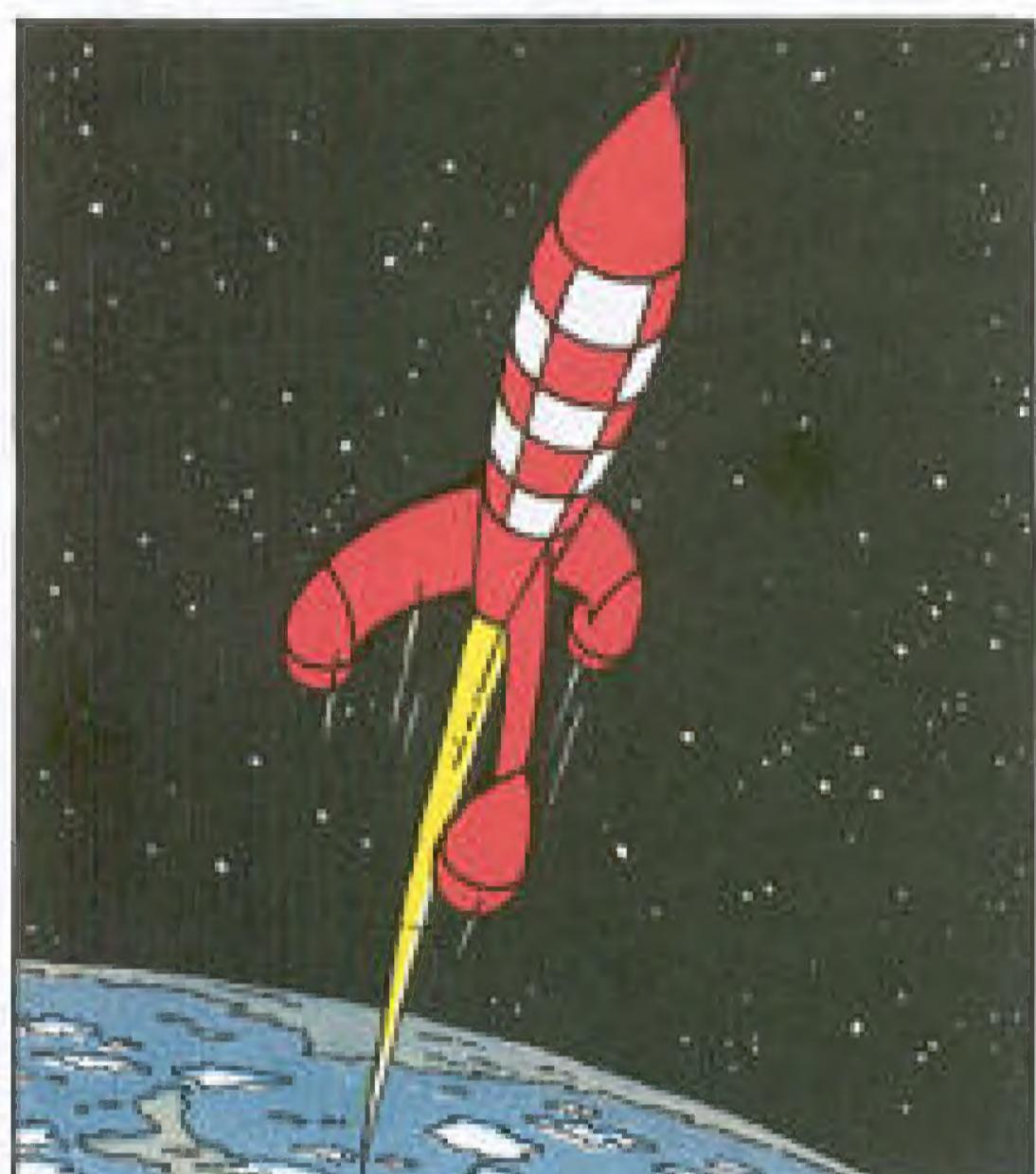
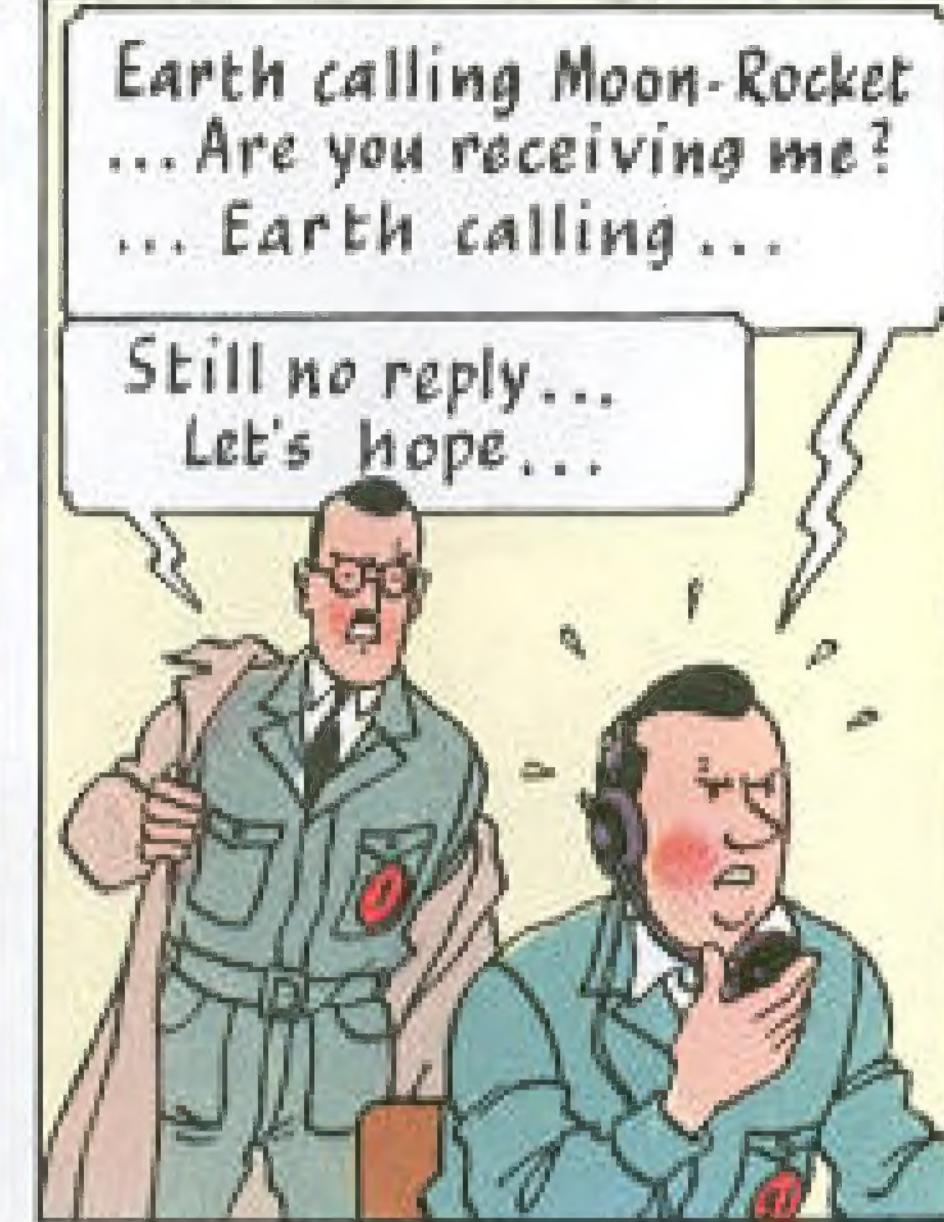
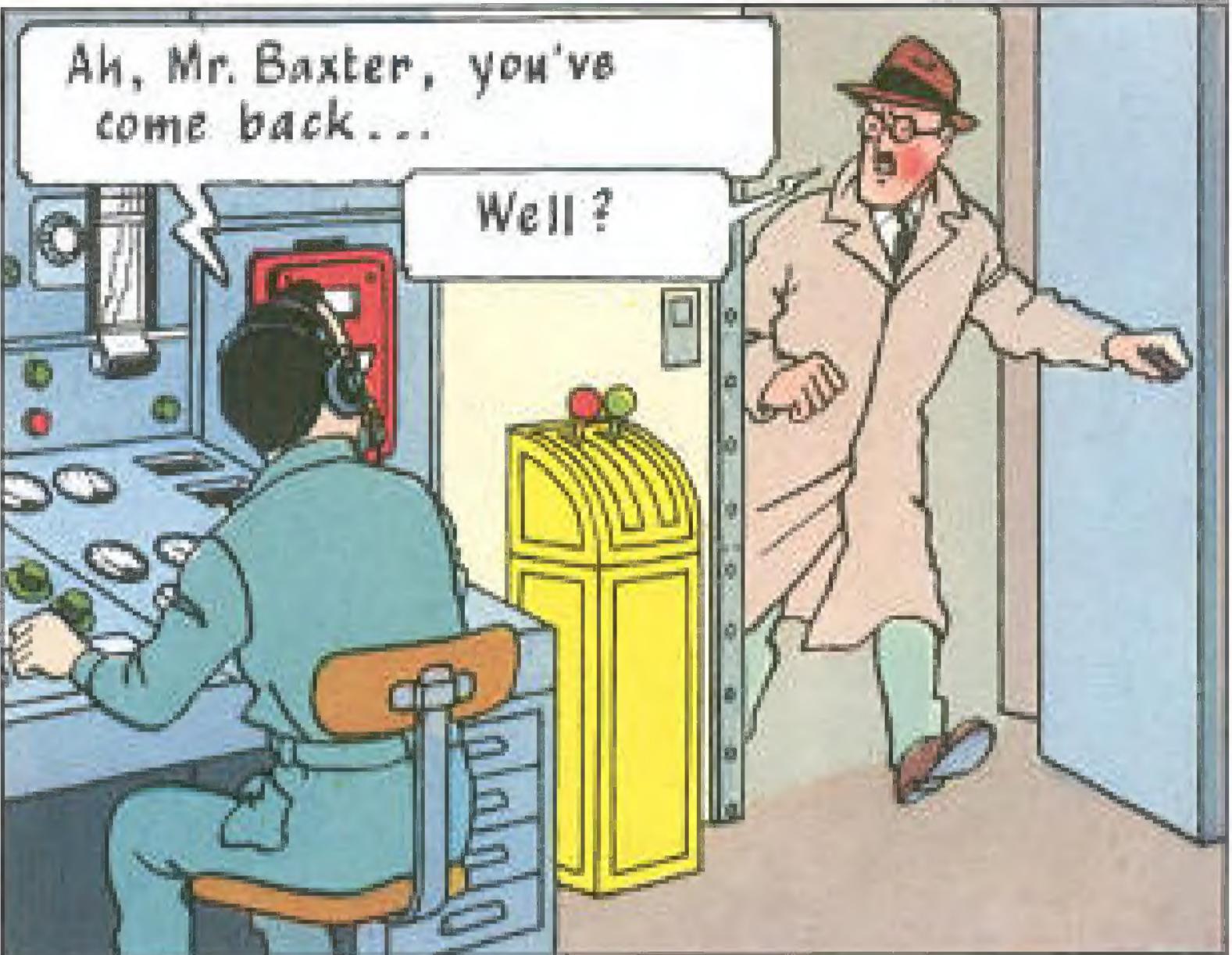
Well?

We've been calling them without interruption for some time now... I can't understand it...

Keep on trying.

Earth calling Moon-Rocket
... Are you receiving me?
... Earth calling ...

Still no reply...
Let's hope...



What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?



What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON